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MISSIONARIES' HOUSE AT NATAYAI.

THE NIGHT OF TOIL;

OR,

A familiar account of the Labours of the first
Missionaries in the South Sea Islands.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY,"
"NEAR HOME," ETC.



Raphael pinxit.

"Master we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net."—LUKE v, 5.

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TO PERSONS WHO HAVE RESIDED IN THE
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The writer of this Narrative will feel grateful for notice of any erroneous statements, which (in spite of great care) may have been made: as well as for additional details which any person may be disposed kindly to communicate through the Publishers.

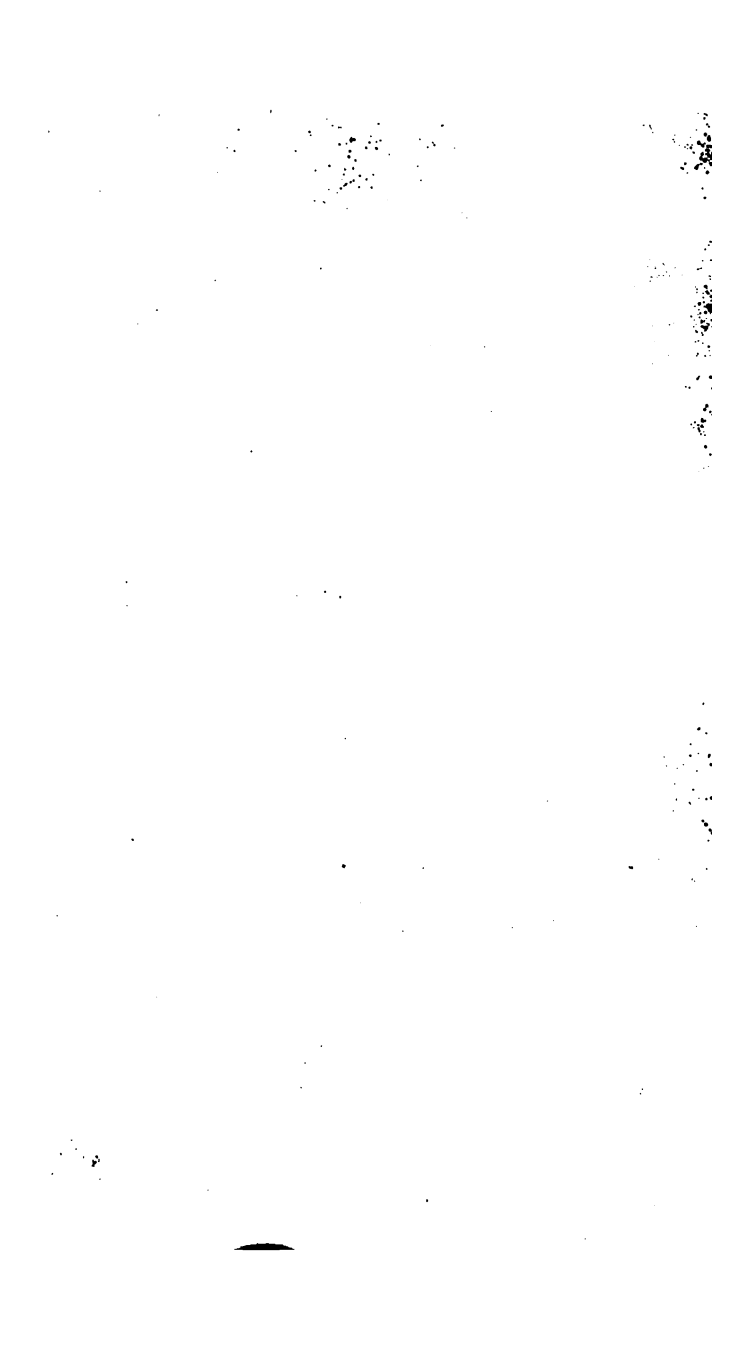
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P R E F A C E .

THE moral change that has lately taken place in the South Sea Islands has attracted general attention. As it appeared desirable to present the history of this change in a form acceptable to youth, the particulars have been carefully collected from various sources—especially from the journals and letters of the missionaries, published in the seven volumes of “Missionary Transactions,” and “The Quarterly Chronicle.” Several more widely circulated works have also been consulted.*

No attempt has been made by the slightest exaggeration to heighten the interest of this

* “Ellis’s Polynesia,” and “Bennet and Tyerman’s Voyage round the World.” The wonderful narrative entitled “Williams’s Missionary Enterprises,” has afforded no materials for these pages, as it relates chiefly to other places, and later times than those described in this history.

narrative. It is hoped that its adherence to facts will be a strong recommendation in the eyes of youth, who, while they much prefer narrative to didactic writing, show, by the earnest and oft-repeated inquiry, "Is it true?" that they value truth above fiction. As the habit of reading fiction tends to blunt this salutary predilection, would it not be better to encourage the young to seek relaxation in manual employments, and in active sports, rather than to permit them to indulge in this species of reading? A fondness for reading cannot be desirable, if that fondness extends to works, that not only indispose to useful studies, but may be the vehicles of much evil. Many fabricators of tales, being destitute of principle, and having it in their power to describe the results of actions to be whatever they please, leave a false and pernicious impression on the reader's mind. Even those writers of fiction who desire to inculcate a good moral, may unintentionally misrepresent the dealings of God with men. But the narrator of facts walks upon firm ground. He who undertakes to delineate the *dealings of God in His providence*, affords so many instances of the *truth of His word*.

The history of the mission in the South Seas illustrates the doctrines of the depravity of man, of the misery of the wicked, (especially of those who *forsake* the Lord,) of the blessedness of patient continuance in well-doing, and of the power of God in changing the hearts of the most obdurate. If any refuse to believe the testimony of the Lord in His word, none can deny the evidence of well-authenticated facts. The Scriptures themselves frequently invite us to consider the events of Providence.

“Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”—Psa. cvii, 43.

No candid and Christian mind will sympathize the less in the suffering, or rejoice the less in the success of the devoted missionaries of the South Seas, on account of any slight points of difference between them and ourselves, in discipline, or in forms of public worship. We, who belong to the Church of England, should not forget our union with the universal Church of Christ; and when one member suffers, we ought to suffer with it, and when one member is honoured, to rejoice with it.—1 Cor. xii, 26.

When we consider the deep darkness in which

the heathen are involved, how insignificant do those shades of sentiment appear, which exist among true Christians—shades, which will soon be lost in the light of celestial glory!

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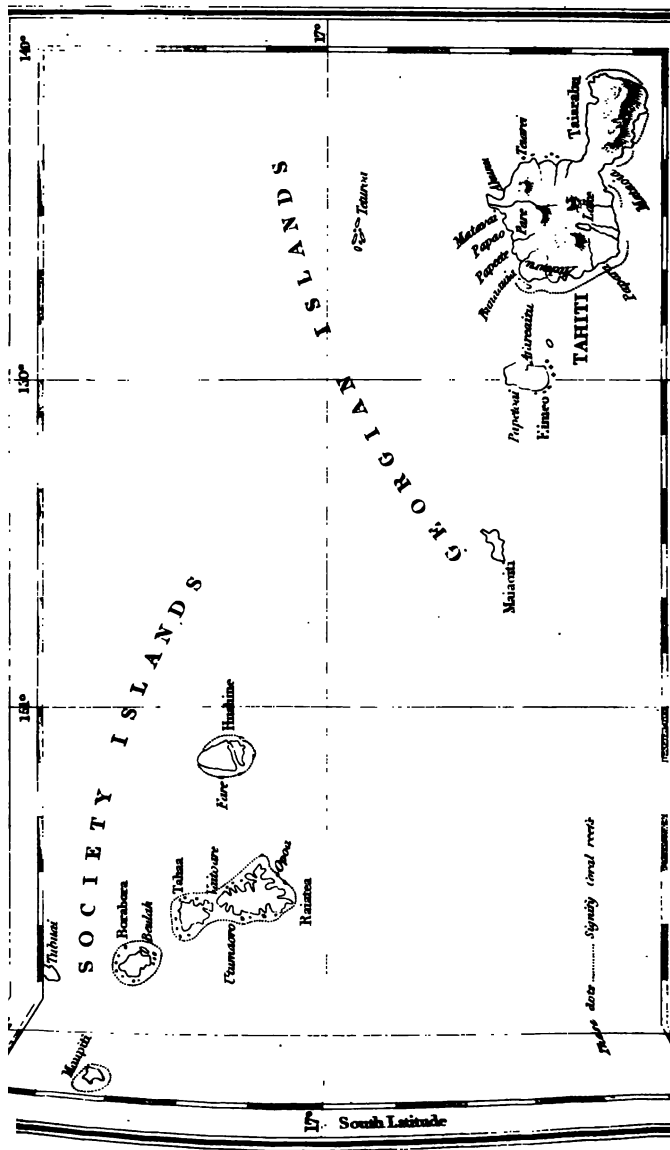
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THE NIGHT OF TOIL.

CHAPTER I.

1796.

WHY THE DUFF LEFT ENGLAND.

On the other side of this earth there is an immense tract of water called the South Seas. It is sprinkled with islands, as the grass is dotted with flowers in spring, or the sky is adorned with stars on a dark night.

I am going to give an account of one of these islands called Ta-hi-ti,* and I shall speak a little of the other islands that lie near it.

The name of the island is pronounced as if spelt thus—*tee-tee*. The vowels in Tahitian names are called like those in English.

English	a	is pronounced	.	.	.	ah.
	e	a.
	i	e.
	o	o.
	u	oo.
<i>long ai</i>	i.

Tahiti was first seen by an English captain called Wallis, in the year 1767. At that time George the Third (the grandfather of our Queen Victoria) was King of England. There are a few islands near Tahiti; and this little cluster of islands is called the Georgian Islands, after King George.

Tahiti is a most beautiful place. In the midst mountains rise that reach the clouds, thick groves grow almost close to the shore, and clear streams run down the mountain sides into the sea. It is always summer there, while fresh sea-breezes make the air pleasant.

You will desire to know what kind of people lived in this lovely island when Captain Wallis discovered it.

The inhabitants were tall and stout, with brown skins, dark eyes, and glossy black hair. They appeared merry and good-natured, and were generally laughing and playing.

When Captain Wallis returned to England and described the islands of the South Seas, a great many people wished to see them. Other ships paid visits to Tahiti, and brought back more accounts of it, of the fine fruit-trees that grew there, and of the pleasant life the inhabitants led. There were some persons, however, who read these accounts with great sorrow. You *are surprised to hear that any people were sorry to hear of so delightful a place. But wait a*

little, and you will not be surprised. I have not told you yet the character of the people who lived in Tahiti: they were thieves, liars, and murderers—could they be happy?

There were some people who loved God in England who were grieved to think of the poor natives of Tahiti. “Ah!” thought they, “you may sit beneath your spreading trees, eating the golden bread-fruit, or drinking the sweet milk of the cocoa-nut; but how can you be happy when you know not of the paradise above, nor of the Saviour who can wash out your many crimes in his blood? for soon death will snatch you from your sunny isle, and bring you before the judgment seat.”

Did these people in England think it enough to grieve for the poor Tahitians? No—they remembered who had said, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;” and they formed a plan to send the gospel to Tahiti.

Several gentlemen consulted together, and collected money, and inquired whether any pious men would go as missionaries to the South Sea Islands.

At last they found thirty men who consented to go. Only four of these men were ministers: the rest understood useful trades.

The gentlemen who agreed to send them out were called, “*The Directors of the London Mis-*

sionary Society," because they met and consulted together in London.

They bought a ship called the Duff, and they found a very pious captain named Wilson to manage it. Captain Wilson engaged twenty-two sailors to go out with him : one of them was his own nephew, William. Six of the missionaries had wives, who were to go with their husbands, as well as three children belonging to them.

No one can tell what the missionaries felt when they left their native land, and set sail for a country of savages. One of them wrote in his journal, "I felt deeply when leaving my native country, and my dear friends, whom I loved as my life : but loving the Giver of life, I trust, more than all, I went with tears of joy."

The missionaries embarked from London in the river Thames, on August 10th, 1796, at six o'clock in the morning. A beautiful flag waved in the wind as they set sail—it was purple, with three doves bearing olive branches in their bills. It was not a ship of war, but a ship of peace, in which these holy men had entered. As they sailed down the river they sang the hymn beginning,

"Jesus, at thy command
We launch into the deep."

The sailors in the ships they passed, listened

with surprise to the sweet sounds. Many of their friends stood on the shore, and waved their hands, never hoping to see them more till they met before God's throne on high.

The ship did not leave England immediately, but sailed along the shores for several days, as it was to stop at Portsmouth on its way ; therefore several ministers went in it as far as that town. One of these good ministers was Dr. Haweis, whose heart was filled with pity for the heathen.

In about a week the ship arrived at Portsmouth. Any person who wished it, had now an opportunity of returning to his home, but there was only one who desired to do so.

This was Mrs. Hudden, the wife of a missionary. She had been made sick, as well as the rest of the passengers, by the movement of the ship ; and she felt so much disheartened that she wished to return home. She accordingly was put in a boat, and her husband, feeling he ought not to forsake her, went with her. It was well she left the ship so soon, for surely she never could have borne the great trials that awaited her companions. One other person left the ship for a sweeter home than England. He was a little boy of twelve years old, named Cover, the son of a missionary. He was in a consumption when he set out, but had been so anxious to accompany his parents, that they

could not leave him behind. His body was taken on shore to be buried.

There was now one man, one woman, and one child less in the ship than when it set sail from London.

After waiting at Portsmouth a fortnight, the time of departure arrived.

Dr. Haweis joined with the missionaries and some of the sailors (most of whom were pious men) in taking the Lord's supper—and then took leave of them with many tears—all to be wiped away when they should meet again, if they remained faithful to their Lord.

CHAPTER II.

1796, 1797.

HOW THE MISSIONARIES WERE RECEIVED IN TAHITI.

THE ship was soon out of sight of land : and the missionaries expected never to see its shores again ; but they knew who had said, " There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of

God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

They employed their time partly in reading accounts of the South Sea Islands, in learning some Tahitian words, (which a sailor who had been in Tahiti had written out in a book,) in teaching each other a little of the trades they knew, and, above all, in studying God's word, and in prayer, sometimes together and sometimes alone.

All the winter long the ship was tossing on the waves. Sometimes the missionaries and their wives suffered much from cold, and storms, and sea-sickness.

They did not *all* intend to settle in Tahiti; so it was necessary, before they arrived, to agree which of them should stay there, and which should go to other islands.

Each of them wrote down on a piece of paper his name and the place to which he wished to go, and showed the papers to each other on a certain day.

Eighteen missionaries wished to settle in Tahiti. The five women and the two children belonged to some of these. You would doubtless like to see a list of the names of these people and their ages.

Rev. J. Cover	<i>Aged</i>	34	William Henry	<i>Aged</i>	23
His wife Mary	-	37	His wife Sarah	-	23
Rev. John Eyre	-	28	William Smith	-	21
His wife Elizabeth	-	28	Rowland Hassel	-	27
Rev. John Jefferson	-	36	His wife Elizabeth	-	29
Rev. Thomas Lewis	-	31	Thomas,	} their children	2½
James Puckey	-	25	Samuel Otto,		1
William Puckey	-	20	Peter Hodges	-	29
Henry Bicknell	-	30	His wife Mary	-	25
Benjamin Broomhall	-	20	Edward Main	-	24
John Cock	-	23	Henry Nott	-	22
Samuel Clode	-	35	Francis Oakes	-	25

John Gillham, *Surgeon*, 22.

Altogether twenty-five persons, counting the children, were to reside at Tahiti.

On March the 5th, after a voyage of seven months, they beheld at a great distance the high mountains of Tahiti. The next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the ship was very near the shore ; but as it was Sunday, the captain would not land immediately.

The natives of Tahiti saw the ship, and many jumping into their canoes, soon reached it. About seventy-four canoes, some holding twenty people, surrounded the ship very early.

The captain tried to prevent the natives getting on deck, as he did not wish to have a crowd and confusion in his ship. But the natives easily climbed up the ship's side, for they were most active creatures, and expert climbers and swimmers.

As soon as they were in the ship, they began jumping, laughing, and shouting, to express their joy at the ship's arrival. They hoped to get a quantity of knives, and axes, and useful things—but knew not what heavenly blessings were going to be offered to them.

The missionaries looked at the savage creatures with eagerness, anxious to see what sort of people they were going to live amongst: and they did not much like their wild appearance, though pleased with their good-natured manners.

The natives had brought a quantity of hogs and fruit with them, which they wished to sell to the ship's company for knives and other things; but no one would buy them, because it was Sunday. The missionaries tried to make the natives understand that it was the day of their God, who did not allow them to sell and buy upon it. After a short time most of the Tahitians went back in their canoes; but about forty remained on deck. Here the missionaries determined to have service. While they prayed, the natives watched them in silence. Then they sang a hymn to a charming tune, and while they were singing, the natives were so much enchanted with the sound, that they could hardly refrain from expressing their joy. The hymn begins thus:

“ O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace!
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.”

Afterwards Mr. Cover preached upon “ God is love.”

The service was concluded by singing,

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

Soon afterwards, two men arrived in a canoe. They were white men from Sweden ; one had been shipwrecked, and the other left at Tahiti, a few years before. They were dressed like savages, and their names were Peter and Andrew. The missionaries were glad to see them, because they knew a little English as well as Tahitian : so that they could explain what the natives said, and also tell the missionaries many things about the islands. However, they turned out to be very wicked men: for though they had been born in a Christian land, they were even worse than the heathen.

Peter and Andrew, as well as about thirty of the natives, wished to sleep that night in the ship. The missionaries watched all night by turns, as they were afraid lest their visitors should do some harm. They remained, however, quiet.

Amongst the Tahitians was one old man that seemed to be looked up to by the rest as a great person. He was a high priest to the idol gods. His name was Mane-mane. He was very anxious to make the captain his friend ; because it was a custom in Tahiti to choose some person for a friend, and to make him presents, expecting that he would return the kindness when he could. Mane-mane wished to have the captain for his friend, because he thought he could get the most from him. At first Captain Wilson refused the honour : but Mane-mane was so anxious to have his wish, that he woke him at daylight to ask him again. Then the captain, knowing that he was soon going away, and afraid of affronting the priest, consented. Mane-mane was delighted, changed names with him, threw a piece of cloth round the captain, and asked him for a gun. The captain said he had none to spare, but would give him some presents by-and-by.

As it was now Monday, the captain caused the ship to approach nearer to the shore. Most of the natives in the ship threw themselves into the sea, and swam like fish to land : others came from the shore, and brought hogs and fruit to sell : some of which were bought by the voyagers.

At one o'clock the ship's anchor was cast. It rained so hard that no one left the ship till

four o'clock, when the captain, a few of the missionaries, Mane-mane, and the two Swedes, went in a boat to land. The people on shore received the missionaries with delight, showing their joy as they had done before in the ship.

A chief (a lord of the Tahitians) showed the missionaries an empty house, which he said should be given to them. It was very large, (about a hundred feet long,) but it was not divided into rooms, and had no furniture.

The missionaries now saw what sort of a land they were going to live in. It was more beautiful and fruitful than they could have fancied : yet to them it was like a desert, for it was a heathen land, in which no pleasant fruits of righteousness grew, but only the poisonous weeds of sin. They hoped, however, by their teaching, through God's Spirit, it would become like Eden, the garden of the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

1797, *March*.

WHAT THE MISSIONARIES DID DURING THE FIRST WEEK THEY SPENT AT TAHITI.

ON Monday evening the missionaries who had been on shore returned to the ship. Their

friends in it were delighted to hear how well they had been received.

Very early on Tuesday, Mane-mane came in a canoe with three hogs, fowls and fruit, as a present to his friend, the captain. This food was very acceptable to people who had been on a long voyage, and had tasted no fruit or fresh meat for a long time.

Mane-mane, when he came on board, made a long speech, which Peter explained, in praise of the idol gods, and ended it by praising the God of the English above all, saying he should persuade the king to worship him; but he did not speak sincerely, and only wanted to get in favour with the captain. He afterwards tried to persuade the captain that the king of Tahiti would not give him things, and advised him to go with him to another island; but the captain did not attend to him, for he saw that he was covetous, and wanted everything for himself.

At eleven o'clock that morning the captain and a few missionaries went in their boats with Mane-mane and Peter to Tahiti. The natives who had crowded on the beach to look at them, when they saw them approaching, ran into the sea to meet them, dragged the boats towards the shore, and taking the captain and missionaries on their shoulders, carried them to land: so great was their delight at their arrival.

On the beach the king and queen of Tahiti

were waiting. They were both riding on men's shoulders, for it was the custom of the country that the king and queen should never touch the ground, except when they were at home in their own houses and lands: and as there were no animals larger than pigs in the island, they could only be carried by men. It was reckoned a great honour to ride in this manner, and which none of the natives but the king and queen were allowed to have. When the king and queen made a journey, men came with them to help those who carried them, when they were tired; and in changing from one to another, the king and queen never let their feet touch the ground, but jumped over the head of one man on to the shoulders of the other. The reason they never touched the ground when on a journey was, that whatever land they touched became their own, and their people would have been angry if they had taken away their lands or houses.

The king's name was Otu. He was about twenty years old. He had a dull and grave look, and did not seem so amiable as the Tahitians in general. The queen was only fifteen, and not grave like her husband.

The captain told the king (and Peter interpreted what he said) that the missionaries were come to instruct his people in what would do them good, and that this had been their only reason for leaving England; he then asked the

king to give them a large piece of land, full of fruit-trees, where they might live and build houses. He told them also that the missionaries would never fight either for him or against him, but would always be friendly to him, and only wanted him to promise not to hurt them.

The king promised to do as the captain wished. He said that the large house that had been given to them belonged to him, and that he would give it to them, as well as a large piece of land. Otu (without dismounting) took the captain by the hand, and led him to the house, and then back to the beach, and so from one place to another, till the captain was tired, and said he should return to the ship. Before they parted, Otu asked him to let the guns he had brought with him be fired. The captain ordered them all four to be fired twice, and then went back with the missionaries to the ship.

The same evening the king and queen came each in a small canoe to the ship, each accompanied by a servant. They refused to come on deck, saying that if they touched the ship it would be theirs, and none but their own servants might eat or dwell there afterwards. As the captain could not spare his ship, he did not press them to come.

Wishing to please them he offered to have the great guns fired; but the king said he was afraid of so loud a noise, and that it would hurt

his ears. The king and queen then told the captain that they had heard there were some white women and children in the ship, and that they wished very much to see them, as they had never seen any. I suppose that this was their reason for coming that evening to the ship. The women and little children came to the ship's side, where they could be seen by the king and queen. Little Sammy Hassel was a babe in arms. At the sight of these white faces the royal pair cried out with wonder and pleasure.

The visitors could not, however, stay longer, for the sky was darkening, and they had only just time to get to shore before a storm of thunder and lightning came on.

On Wednesday morning it rained so hard that the missionaries could not leave the ship till nine o'clock. They were anxious to get early on shore, because they wanted to begin to get their house ready. They went in a large boat, and took their beds and some of their chests with them, but left the women and children in the ship. The captain and some sailors accompanied them. Numbers of natives were waiting on the shore, anxious to see them land. The king and queen also were there riding in state as before.

The natives helped to carry the chests and beds to the house, and were ready to assist the missionaries as much as they pleased.

The great work to be done was to divide the house into rooms. The natives went into the woods to gather hollow sticks, called bamboos, which, placed close together, made walls for the rooms. A bed-room was made for each of the eighteen missionaries, besides a room for books, another for stores, and another for medicines. A large room at one end was to be used as a chapel. It served also as a hall, for people passed through it to the other rooms.

About noon Mane-mane brought three hogs ready dressed for dinner. He spread a great cloth on the ground : the captain and missionaries sat around it, and, after asking God's blessing, ate thankfully, without either knife, fork, spoon, table, or chair. It seemed as if they would not soon be in want of food, for they received a quantity of provisions as presents from the natives. The natives had also dressed their visitors in cloth made of the bark of trees, to show them that they were welcome.

The missionaries, when they received these gifts, blessed the gracious Giver of every comfort.

The king and queen were very kind, and held all their hands by turns, and shook hands also with them ; then looked at their clothes and examined them. They were very much pleased with Mr. Lewis's umbrella when he spread it

out ; but they warned him not to hold it over their heads, as it would then become sacred to their use.

During the whole day a company of dancers were playing, dancing, and shouting close by. These dancers were a most wicked set of people. They were called Areois, and they spent their whole time in going about from place to place, playing antics of all kinds, to amuse themselves and other people. When they danced, their bodies were blackened over with charcoal, and their faces dyed red with the juice of a plant. They ought to have been punished for their idleness ; but, instead of that, they were encouraged both by the king and his people. Wherever they went, they were feasted and welcomed ; and, notwithstanding their wickedness, they were treated with respect. They even expected, when they died, to go to a very beautiful place at the top of a mountain, where they should always be enjoying themselves. It is dreadful to think what murders they often committed. They would not take the trouble to bring up their little children, but always killed them as soon as they were born : and a great many people in Tahiti followed their horrid example ; as you will hear by-and-by. These idle creatures came near the door of the missionaries' house in the afternoon, and began to box

and wrestle, and to knock each other in the face with their heads for sport. Alas! poor ignorant creatures! they lived like the beasts that perish. How sad it is to think that in this Christian land there should be people who behave at fairs and plays like these wicked heathens, and how sad also to think that people should delight in seeing them! The missionaries were grieved at the sight of these dancers and their follies.

The natives had been crowding into the house all day, yet they had not stolen anything: perhaps they had observed that the missionaries were watching them closely: for as you have heard before, they were all inclined to thieving, and they even thought there was no harm in it.

When the evening was coming on, the missionaries commanded the natives (who were constantly laughing and talking) to be silent, and then they sang a hymn, and one of them prayed. They liked to praise God before the natives, that these poor heathens might be led to inquire about him.

The missionaries then requested the natives to go away, and not to return till the morning; and when they were gone, the little band of Christians held their regular family worship alone and undisturbed. They supped upon the remains of their dinner, and for the first time

slept on a heathen shore. Their hearts were overflowing with thankfulness to God for having brought them across the ocean to this distant spot, and for having inclined the hearts of strangers to receive them so kindly. All they desired was, that their message might be believed, and that the Lord might be honoured by these poor idolaters.

The next day was Thursday. Early in the morning the natives came to the house, and boiled the water, and prepared cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit for the missionaries' breakfast.

The missionaries had not yet finished fitting up the house, so that they continued to work hard. However, they went to the ship to dinner, and some of the natives went with them. Otu went in his canoe; but not being able, on account of his sacredness, to enter the ship, he remained paddling near in his canoe, and called out for something to eat. The captain sent him half a roast pig in a dish and some biscuit. Otu, highly delighted, paddled to the shore with his present.

The missionaries returned after dinner to their work; but they did not find the natives so active as before. They were now tired of fetching bamboos; but, upon a reward being promised, they brought by evening a good quantity.

So many presents of food arrived, that the missionaries began to fear they should not be

able to make as many presents in return as the givers would expect, who they knew were interested, covetous creatures.

On Friday the captain came early from the ship with a boy in his boat containing dresses for the king and queen. Otu was on the beach as usual: for he had a little shed built near, that he might always be at hand. Peter showed Otu the box, and telling him what was in it, asked him to go with them to a place close to his house, in order that he might be able to dismount.

The whole party soon stopped under a tree near the king's shed. The captain asked them all to stand in a ring. He then placed the box in the midst, and requested the king to alight from his seat, that he might be dressed in his new clothes. But the king only answered, "By-and-by," and continued to look sullenly at the unopened box. The captain, tired of waiting, opened the box, and took out the queen's dress. The instant the queen saw it, she jumped off the man's shoulders, and the king followed her example. She put on the cap, and appeared delighted. The dresses were too small for both her and Otu, who was tall and stout; and it was necessary to unrip some of the seams. The clothes were gay, and the crowd around admired the king and queen much when they were dressed in them; but Otu did not care for them, and

said that a gun, a knife, or a pair of scissors, would have been of more use. This was not a polite way of receiving a present, but it was a sensible choice to make ; indeed, though Otu appeared stupid, he had a good understanding, as you will see hereafter.

Just after the royal pair had been dressed, Mane-mane appeared with some beautiful Tahitian cloth in his hand. He called his friend the captain to him and dressed him in it. They then went together to the missionaries' house, and found the work going on well. As it was now past noon, the old priest accompanied the captain to the ship to dinner.

On Saturday the house was ready for the women and children, although not yet finished.

After dinner the women and children went to the shore in the largest boat. A very great crowd was assembled on the beach, eager to see, what they had never seen before, white women and children. They were all much delighted with their appearance. The king and queen seemed afraid to come near, or to speak to the women ; but, on being invited, they accompanied the party to the new house. After the women and children were gone into it, the crowd still remained outside, and often called to them to show themselves at the door, and their request was granted.

Thus the whole family of missionaries were

settled in their new abode on Saturday, just one week after they had caught sight of Tahiti. Then they had been full of anxious fears, not knowing how they should be treated by the savages ; but now they blessed God for giving them favour in the eyes of the heathen.

They told the natives that the next day was the day of the true God ; and that they should do no work upon it, nor receive any presents. The natives, however, brought them far more than enough food to last them till Monday. They said to the missionaries, " Shall you pray more than usual to-morrow ? " The missionaries told them that they should.

At dusk the natives left the house, as they now always did, without being asked to do so.

CHAPTER IV.

1797, *March.*HOW THE MISSIONARIES FIRST ATTEMPTED TO
DO GOOD TO THE NATIVES.

YOU shall now hear how the missionaries passed their first sabbath on a heathen shore.

They had service in the chapel of their dwelling in the morning. Many of the natives attended and behaved well, though they understood nothing that was said. The king also was present.

In the afternoon they came again, and then Mr. Jefferson began to speak to them, and Andrew, the Swede, to interpret each sentence as he spoke it. This was an unpleasant way of preaching, particularly as the Swede was a wicked man, and could not speak affectionately to the people, as a pious man would have done. However, the missionaries were so anxious to declare to the poor heathen the good news of a Saviour, that they could hardly bear to wait till they knew the language themselves.

When the natives saw that Mr. Jefferson was preaching to them, they began to look attentive,

and to ask questions in reply. They inquired, "Is this message to the servants, as well as to the king and queen?"

The minister told them it was to all. He also said, "There is only one true God, and all men have offended him by wickedness; yet he is so merciful that he is willing to forgive all. If any believe his word, he blesses them while they live, and takes them to everlasting happiness."

The king looked very stubborn and unteachable during the service, and it seemed less likely that he should believe than any of the rest.

The missionaries retired to rest again that evening, full of hope that God would incline the hearts of the people to believe his word.

I cannot continue to relate what occurred every day as I have hitherto done; for even if my reader should not be tired, the book would become too large; therefore I will only mention the most remarkable occurrences.

On Monday the captain saw for the first time the grandfather and the father of the king.

Do you not wonder how it was that Otu was king while they were alive? for you know it is the custom in most countries for the son not to reign till the father is dead. But this was not the custom at Tahiti. As soon as a king had a son, the baby became king, unless his

father chose to kill him as soon as he was born. The father from that time rode no more on men's shoulders, and he himself showed respect to his own son, as to a king; yet the father still had the *power* of a king, though not all the *honour* of a king.

The father of Otu was called Pomare. He was a very wise man for a heathen. Once he had been only a chief, but he had conquered all the other chiefs in Tahiti, and had become king of the whole island, as well as of an island near it, called E-i-meo. He was the largest, tallest man in the whole island, and had a pleasant, cheerful manner. He was still treated with so much respect, that it was thought improper for him to feed himself; when he drank tea in the ship, his servants poured the tea into the saucer, and held it to his mouth.

His wife Idia accompanied him to the ship. She was a tall, strong woman, who often had shed blood in battles.

Otèn, the grandfather, was above seventy years old, and had grey hair and a very long white beard. He was treated with great rudeness by his son Pomare, and his grandson Otu, on account of his age: for it was one of the sinful practices of Tahiti to treat old men with rudeness. Pomare would hardly let the old man come into the captain's cabin when they visited the ship, and tried to make him stay in his canoe.

The heathen knew not the command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man."

Pomare had many great faults. He was very fond of eating and drinking. Once when he dined with the captain, he ate a whole fowl, besides two pounds of pork, and drank a great deal of wine. Another day he drank almost a whole bottle of wine, while he appeared unwilling that Mane-mane (who was as fond of good things as himself) should have one single glass. The wine was, of course, poured down his throat by his servants.

Pomare was also very covetous, and did not scruple to tell lies when convenient. He made indeed handsome presents, but it was only in the hope of getting more in return. The first day he came to the ship he brought four large pieces of cloth, made of bark, and wrapped them round the captain, besides four more as a present from his wife. A few days afterwards he came again with another piece of cloth, but this time he brought also a large chest. The captain knew well that Pomare intended him to fill it with presents, but pretending not to understand, he asked him what it was for. Pomare seemed perplexed at the question, (being ashamed to own his intention,) and said he only wanted to have the lock repaired. The captain then told him to take it to the shore to the mission-

aries, and that one, who was a blacksmith, would mend it. This answer perplexed Pomare still more ; but presently he smiled, (as if a lie was no disgrace,) and said, "It is for the presents that you will give to me and my wife Idia. Will you take it to your cabin, that my people may not see what I receive?" So Pomare went with his chest into the cabin, and seated himself. The captain then asked him what he would like to have. He seemed at a loss what to choose, but Mane-mane soon helped him, and then he mentioned the following things: Ten axes, five shirts, eight looking-glasses, six pairs of scissors, six knives, fifty nails, and five coombs, and the same number of each of those things for his wife ; besides an iron pot, a razor, and a blanket for himself. The captain gave him all he asked, and locked the things up in the chest, for the lock was perfectly good. Pomare said he was quite satisfied, but as he walked about the ship, and saw many things lying about belonging to the missionaries, ready to be taken to their house, he wanted some part of all. The missionaries, however, knowing his covetous disposition, gave him very little.

On Thursday Pomare agreed to give up publicly the land promised to the missionaries. A great number of people assembled near the new house, and a rope was placed at a little distance to show how far they might come. No

one came beyond the rope but the old priest Mane-mane : he bent himself half double upon the ground and told Peter to interpret to the captain all he should say ; then holding the rope in one hand, and rubbing his head and eyes sometimes with the other, he made a long speech about all the gods of Tahiti and the other islands, and all the ships that had ever come there, and finished by declaring that the whole land roundabout for many miles should belong to the missionaries, with as many hogs and as much fruit as they pleased. The missionaries knew that all this land and these things were not really given to them, though the priest said that they were. Mane-mane then said he wanted the captain to help him to conquer another island,* which had once belonged to him ; but the captain refused to go to war. The missionaries, in order to please him as much as they could, promised to help him to finish a boat he was building.

Pomare and Otu then shook hands with the captain and missionaries, and so the affair was ended.

The next Sunday, at ten o'clock, the missionaries called the natives together under some shady trees near their house. They had placed a long form there, on which they asked Pomare

* Thei island of Raiatea.

to sit with them, while the people stood or sat in a circle around.

Pomare had never been present at the Sunday service before. He had been anxious to come, and had said that he had dreamt of the book which should be sent from the God of England.

Mr. Cover preached from John iii. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Peter, the Swede, as usual, interpreted each sentence. The natives were grave and attentive, though they did not understand the real meaning of the message.

Pomare, after service took Mr. Cover by the hand and said, "Mai-tai, mai-tai." (Very good, very good.)

He was then asked, "Did you understand what was said?"

He replied, "There were once no such things in Tahiti; they are not to be learned at once. I will await the coming of the god." This answer showed that he did not really understand. He then said, "May I come again?" He was told that he might. He and his wife Idia then dined with the missionaries, and departed.

In the afternoon the missionaries, expecting that before next Sunday some of their number

would be gone away for ever to other islands, took the Lord's Supper together. Having no bread they used the bread-fruit, which is much like it. Mane-mane was present the whole time, and seemed to hope to be allowed to partake of the bread and wine ; for, when the missionaries passed him by, he went to a place lower down, expecting to have some next time. Yet this wicked priest had but a few days before offered up a man as a sacrifice to the gods, and had committed many such deeds.

It was an affecting time for the missionaries, as they never expected to eat again of that supper all together till they should meet round their Father's table above. But, alas ! there were some amongst them who at length went back from following the Lord.

CHAPTER V.

1797.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE ABSENCE OF THE
SHIP.

THE time was now come when the ship must leave Tahiti to take some of the missionaries

to very distant islands.* Those in Tahiti were at first afraid of being left, for the Swedes had told them that the natives intended, when the ship was gone, to attack them ; so the captain at first went but a short distance, to an island near, called E-i-me-o, and returned in a few days to see how the missionaries were, and finding them as well treated as ever, he left them, promising, if it were the Lord's will, to come back in a few months.

The missionaries formed a plan for spending each day. They agreed that the bell should ring at six o'clock, and that at half-past six they should assemble for prayers : that they should spend till ten in labouring with their hands at building and planting, and such employments ; from ten till three (when the heat was generally great) in reading and writing ; from three till evening, in active labour as in the morning ; that the bell should ring at seven for prayers, and that the journal should be read afterwards.

They had the greatest anxiety to convert the poor heathen, and felt they should be wretched notwithstanding all the kindness they received, if the natives continued in their sins. They knew that the people liked them only on account of the useful things they could do, and could give to them, and that they did not care for the

* The Friendly Islands, and the Marquesas.

message they brought. Mane-mane soon observed, "You give us plenty of the good word but very little of other things."

The king was very anxious that the blacksmith's shop should be built, for he wanted to have iron tools made for himself. One day he and the queen came to the missionaries with a large present of hogs and fruit, and begged them to receive him and his wife as their children. No doubt they thought they should get more things by this means.

The missionaries wanted many planks to make the shop with. The natives were astonished to see them saw the trees into several planks, for they could only split them in two. When the king found the shop did not go on as fast as he wished for want of more planks being prepared, he said to Mr. Puckey, the carpenter, "Come along with me." Mr. Puckey followed the king and six men who were with him, not knowing where he was going to be taken. He was surprised to see the king go to every house, and desire his men to search it for planks. Many of the people did not like to give up their planks but the king insisted on having them. Puckey told him that he was a thief, but he only replied that it was the custom. It was too true that all sort of wickedness was the custom, but that was no excuse.

In the course of this walk, the king came to

some of his own land, upon which he got off his bearer's shoulders, and began to walk proudly along, saying, "Puckey, is this the way King George walks?" Thus he showed the pride of his heart.

When the blacksmith's shop was finished, the missionaries Hodges and Hassel began to work in it: the natives crowded round them, but when they saw the sparks fly from the iron and heard the water hiss, they were frightened and ran away: however, when their fright was over, they returned. Pomare was so delighted with the bellows and forge, that he caught the blacksmith (all dirty as he was) in his arms, and rubbed noses with him, which was the way of showing affection in Tahiti.

The missionaries had a cuckoo-clock, which terrified the natives when they first heard it strike. One man brought some bread-fruit to feed the wooden bird with.

The missionaries smiled at these little circumstances: they did not smile, however, but were ready to weep, at the folly of the people respecting their idols. Their favourite god Oro was nothing more than a great log of wood about the size of a man. He was kept in a little shed amongst trees surrounded by stone walls. In this place there were altars, (which were like high tables,) and on these lay a quantity of dead pigs, *that remained there for months, and filled the*

air with a horrible odour. This place was called a Marae. Dreadful deeds of cruelty were done in it. Men were sacrificed, and hung in large baskets on the trees around, till their flesh was decayed. It was horrible to see a marae, or to come near it. No woman was allowed to approach, as she was not reckoned worthy of the honour : neither was she considered worthy of being a sacrifice.

The priests wished the people to give many things to Oro, because they themselves got all that was given ; so they told the people that the gods would get into their food and kill them, if they did not do all they wished. The priests used to speak instead of the gods : they would sometimes take a great bundle of cloth and roll it up like a ball, and get into it, and then say in a squeaking voice, "I am hungry, fetch the hogs, kill a man, and my anger will be over." The people knew that the priest was inside the cloth, and yet they were afraid of the god's anger.

They thought that their gods had made the world, and that one of them had stuck the stars in the sky, and that another very strong god held the sun with ropes, and would not let him go faster than he pleased.

They kept some gods in their houses ; in one house the missionaries saw a great many images, each with a sword or hammer in his hand, and

they were told by the priests that those who would kill any one that offended them with weapons, unless the offender offered some sacrifice for his crime.

The people fancied their gods were like themselves in disposition. There was one god called Hiro, who they thought protected thieves; when they were going to steal, they promised to give him part of what they should get. A man who had been stealing a pig the night before, would bring a piece of its tail the morning to Hiro, and say, "Here is a piece of the pig I stole last night; but don't you tell me." There was a large stone in the island, beneath which they said Hiro hid himself when he was caught stealing and was ashamed.

The missionaries found to their cost how much the natives resembled the god Hiro. One day a man stole a box for the sake of the nails which fastened it together; he was caught and kept up by the missionaries for three hours, and threatened with a worse punishment another time. Pomare, hearing of it, brought a pig to prevent the missionaries being angry, but of course it was not accepted. No wonder Pomare thought that the missionaries were as covetous as his gods.

The missionaries hired three men as servants to take care of their hogs, (for they had seventy,) and to help in cooking. These servants

soon began to pilfer. One of them whom they had nursed when he was ill, stole many things and then left their service. After he was gone they found out what he had done, and they sent after him and caught him. They reminded him of the kindness they had shown him, and of his behaviour in return: his conscience told him it was wrong to be ungrateful, for tears came in his eyes, and he said, "I am a very bad man."*

Another day, while Dr. Gillham was bathing, a native stole his clothes; the other missionaries pursued him, and hearing the sound of a drum, thought that he might be dancing, which was the case. A hundred people were with him who fled when they saw the missionaries. The thief was brought to their house, and chained to a pillar with a padlock; but he not only contrived to get away, but to steal the padlock.

The king one day sent a message to the missionaries advising them to discharge their servants because they were thieves, and recommending them to take some of his; but the missionaries knew too well that the king's servants were greater thieves than any others, because the king was always employing them in stealing things for him, and they felt sure he only wanted them to have his servants that they might rob them and bring him the things.

* Rom. ii. 15.

But murder, which is a much more horrible crime than stealing, was quite common. The missionaries tried to persuade Pomare to forbid people to kill their children. They endeavoured also to persuade Mane-mane to offer no more human sacrifices. Both Pomare and Mane-mane promised to do as the missionaries wished, but they did not keep their promise.

One Sunday Mr. Lewis preached upon "Thou shalt not kill." The people said afterwards, "Good is the word, not to kill children, not to sacrifice men." Mane-mane was observed to whisper something to another native. The missionaries asked him what he had said, and he replied, "I was telling the people to leave off their wicked ways." Yet he had not left off his own wicked ways. He was like the men to whom Paul speaks in Rom. ii. 1.

Before the ship left, Mane-mane was one day observed to drink more wine than usual. The reason was, he was going to kill a man, and wanted the wine to keep up his courage, which showed that he felt it to be a horrible work.

About this time Pomare's wife Idia killed her baby. The missionaries had told her often how wicked it was to do such things; they had even promised that their wives would take care of all babies that the natives did not like to bring up. So they were much displeased with Idia. Soon afterwards she came with a large present of hogs

to the missionaries ; but they would not accept them, and told Andrew to tell her the reason. She was much offended, and said she should observe the customs of the country without caring for their displeasure ; she would not, however, take back her present. She had before given the missionaries some wood with which to make her a chest. They thought it right to give her this chest, and she carried it off with pleasure.

The hogs Idia had left, the missionaries desired Mane-mane to divide among the natives ; but he took them all home to his own house.

Such were the people amongst whom the missionaries lived. These holy men were continually praying for them, and sighing over their lost state, but they could not yet preach to them as much as they wished. Often they had no interpreter at hand, for Peter was gone with Captain Wilson, and Andrew was frequently absent : so they used to write short sermons, and get Andrew to help them to translate them, and then they read the sermons to the natives.

The natives still said the word was *good*, but they themselves continued as bad as ever.

CHAPTER VI.

July, 1797.

MANY CURIOUS AND STRANGE THINGS THAT A TRAVELLER REMARKED AS HE WALKED ROUND TAHITI.

THE ship had been gone about three months, when, early on the morning of July 6th, the missionaries heard a cry, "Tā pahi, Tā pahi!" which they knew meant, "The ship, the ship!" They were much delighted, and hastening out of the house, beheld the white sails of the ship at a little distance glistening in the sun. People who live in foreign countries are more pleased to see their countrymen than we can imagine.

The missionaries immediately went in boats to the ship. They were surprised to find that one of the missionaries (named Harris) who had intended to be at some distant islands, was returned to live with them at Tahiti. He had not liked the wild people in the islands of the Marquesas, and had changed his mind, and had wished to return to Tahiti. It is not a

good sign when people are apt to change their minds.

The missionaries had a great deal to tell the captain and sailors, who were delighted to find that the Tahitians had not hurt the missionaries while the ship was absent. They also heard that Mrs. Henry had had a baby, so that now there were three little children in the missionaries' house.

Many natives also came to welcome their old friends; they had learned some more English sentences, and some of them said, "Welcome again; glad to see you Captain Wilson."

The missionaries had not been idle during the ship's absence; they had not only built a blacksmith's shop, (as you have heard,) but also a printing-house, for Mr. Lewis to print in, and a large boat. This boat had been made of a flat shape, that it might go up the river that flowed by the missionaries' house (for the river was not deep enough for common boats.) The captain had a quantity of things on board for the missionaries; and he wished to give some to those at Tahiti, and to take the rest back to those he had left in the Friendly Islands. This boat would be useful in conveying the things to the missionaries' house.

Four missionaries were come to the ship to divide the things. These men were not covetous like the natives of Tahiti, and would

not take even as much as their own share, though the things were such as they wanted exceedingly—axes, hammers, knives, and scissors, and other articles which could not be had at Tahiti. The captain saw that it would take a long while to divide the property; therefore he promised not to leave the island for three weeks.

Idia, you remember, was in disgrace with the missionaries. She now sent a message to ask them whether she might come to see them again. They were glad to see her pride was a little humbled; though they knew that probably her reason for wishing to be in favour was, that she might get more presents. They agreed that Mr. Cover should go to her, and see whether she expressed sorrow for having murdered her infant. He went, and as Idia *said* she was sorry, (though he feared she was not sincere,) he invited her to drink tea with his wife that evening. She came and remained till dark, and returned appearing much pleased with her visit.

On the next Sunday the missionaries went to the ship to preach to the sailors; and they were glad to find that none of the natives came there in their canoes during the day.

Captain Wilson was anxious to discover how many people lived in Tahiti. You have heard that he had a nephew with him, called William

Wilson. This young man he resolved to send round the island to inquire how many inhabitants there were. Tahiti is not a very large island. It is about forty miles long, so that in a few days a person can walk round it. You will perceive, by looking at the map, that its shape is singular, consisting of a large and a little piece of land joined together by a narrow piece called an isthmus.

The port where the missionaries lived, is at the north of the island. It is called Matavie, and there is a hill near it, called One-tree Hill.

As you know that there was no animal bigger than a pig in Tahiti, it was impossible for William Wilson to ride. He, however, took with him a man to carry him over the streams that he knew would often cross his path. Peter the Swede also accompanied him to interpret, and two men to carry linen and other things.

Four persons in all set out on the journey. No doubt you would like to hear what curious things they saw on their way, as well as what sort of persons they met with.

They set out from Matavie, and kept close by the eastern shore of the sea. High mountains lay on the other side all the way. These mountains as well as the valleys below, were covered with beautiful trees. I will now describe to you the two principal trees that adorned the island. They were the bread-fruit tree and

the cocoa-nut tree, and their fruit was the principal food of the people.

The bread-fruit tree is a most beautiful tree; it resembles an oak in shape and size, but its leaves are darker and larger, and between them peep clusters of yellow fruit. Each fruit is about the size of a baby's head; the outside is rough and hard; when cut open, a soft white stuff is found, in taste like bread, only sweeter. The natives used to bake it in ovens before they ate it. But what do you think their ovens were? Holes that they dug in the ground. The natives first burnt some wood, then took the hot embers, and laid them in the hole: then placed leaves over them, and then slices of bread-fruit, then more embers, then more leaves, and so on, till at last they covered up the hole with earth. When they wanted to eat, they dug up a little of the bread-fruit. The pigs also knew how to dig up these ovens, and when they had taken out the smoking fruit in their snouts, would often run to the nearest stream, and dip it in to cool it. If these pigs in this respect seem as *clever* as men, the men were as *greedy* as pigs; for when the fruit was first ripe, they often made large ovens, and remained in their houses, wrapped up in cloth, feasting almost from morning till night, till they grew as fat as pigs, and could hardly breathe: but He who gave them fruitful seasons, and filled their

hearts with food and gladness, they knew not and thanked not—indeed they had no word in their language which meant “thank.”

I have said that the cocoa-nut was another of the fruits of Tahiti.

This fruit is often brought to England; but it must be gathered fresh from the tree to be tasted in its sweetness, for when first ripe it contains about a pint and a half of sweet milk. The cocoa-nut tree is much taller than a common house, (about sixty feet,) and the leaves and fruit grow like a crown at the top. Though it has no branches on its stem, yet the Tahitians can easily climb to the top, after first tying their feet loosely together with a piece of cord, which enables them to cling round the tree. William Wilson was struck with the beauty of these trees. He saw plantains and bananas, (trees whose fruit resembles cucumbers in shape)—chesnut and plum-trees—yams, sweet potatoes and sugar-canes. But though the country was so charming to behold, it was unpleasant to travel through it. Long grass and shrubs grew close to the sea, and blocked up the way; some times the path was so very dangerous that William was afraid of going along: The Tahitians, however, helped him. Once or twice he passed along the side of a high rock—there was rock above him, and the sea roaring at a

distance beneath, with scarcely room for him to place his feet upon.

He stopped at various houses as he travelled, and was always kindly received, as he well might be, when he had so many things to give. It is, however, just to say, though the Tahitians were covetous, they were not stingy: for it was considered a great disgrace not to be ready to give. When the bread-fruit was first ripe, the chiefs used to give some to anybody who sent a garland of flowers, and asked them to fill it. By doing this, however, they encouraged the people in idleness.

Wherever William stopped, he generally dined on roasted pigs or fowls, which was food that only chiefs could obtain. But though he fared sumptuously, he was obliged to sleep on the floor of the house at night, and was often so cold that, unable to keep himself warm with the cloth he had brought, he was glad to borrow a blanket of Peter.

I will tell you what he found the people doing in one house where he went, which will show you what was the usual manner of spending their time.

It was the house of Ina Madua, Pomare's sister-in-law, who was a very bad woman, though kind to the travellers. When William entered women were pasting cloth together at one end ;

at another some men were making cords, called cinet, from the outside of cocoa-nuts ; some other men were sleeping, and some others were drinking ava out of small cocoa-nut shells. You perceive that some of those people were well employed ; but those who were drinking ava were doing very ill.

You will inquire what ava was ; it was the root of a shrub. This was the way in which it was prepared. It was first chewed, then mixed with water, stirred, and strained through a sieve, and then it was fit for drinking.

You will wonder how persons could drink a liquor prepared in so disagreeable a manner ; but the people delighted in it, because it made them drunk. Even as much ava as a wine-glass would contain, was sufficient to intoxicate a man. It took away the use of the limbs for a time, as well as of the senses. Those who had drunk it, fell asleep afterwards, and women sat by them and rubbed their limbs.

Those who drunk it often were generally covered with a white breaking out, like the leprosy : their eyes grew red, and the skin of their feet and hands cracked. One would think that such unpleasant consequences would have made people reckon it disgraceful to drink ava ; but, on the contrary, this loathsome whiteness was considered an honour, because it was only the chiefs or their friends who could get ava.

enough to bring it on. Thus the foolish hearts of the people were darkened by sin, till they called evil good.

In the course of the journey the travellers met an old woman, who, when she came up to them perceived that one of the young men who carried the linen was her son. She seemed much pleased, and began to strike her head with a sharp-pointed thing she held in her hand, till the blood flowed in streams over her neck. Her son looked on without appearing to care: but William Wilson, seeing her still going on hurting herself, angrily obliged her to leave off. The son then told them that it was the custom of the women of Tahiti to keep a stick with a shark's tooth gummed on at the end to strike themselves with when they are very happy or very unhappy. They procured it first when they married, and used it most when their friends died; but they often used it even when one of their children hurt itself by a fall. This foolish, cruel custom sometimes brought on fever or madness, or even death. It is forbidden by God in Lev. xix. 28—"Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

One morning Peter told William Wilson they had been sleeping that night in a house where there were the remains of the dead, and then showed him a woman's head wrapped in cloth,

hanging from the roof. In this house the dead woman's two little girls lived ; for it was the custom to keep the skulls of dead relations in houses. Sometimes they were wrapped in cloth, as this was ; sometimes they were placed near the door, and adorned with fresh flowers every day.

When the travellers had reached the isthmus which joins the two parts of Tahiti, they were met by one of Pomare's servants, who told them his master was preparing a great feast in another part of the island, and had sent for them. They had intended to go all round Tahiti but were frightened by the accounts Peter gave them of the dangerous rocks that lay in the way, and of the manner in which even the nimble natives were sometimes dashed to pieces in attempting to pass them. They determined, therefore, to accept Pomare's invitation, and to follow the servant across the isthmus. The land was quite flat in this part, and thickly covered with trees. After they had crossed the isthmus, they went towards the place (marked in the map as Ma-ta-o-ai) where they heard Pomare was.

On the way they took shelter from the rain in the shed of a chief. It was built close to the sea, and was divided into two parts ; in one the chief's canoe was placed ; in the other the chief and his wife lived when they came that way. William sat down with his host in the

shed, and began to exchange things with him : the chief gave William cloth, and William gave him scissors, looking-glasses, and such kind of things. While they were sitting together, William discovered that a boy was picking his pocket. The boy quickly dropped what he had stolen, and ran off. The chief was very angry, and sent men after him to catch him, that he might punish him.

Soon afterwards the travellers met Otu and his wife riding upon men's shoulders. Otu asked William to give him an axe and scissors, but William replied that he had none to spare, and that Otu had better go to the ship. Otu then asked Peter many questions about the islands to which he had gone in the ship with Captain Wilson. After this conversation, the king and queen went on towards Ma-ta-o-ai.

The travellers now arrived at a place on the sea-shore where several sheds were built. Many of them were for canoes. The best of these sheds belonged to Pomare, whom William had not seen since his own return from the distant islands.

Pomare, however, was not in his shed when William arrived : but he soon came, and seemed delighted to see his old friend, rubbing noses with him as usual. Pomare looked very anxious and busy : he said he was going to give a great feast in a few days to the chiefs, and that he

was now preparing presents of cloth, and hogs, and canoes for them. He seemed afraid lest he should not be able to get enough to satisfy his covetous guests. Pomare, however, did not mention that he was not only going to distribute cloth among the chiefs, but also the limbs of men that would be slain at this feast.*

That night William Wilson was much disturbed by Peter and Pomare ; for he had spread his cloth to sleep upon, in the same shed with them, and they talked together almost all night. Pomare asked Peter whether the same trees grew in the Friendly Islands as in Tahiti, and whether the land and the canoes were as good as in Tahiti. Peter told him they were much the same. Then Pomare lamented that he could not build ships that could go safely to distant countries. William thought this a good opportunity to give some advice to Pomare, and he said to him, "The English once could not build ships ; but men came with speaking paper and taught them not only to build and to guide ships, and to make knives and axes, but also to know the true God. The people in England have heard that the people in Tahiti knew nothing of that God, nor understand speaking paper, nor many other things ; and out of kindness they have sent good men to teach them ; now, as you are the father of the king and a

* *The Tahitians did not eat human flesh.*

great chief, you should desire your children and people to attend to their instructions ; or perhaps the missionaries may go away, and no more good men may come."

Pomare listened to this advice, and then said " Mai-tai " (good), and so went to sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and William intended to rest. It rained hard till nine: then Pomare and his servants went to a place at a little distance to make cloth. The cloth was made in a curious manner that I will now describe.

It was made, as you know of strips of bark. The bark of the paper mulberry-tree was made into white cloth, and that of the bread-fruit tree was made into grey cloth ; but it was often dyed black, red, and yellow, with the juices of plants, and adorned with figures of flowers painted upon it. You must wonder how bark could be made into large rolls of cloth, sometimes two hundred yards long, and three or four broad. This was the way in which it was made: the bark was stretched on wooden frames and wetted, and then beaten with a kind of wooden hammer till all the pieces were joined together.

You may suppose that when many persons at one time were beating the cloth, the noise was terrible. The women generally made the cloth, and the men got the bark. But on this

occasion Pomare was as busy as any in making cloth.

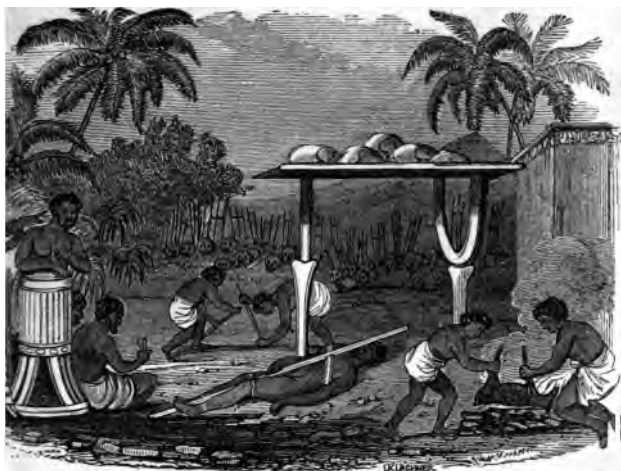
A roast pig was served up for dinner. William observed that Pomare's friends took so much, that the chief himself had very little. He had before remarked that Pomare's head servant had brought his master some dinner secretly the night before, and he observed him come again that evening. William supposed that the hogs were being saved for the approaching feast, and that therefore Pomare could not provide plentiful dinners.

On Monday William took leave of Pomare. Before he went, he asked him to lend him a canoe, that he might return to Matavai by sea. Pomare willingly lent him one, and also gave him two fat hogs, which were so valuable at that time. He expected, therefore, the more in return ; and though he had already received a large pair of scissors and other presents, he now begged for the piece of cloth given by the chief in whose shed William's pocket had been picked. Not satisfied with that, he looked at the cloth which William used for a bed, as if he wished for it ; therefore his visitor thought it best to go immediately, lest he should ask for more.

Pomare seemed very sorrowful at the parting. William also was grieved at the thought of never seeing Pomare again. Pomare said he should visit the captain, if he could ; but that

at all events he hoped that he would give axes and scissors to Idia. His first and last thought was how much he could get: for truly did our Saviour declare that the Gentiles say continually "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Matt. vi :

CHAPTER VII.



A MARAE, OR IDOL TEMPLE.

1797, *July*.

MORE THINGS REMARKED BY THE TRAVELLER,

WILLIAM and his companions now set out in the canoe to return to the ship along the western shore.

Soon after they had passed the isthmus, it began to rain so hard, that some of the party

landed for shelter. When it cleared up, they tried to walk along the beach ; but the long wet grass was unpleasant, and the trees grew so close to the sea, that sometimes they could scarcely get on ; so they were obliged to get into their canoe again.

At night they landed, and stopped at the house of a chief, named Temari, whom they found drunk with ava.

When they awoke next morning, they heard he was gone to the idol's temple ; for heathens do not think that their gods dislike drunkenness. He had left orders that a hog should be dressed for his visitors. It was so very large, that they had to wait many hours while it was baking in a pit. Afterwards William continued his journey on foot, while the servants paddled along in the canoe.

William met Temari going home to his house. This chief spoke in a manner that scarcely anybody could understand ; the reason of this was, that he said he had the spirit of the gods in him. He was descended from a family that had once been kings and queens in Tahiti, and he had been conquered by Pomare in battle, and seemed still to hate him much, and to long to revenge himself on him. What gods those must be who can dwell in a heart full of drunkenness and hatred ! You will hear more of this man by-and-by.

The next night the travellers came to a very large house, one hundred and forty feet long. It was full of those dancers, called areois, of whom you have already heard much. Each of them was seated upon his own mat, and was busy in weaving mats and cord, called cinet. The house was so much crowded that it appeared like a little village. As soon as it was dark, lights were brought. These were merely a sort of nuts, called candle-nuts, stuck upon skewers. And now some of the areois, leaving their industrious employments, began to sing and to dance to the sound of the drum; when tired, they lay down and slept; and others started up, and danced in their stead. In this manner they would have passed the night, had not William begged the woman whose house it was, to make them quiet. The lights, however, continued burning all night.

This is the manner in which the areois usually spent their nights. These dancers were probably going to Pomare's feast. There they would help to devour all the best food in the island, and would perhaps wantonly tear up useful plants in their mirth.

The next day William went on his journey, partly on foot and partly in the canoe. About noon he landed at a chief's house. While dinner was getting ready, he walked with Peter and the chief to see a marae.

When he had walked a mile, he saw some wooden rails enclosing a kind of court, in which a few fruit trees grew. Part of it was paved with stones, and on the pavement there were some very large high tables covered with matting. These tables were the altars. Upon them was a quantity of fruit, pigs, turtle, and fish, which had long lain there and had become putrid.

In the midst of this court were a number of boards, about the height of a man, standing upright. These were called *tiis*. Each of them had been placed there by a different family, as a sign that they might worship in that marae.

In one corner of this court there were a house and two sheds, where some men lived. William entered the house. He found inside a very small house, about as high as a child of three years old. This was the ark of the idol. He found nothing in it but some pieces of cloth.

He asked where the god was. The people replied, "He was taken this morning to another marae by the sea ; but we will go and fetch him, if you wish it."

They went and returned with a great bundle of cloth. When they had laid it upon the ground, William Wilson, though very sorry for the poor heathens, could not help smiling at the sight of such a god. It was made of two bundles of cloth tied round with a cord, and was just small enough to be put into its little house. At the

ends of the bundle, red and yellow feathers were fastened. They were the feathers of paroquets, and had been placed there by chiefs, for they alone could procure these rare feathers. The feathers became holy by being tied to the idol : they were afterwards exchanged by the chiefs for others, and taken home to hang in their houses to protect and bless them.

Though the heathens had laughed when they had seen William Wilson smile, yet they did not despise their idol. William said to them, "This cannot be a god ; it is only made of cloth and cinet, that you have made yourselves. It can no more speak, nor hear, nor do good or harm, than the cloth you wear."

At hearing this, they seemed at a loss what to answer, yet soon replied, "He is a great god ; when he is angry the trees bear no fruit, and we fall sick."

William wished to look between the two bundles of which the idol was made, to see what there was there ; but the people told him that no one but Mane-mane and a few more durst open it. However, they said they knew that there was nothing inside but some red feathers, a plantain, and a bunch of young cocoa-nuts.

How wonderful it seems that men should worship such an idol ! It was a great sin to do so, because they might have known, from the sight of the sun, moon, and stars, the sea, the trees,

and all God's creatures, that God himself could not be in a bundle of cloth. On account of this great sin, God had given them up to do other wicked things, such as to lie, steal, and commit murder.*

William stopped on his way back to the chief's house, to see another very curious sight. It was the dead body of Pomare's brother, the husband of that Ina Madua, of whom you have already heard. The man had been dead several months, but the body had been preserved by pressing and drying it in the sun, rubbing it daily with coconut oil, and filling it with cloths dipped in the same. It was now lying on a sort of wooden bed, under a roof thatched with leaves.

A man who took care of it lived close by. It was his business to rub it with oil, and to feed it, that is, to put food to its mouth, which the man ate himself. There were little baskets of fruit hanging on the trees near, for the use of the dead man.

The man who took care of it asked William whether he would like to see the dead body, for as it lay, nothing could be seen but its feet.

He then pulled it out, and placing it upon a wooden table that was near, he began (laughing

* Because that which may be known of God is manifest to them, for God hath shewed it unto them; so that they are without excuse. As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind. Rom. i. 19, 20, 28.



AN EMBALMED BODY.

all the while) to take off its wrappers of cloth. The skin looked hard and dry like parchment, and the whole body seemed nothing but bones, for the flesh was dried up. It was a very unpleasant sight. None but chiefs were thus embalmed after death ; common men were put into the ground with their chin resting upon their knees, and their hands tied together under their legs.

William said to the man, "Where do you think his soul is gone ?"

He replied, "Gone to the night."

The travellers returned to the chief's house to dinner, and then went on in their canoe. They arrived that night at a little house belonging to Peter, and there they left the canoe, because the wind was too high to enable them to row easily. They continued their way on foot, and arrived that evening at the missionaries' house, having been absent about ten days.

William had inquired very diligently, as he went along, how many people lived in each part; he had particularly asked how many *tiis* (or upright boards) were in each marae, for by this means he knew how many families lived near. The number of inhabitants was much smaller than had been supposed; only sixteen thousand. A middle-sized town in England contains as many people, and yet Tahiti was (as you have heard) about forty miles long, and very fruitful; but as the natives killed many babies, and often engaged in war, it was not to be expected there could be many people in the island.

CHAPTER VIII.

1797.

A FEW INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED BEFORE THE DUFF RETURNED TO ENGLAND.

WHILE William Wilson had been travelling round the island, the captain had been with his ship, helping the four missionaries appointed to divide the goods. I will mention a few circumstances that happened during William's absence.

One day the captain heard that the king was going to leave Matavai, because the missionaries hearing he had sacrificed a man, had reproved him for his wickedness. The captain immediately left for his ship, and went in a boat to find him.

When he landed, he saw the king and queen running very fast along the beach. The captain asked Otu where he was going in such haste. The king replied that the missionaries were angry with him, and that he supposed the captain was angry too, and therefore he was going away. The captain told him it would be very wicked to sacrifice a man. Otu said that the report was not true. The captain then entreated

him never to do such things again, and promised to give him a canoe that he had brought from the Friendly Islands.

Otu seemed much pleased with this promise, and continued to live near the ship. The next day Otu and his wife were seen early paddling round the ship. The promised canoe was given to the king. He spent two hours in examining it, (as it was not quite like those of Tahiti,) and then got into it, and went to the shore. It was on the afternoon of the same day that William Wilson, as he was travelling round the island, met Otu and his wife; so it is probable that they went a long distance by the shore in the new canoe that day.*

You remember that Otu did not much like the fine clothes the captain had given him. Another day the captain gave him a handsome scarlet coat, but though Otu accepted it, he could not be persuaded to put it on.

About this time Idia sent to the ship to know whether the captain was angry with her. He sent back a plantain leaf to show that he was not, for such was the Tahitian manner of making peace. Idia then came on board with two hogs, and two bundles of cloth, as presents from her and Pomare to the captain. She said that Pomare not being able to visit the captain himself on account of the feast, had sent her to see

* See page 50.

that he wanted nothing ; but the captain well knew that she had come to see what she could get.

When she was seated in the cabin, she was asked why she had killed her child. She replied, that it was the custom to do so ; but she did not appear to like being spoken to on the subject. She came again several times. On one occasion the captain gave her a handsome soldier's coat and all the red feathers he had, which greatly delighted her.

Mane-mane often visited the ship. He came one day in a very large boat that the missionaries had helped him to build according to their promise. He came again another day, and wanted to obtain rope, sails, and an anchor for this boat that he might go to the island of Raiatea, and make himself king again. The captain, however, had none to spare, and gave him instead his own cocked hat, and various other articles. Mane-mane was much disappointed, and said "Several people told me that you wanted Mane-mane, and now I am come, you give me nothing."

It was quite impossible to satisfy this old man. He did not keep the presents he received, but gave them away to the natives, that he might gain many friends to help him to conquer his former kingdom. Of all the things that had been given him, he had nothing remaining but a

glazed hat and a suit of clothes. He had fringed the coat with red feathers, which were esteemed very precious in Tahiti.

This old priest was of a very different character from the young king; for though both were covetous, the priest was light, gay, and vain—the king was sullen, proud, and artful.

An instance of the king's deceitful conduct occurred just before the ship left. Otu encouraged one of the sailors, named Tucker, to hide himself in a thicket, and fed him daily; for Otu liked having white men in his kingdom, that they might help him in his wars. The captain, however, was very anxious to find Tucker, and searched for him for three days. At length he began to suspect that Otu knew where he was; and he threatened to take Otu away in his ship, if Tucker was not found. This threat frightened Otu so much, that he determined to deliver up Tucker. In order to get him, he acted in the following artful manner. He sent a message to Tucker to desire him to come to him. He then asked some of the missionaries to hide themselves by the way, and to seize Tucker as he passed. They did so, and bound him, and carried him back to the ship in a canoe. Tucker arrived there late at night, struggling, and cursing Otu for having betrayed him. He was immediately placed in confinement.

Andrew and Peter had been concerned in the hiding of Tucker. The captain had suspected them, and had seized Andrew, and shut him up in the ship : but Peter, by confessing, had escaped punishment. The captain, however, afterwards set Andrew at liberty, though Andrew by his own desire chose to go away in the ship.

There was one of the missionaries, named Dr. Gillham, who desired to return to England with Captain Wilson. I cannot tell you what his reasons were, though it is to be feared that his courage and patience failed him, when the ship was on the point of leaving him in a heathen land. There were now eighteen missionaries at Tahiti, as at first landing ; for Mr. Harris had joined the company, and Dr. Gillham had left it.

On the 4th of August the captain weighed anchor, intending to leave Tahiti immediately. A great number of natives came on board to take leave, and also to see what presents they could obtain. Each native took a particular leave of the person he had chosen for his friend, and some cried bitterly at parting ; yet no sooner had they walked to the end of the deck, than they began to laugh as usual. Some of the English told the natives that their sorrow had not been sincere ; but they answered that it was the custom in Tahiti to cry at parting, and also to cut themselves, but that they

had not cut themselves, because they had been told by the English that it was bad to do so.

Some of the missionaries arrived at the ship, just before it set sail, with letters for their friends in England. They bade the captain and sailors an affectionate farewell, and then returned to the shore.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SINGULAR MANNERS AND THE WICKED CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE OF TAHITI.

LET us now pause a moment to inquire what were the manners and customs of the people for whose souls these missionaries laboured. I will first speak of their food, and of their manner of taking it.

FOOD.

No corn nor grapes grew in Tahiti; therefore the inhabitants could neither eat bread nor drink wine; but the trees bore an abundance of fruit, upon which the people lived.

The chiefs often ate the flesh of hogs, and sometimes of dogs, for both these animals fed chiefly upon fruit.

Rats were the only beasts, besides hogs and dogs, on the island, when first discovered: they were very troublesome, and were always running over the beds and over the food of the people, but they were not eaten by them. Captain Cook had left some cats in Tahiti, which were very useful.

The Tahitians had no regular times for their meals; but they generally had three every day. They had no iron pots, therefore they could only bake their food in holes, or broil it on the ashes of the fire. The most usual dinner was fish and bread-fruit. They were served up on leaves, and eaten upon leaves instead of plates. A cocoa-nut shell full of salt water was placed beside each other, and every morsel was dipped in it before it was eaten. English people disliked this sauce very much, but the Tahitians thought it gave a relish to the food.

Different sorts of fruit were often mixed together and made into puddings. The only way of heating them was by putting hot stones into the cocoa-nut milk, with which the fruit was mixed.

But however nice the food was, there was one circumstance that made the meal far less pleasant than one taken in England; for the

father and mother, brothers and sisters, never ate together. The men and boys generally took their meals together in the house ; but each woman and girl ate alone in a little hut built for the purpose. Do you not wonder what could be the reason of so strange a custom ? The reason was, that the Tahitian men called the women common, and not fit to eat with them, who they said were holy : for the same reason they would not allow women to eat any of the kinds of food that were offered to the gods, such as hogs, fowls, cocoa-nuts, plantains, turtle, and many sorts of fish. All these things were called sacred, and unfit for women. The men and women had also their food kept in different baskets, and cooked at different fires. A man would not even drink out of a cup that had been used by a woman.

HOUSES.

The houses were generally built by the sea-shore, and under the shade of bread-fruit trees. Their shape was long and narrow : the walls were made of posts placed two or three inches apart, so that the passers-by could see into the house, as into a bird-cage. There were no windows in them, for none were needed ; there was, however, a door, tied by a cord to a post at one end.

The roof was made of reeds, covered with

large leaves. These roofs soon became old, and were often repaired. The beds were mats, made of cocoa-nut leaves woven together, and the pillows were blocks of wood. These mats were placed side by side all down the house, and sometimes there were fifty or sixty in one house ; for the Tahitians were fond of company both night and day. The floor was covered with dried grass, which soon became very unpleasant from the food that was spilt upon it. There were no gardens round the house : but sometimes there was a little court enclosed by a low railing, and a walk made of black and white coral up to the house.

There was no comfort or peace in these houses, but continual riot, laughing, and talking, even during the night.

When the people travelled, as they often did, they lodged in small sheds by the sea-shore with their canoes : for they generally went by water, and landed where they wished.

DRESS.

The men and women dressed nearly alike. They wore several yards of cloth of bark, wrapped round their bodies, and, over their shoulders, either a shawl or a tiputa.

You will ask what a tiputa was ?

It was a piece of cloth with a hole in the middle, through which the head passed, while the

ends of the cloth hung down before and behind, and were confined round the waist by a girdle. As the cloth was spoilt by the rain, in wet weather matting was worn.

The natives had one strange custom, called tattooing. They covered their skins with pictures of beasts, birds, flowers, and trees. These pictures were drawn, not with a pencil, but with a sharp fish-bone fastened to the end of a stick. After the marks were made, a dark stuff, made of the juice of a plant, was put into them. This operation was very painful. It was done to the young people, when about twelve or fourteen years old. The figures were seldom made on the face, but chiefly on the legs and arms. The chiefs were more beautifully tattooed than the common people, because they hired persons who could tattoo the best, to adorn them.

The men generally had long hair fastened with a comb on the back of their heads, and the women had short hair, which they arranged with great care, and often adorned with garlands of flowers. The women often wore shades over their eyes, made of yellow cocoa-nut leaves, to screen them from the sun, but they never wore bonnets.

Both men and women thought a great deal of their appearance, and spent much time in trying to make themselves look handsome; therefore they were extremely fond of looking-

glasses, and when they could not get them, they would sit on the bank of a clear stream to dress their hair.

They bathed three times a day, and thus kept themselves very clean, and improved their health. They were continually going into the sea ; many babies could swim before they could walk, so that there was no danger of their being drowned except when they were at a great distance from land. They always bathed in a stream after they had been in the sea, as they did not like the salt water as well as fresh.

IDOLS.

You already know that the Tahitians worship idols. Some were made of stone, but most were made of wood, or of a kind of string called cinet. Some kinds of sharks and of birds were worshipped, and were not suffered to be killed. Altogether there were more than a hundred gods worshipped in Tahiti. The people thought that the spirit of the gods dwelt in the idols. As they fancied that they were as cruel and as covetous as themselves, they tried to please them by giving them things.

I will give you an instance of the manner in which they treated them. They kept live hogs and chickens in the maraes, and called these animals sacred. Once a traveller wanted to buy some sacred fowls, as there were no

others to be had. The priest of the marae at first did not like to sell them, but when he saw what nice looking-glasses and knives he could get for them, he went to the idol and said, "O my god, here are some beautiful things—knives, scissors, looking-glasses—perhaps I may sell some of the fowls belonging to us two for them: they will be good property for us two." He then waited a few moments, while he pretended he was listening to the god's answer; then he said that the god had consented; and some boys and dogs hunted the fowls, and caught them for the traveller.

They never thought that their gods would be angry at sin, but fancied they could always be coaxed and made to like those people who gave presents to them. When they prayed they used to kneel upon one knee, and to repeat their prayers in a sort of singing tone, saying something of this kind: "See I have brought you pigs and fruit; so be kind to me, and do not let me be drowned; but let me conquer my enemies."

How different is our God from their gods! He cannot bear sin, and he cares for nothing we can give him. He never would have listened to our prayers, if Jesus had not borne the punishment of our sins: neither will he listen to us now, unless we come before him in the name of Jesus, asking for mercy for his sake.

Therefore David said, "I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I compass thine altar, O God." And John says, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation (or sacrifice) for our sins."

But the most horrible deed done in these temples was the offering up of human sacrifices. The people thought that Oro, the god of war, liked these better than any other; so, when they were going to do anything important, they used to kill men. Perhaps you will inquire what men they killed. When the priest wanted a human sacrifice, he generally sent word to the king; and then the king sent a small stone to one of his chiefs, as a sign that he must procure one. If the chief kept the stone, the king knew that he would do as he wished. And whom did the chief fix on as a sacrifice? Sometimes on the guest who was eating beneath his roof. In one moment the unfortunate man was killed by a blow on the head, and carried to the temple in a basket of cocoa-nut leaves. Before he was offered up to the god, the priest scooped out one of his eyes, and placing the eye in a leaf, offered it to the king, who opened his mouth, as if he were going to eat it, and then returned it to the priest.

The body was afterwards hung upon a tree near the temple; when the flesh was quite con-

sumed, the bones were buried in the sacred court, which was a sort of Golgotha, a place of a skull, and most horrible in the eyes of our holy God.

If one man of a family had been offered up, the other men in it were in great danger of sharing his fate : for the people of the same family were usually chosen until the whole were destroyed.

When at midnight the sacred drum was beaten, as a sign that a human sacrifice was required, many poor creatures would escape to the mountains, and hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth.

It is not surprising that some men quite forsook the company of their cruel fellow-creatures, wandered alone among the mountains, and became almost as fierce and as senseless as the beasts of the forest.

Death was very terrible to the Tahitians, for they had no bright hopes beyond the grave. They thought that at death their spirits went to their cruel gods, who ate them three times over, and that afterwards their spirits went into the body of a beast, or bird, or man, and lived upon the earth again.

Sometimes poor creatures, when they have been dying, have looked towards the end of the mat on which they have been lying, and have cried out, " O there are the spirits waiting for

my spirit—O guard my spirit when it leaves my body—O preserve it from them !”

How different were these cries from those of some dying Christian children in England, who have exclaimed with sweet smiles, “I see the angels coming to fetch me ! O Lord Jesus, I come, I come !”

After a man was dead, his friends used to begin to cut themselves with sharks’ teeth till they were covered with blood, and sometimes even to fight together with clubs and stones for two or three days, till some were killed. It was dreadful to behold one of these fights, and to hear the furious howlings of those who fought.

When a Christian loses his pious relations, he can sing,

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death’s alarms ?
’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

CHARACTER OF THE TAHITIANS.

You have already heard enough of the people to perceive that they were liars, covetous, thieves, and murderers.

They were indeed pleasant in their manners, and good-natured when pleased ; but in many respects they were like beasts, and in others like devils.

They resembled beasts in their love of eating, and drinking, and idleness : in hardness of heart they resembled devils. Their conduct to their aged parents, and to their sick friends, was barbarous. When tired of waiting upon a sick person, his relations generally built a little hut for him, and at first fed him, but often left him afterwards to die of hunger. At other times the relations would throw their spears at the sick man, to see which would thrust him through first.

I will relate an instance of the murder of one sick man. He was staying with an acquaintance, who, growing tired of him, went one day and dug a hole near the sea-shore : then returned, and offered to take him to bathe. The sick man consented, and was placed upon a board, and carried towards the sea between two men ; but when he came near the hole, he suspected what was going to be done, and he jumped off the board and tried to escape, but his companion threw a stone at him, and thus stopped him, and then forced him into the hole, and buried him alive. His cries were heard at some distance by some women in a canoe, yet none came to rescue him, or were even shocked when they heard the history.

If the Tahitians behaved in this manner to their friends, what must have been their cruelty to their enemies ? It was more dreadful than

can be conceived. They stamped upon the prisoners they had taken in battle. crying out, "Thus would you have treated me if you had conquered," and then left the bodies unburied to be devoured by dogs and birds. Sometimes a hole was made through an enemy's body, and he was worn for a short time as a tiputa by the man who slew him. After a battle the conquerors destroyed all the women and children of their enemies, and even taught their own little children to kill the little creatures that they would have liked to play with. Sometimes the conqueror put ropes through the necks of his enemies' children, or threaded them like beads on his spear. God has said in his word, that the feet of men are swift to shed blood. And is not this true ?

The missionaries came to melt the stony hearts of these people, by telling them of the love of the Son of God. These lions and tigers could be turned into lambs and doves by the Spirit of God. So the missionaries did not cease to pray for them, and to teach them the good and the right way, hoping that God would at length give them repentance for their sins.

CHAPTER X.

1797, 1798.

SHEEP AMONG WOLVES.

WE will now continue the history of the poor missionaries, who stood gazing upon the ship, on the day it left Tahiti, with tears in their eyes, till they could no longer behold it.

They felt that they were in a very dangerous situation, among wicked men, who coveted all they possessed, and whose hands were often stained with blood ; but they were able to look up to God for support. They set apart a day for fasting and prayer ; on that day they met three times to pray together, and twice more to hear sermons from two of the brethren (for they called each other brethren). They agreed also to hold a prayer meeting once a month for the conversion of the heathen, at the very same time that their friends in England, in different places of worship met together for the same purpose.

But though they placed their strength in God, they thought it right to take all possible pains to defend themselves. They had many guns in their possession, but they never in-

tended to shoot the natives, even if they were attacked by them: they thought, however, that the sight of the guns would fill the natives with fear.

Perhaps it was not wise of the missionaries to keep many things in their house. It might have been better if they had been contented with having only food and raiment, for then the people would not have regarded them with so much envy.

All night long two of the brethren watched outside the house, and very often one was appointed to watch during the day.

The day after the ship's departure, the missionary who was watching the house, overheard Idia talking with some of the natives about the quantity of property the brethren possessed. Among other things, he heard it said, that the sabbath day would be a good opportunity to take it away, as on that day the brethren would be engaged together in prayer, and would lay aside their weapons. Idia little thought that the man on guard understood her conversation. Of course he reported it to his friends, who immediately desired all the natives to leave the house, Idia was alarmed when she heard of this order, and inquired the reason. When she was reminded of what she had said, she denied it, and sent Peter the Swede to declare that she had been misunderstood, as she had only been talking

of a plan made by some bad men in Tahiti. This excuse was probably false; but the missionaries thought it best to receive it, and to treat Idia with as much respect as usual. However, they were more on their guard than ever on the next day, which was Sunday, and did not take the Lord's Supper together as they had intended.

About three weeks afterwards they were robbed in a very singular manner. One morning they missed a great many articles from the blacksmith's shop, and they also observed a hole in the ground of the shop. They soon perceived a thief had entered through this hole, which resembled a rabbit's burrow, and had an opening outside. They saw that the hole must have taken more than one night to dig with the hands (the spade the natives usually made use of), and they wondered how it was that the watch had not observed the thief digging in the day. The watch then remembered that he had once remarked the hole, and had seen something that he had taken for a hog, coiled up in it; and now he had no doubt that the supposed hog was the thief. The wicked cunning of the robber excited the astonishment of all. On applying to a chief of that part of the island, the stolen articles were restored.

In vain the missionaries endeavoured to win the natives by kindness. Because they never

punished the thieves when detected, they were considered as cowards; though their reason for forgiving them was, that they remembered that they were ministers of the gospel, whose office it was to save and not to judge.

Many of the natives were suffering from terrible diseases; so the missionaries prepared a place near their house for a hospital, and offered to nurse all who would come; but the same reasons that prevent men coming to Jesus, the great Physician, prevented the greater part of the sick natives from accepting the kind proposal. Some of them were afraid to come; and others refused to take medicine because it was not sweet, or to remain more than three or four days, which was not long enough to effect a cure.

Yet an hospital seemed very necessary, for it was sad to see how foolishly the natives treated sick people: as you will perceive from this little anecdote.

The missionaries employed native boys as their servants. One of them, while gathering some bread fruit, fell from the tree, and broke his arm. Mr. Clode set it; but five days afterwards, the boy, through his own carelessness, broke it again. Mr. Clode tried to set it again, but could not prevent the boy feeling much agony. The father of the child then insisted on taking him home, saying, "I shall send for a

native doctor, and pray to our god, and the boy will soon be well."

The next day Mr. Puckey and Mr. Smith went to see the child, and were told that he had died the night before. They found that the father had put his child in cold running water, while burning with fever, and that the child had immediately expired. The father lamented with tears that he had taken him home. By the side of the child lay a piece of cloth steeped in his father's blood, which had been made to flow in torrents by a shark's tooth, and the cloth now was spread out as a proof of the father's grief.

The missionaries gazed upon the lifeless form of the child, as it lay decked with flowers, while the foolish natives crowded around them, admiring their clothes. The missionaries took this opportunity to remind them that death would one day overtake them, and to warn them that their souls must then appear before the only true God, who had prepared a place of happiness for the righteous, and of misery for the wicked.

While they were speaking, the natives ceased to laugh, and appeared for a moment struck by what had been uttered.

Mr. Puckey made a coffin for the child, and laid him in it the next day. Four little boys carried it to the grave, and several of the missionaries followed it. Crowds of natives attended,

who were filled with wonder at the coffin (having never seen one before), and exclaimed, "It would make a fine chest to put clothes in."

The father, according to the custom, made a long speech over the child's grave, describing how *useful* his son would have been had he lived, though it is to be feared he might more truly have said how *wicked*.

The relations would have cut themselves again on the head with sharks' teeth, but they were prevailed upon by the missionaries to refrain.

There were two cruel practices which the missionaries were exceedingly anxious to prevent: namely, offering human sacrifices and killing infants. They spared no labour to persuade the people against them. I will give you an instance of the efforts they made to prevent human sacrifices being offered up.

Once Mane-mane told the brethren that Pomare was going to give a great feast in Papare, as he did every year, and had sent for him to offer up a human sacrifice. Mane-mane requested some of the missionaries to accompany him to the place, as he thought that Pomare would not repeat his request in their presence. It must not be supposed from this circumstance that Mane-mane had really repented of his wicked deeds; for it is more probable that he only sought the favour of the missionaries.

Mr. Cover and Mr. Main accompanied the old

priest to Papare, where Pomare was preparing for the feast by making cloth. The missionaries passed the night at the house of Temari, the great chief, who had a bitter hatred against Pomare, as you have already heard.

The missionaries were here informed of a dreadful circumstance that had just taken place, though one very common in Tahiti. Temari's servants had just stoned a man to death, who had been caught robbing a plantation of ava. The missionaries were shocked to hear of such cruelty; but Temari's servants replied, that thieves ought to be punished. This answer showed that they knew that it was wrong for others to steal, though they chose to think it right for themselves to steal.

In consequence of this murder, many of the people of the place were angry. The missionaries were aroused that night by an alarm of war, and they remained till morning with their clothes on, and their guns by their sides; no war, however, was made. They passed the next night at Pomare's house, which was near to Temari's. This night also was full of alarms of war; for Pomare was much displeased with Temari for having murdered the thief, who was one of his servants, and he expected that Temari, knowing he was offended, would attack him. Therefore he slept with a spear by his side, and a man armed with a gun to guard him. The

missionaries were glad to leave this terrible scene of strife. Before they went home, they obtained a promise from Pomare not to offer a human sacrifice—and also an assurance that there would be no war. Soon after their return home they heard that Pomare and Temari had made up their quarrel, but they had afterwards reason to fear that Pomare had, in spite of his promise, killed a man for a sacrifice. Mane-mane told the missionaries that he had refused to offer him to the gods, and that therefore Pomare had buried him : but perhaps this account was not true.

Another cruel practice, which the missionaries were anxious to prevent, was that of killing infants. They wrote down a speech, in which they entreated the chiefs to forbid the people following this wicked custom. In this speech they promised to build a house for the children that should be spared, and to instruct them in ship-building and other arts. They ended the speech by engaging to mend Pomare's gun, if he would exert his authority to stop these bloody deeds.*

In January six missionaries went to a feast, where the king and chiefs were expected to attend, hoping to read the speech to them ; they

* Was it wise to offer this bribe ? Was it possible a promise of so important a nature would be sincerely made from such a consideration ?

waited all day in a great empty house in Pare, called the Nanu ; but could find no opportunity of speaking in quiet, on account of the **absurd** antics and the barbarous shouts of the people, and especially of the dancers, who frequently passed round the house.

On the first day of February a more favourable opportunity for delivering the address occurred.

A great assembly was held at a place very near the missionaries' dwelling. Some of the brethren went to invite the chiefs to come to their house that afternoon, and obtained their consent. Pomare, Otu, Temari, and Mane-mane, with many chiefs, arrived at five o'clock at the place agreed upon. They stood outside the house, while Peter the Swede delivered the address that had been prepared. The chiefs listened attentively, and at the conclusion of the speech, promised that no more infants should be destroyed. But they spoke deceitfully, for they did not abandon their cruel practices.

The missionaries continued very anxious to learn the language of the country, for of course they found it very unpleasant to employ Peter as their interpreter. They found that nothing improved them so much as conversing with the natives. On this account Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Cock expressed a desire to go and live with a chief who had invited them. The other mission-

aries did not like to spare them, because they were afraid of being attacked some day by the natives. There was another great objection to the plan. There was danger, lest living constantly with wicked people should be a temptation to those missionaries who should leave their brethren.

However, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Cock determined to go, though against the wishes of the greater part of the brethren. The boat in which they went was upset by the way, and their books and papers much hurt. This accident appeared, as if intended by God, to reprove them for their conduct.

At the end of a few months Mr. Cock began to think of marrying a heathen woman. When he consulted the brethren, they told him that it would be a sinful act, and invited him to come back to their house. Mr. Cock wisely consented to return, and Mr. Jefferson remained alone among the heathens.

The missionaries had been engaged in many useful labours with their hands for some time past. As their house could not comfortably accommodate all, Mr. Main had built himself a little house near it. The missionaries had also begun to build a large and convenient house for their whole number on the other side of the river. It was not to consist of one floor only, like their present habitation, but to have an

upper story. In the middle there was to be a large dining-room, and over it a chapel, and at each end there were to be bed-rooms for the brethren—both up stairs and down stairs—and a balcony was to be placed along the upper story. The brethren engaged to work at this building from six till half-past ten every morning, and from three till sunset, leaving the heat of the day for in-door employments.

The king and chiefs assisted them with presents of wood, as they were anxious the house should be finished. Their reason for this desire was, that the missionaries had promised to build them a ship when the house was completed.

Before this house was finished, a very important event occurred of an unexpected nature; at the beginning joyful, in the end trying and distressing.

CHAPTER XI.

1798, *March.*

A VERY GREAT AND UNEXPECTED CHANGE.

EXACTLY one year had passed away since the day that the ship Duff had brought the missionaries to Tahiti, when another ship appeared in sight.

It was eight in the morning of March 6th, when some of the brethren first beheld the ship. Three of them were appointed by the rest to go on board. They found that the ship was called the Nautilus; that it belonged to some Englishmen who lived in China, and that it traded in furs and skins. It had been so long detained at sea by storms that it needed repairs, and was much distressed for provisions.

When the brethren returned to the shore, they consulted with the rest on the subject of supplying the ship with food.

They said to each other, "What a dreadful thing it would be, if the king and chiefs should exchange food for guns and powder! and yet these are all that the captain can give in exchange

—for he has very little besides. Then the natives would go to war with each other, and perhaps murder us.”

They determined, therefore, to buy food themselves of the natives for the crew, and to engage the captain not to let the Tahitians obtain any guns or ammunition in exchange for food. The same evening some of the brethren went to make this agreement with the captain, who readily consented to it.

But the consequences of this plan were such as might have been foreseen. The natives visited the ship, and soon observed with contempt and pleasure its empty condition, counting upon obtaining abundance of fire-arms in exchange for provisions. It might have been expected that their anger would be great, when they found that the missionaries had contrived to disappoint their hopes. None were so angry as Otu, who was at this time anxious to obtain guns, for the wicked purpose of fighting against his own father and his younger brother, who had more power than he liked. Otu did not, however, show his anger for sometime afterwards.

There were in the ship five savages, natives of some very distant islands, called the Sandwich Islands. These men escaped from the ship. The captain was very anxious to find them again, because he wanted their help in managing

he ship at sea. He asked the missionaries to assist him in the search. They accordingly sent people to look for them, and soon heard that they were with Otu, who sent word to the captain that he would not give them up, unless he received a gun in exchange for each man. The captain would have given him two guns, (for he had only promised not to exchange guns for food,) but he could not spare five. Therefore Otu would not send back the men who, he hoped, would be useful in his wars.

Before the ship left, the captain asked the missionaries what they wished to receive in return for the food they had supplied him with. As they were anxious to be better prepared to defend themselves against the natives, whenever they should be attacked, they asked for one or two guns with a little ammunition. The captain presented them with three guns and other weapons, and a quantity of powder and ball. Such a present naturally increased the anger of Otu.

After having remained only four days at Tahiti, the ship departed. The missionaries began soon to be uneasy at seeing none of the king's family, and to fear they were displeased.

After the ship had been absent a fortnight, great was the astonishment of the missionaries to see it return. They found that another

storm had obliged it to come back for fresh supplies. The missionaries again attempted to procure hogs and fruit for the ship ; but the natives refused to sell them, saying they belonged to Pomare. The brethren supposed that Pomare had forbidden the people to sell them, and became more uneasy than before.

That night a circumstance occurred that plunged them into deep trouble in the end. Two sailors escaped from the ship in the ship's boat. The captain was determined to use every endeavour to force the men to return, and requested the assistance of the missionaries. The brethren met together to consult about what they should do. They felt sure that the sailors had fled to Otu, and they were afraid lest Otu would some day employ these men, and the Sandwich Islanders, (who could fight better than the Tahitians,) in attacking them. They determined therefore, to go to Otu, and to desire him to restore them to the captain, and to threaten, if he refused, not to allow any one to approach their lands. This determination was not wise ; for they had no power or right over Otu ; and they should have trusted in God to protect them.

The brethren set out immediately to go to Pare, where Pomare, Temari, and Otu, were, and to demand that the sailors should be restored. These four were appointed to go on this expe-

dition—namely, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Broomhall, Mr. Main, and Mr. William Puckey, accompanied by a few of their native servants.

It was eleven when they set out. At one they arrived at the house of Temari; he was the particular friend (according to the Tahitian custom) of Mr. Main. They might, therefore, expect good treatment from him. They asked Temari to come with them to the house of Otu, which was a little further on. He went with them, but did not follow them into the house. They found Otu surrounded by his attendants, amongst whom they observed the Sandwich Islanders, but not the sailors. Otu spoke to them as usual on their entrance, but afterwards remained almost silent, and looked very gloomy. The missionaries had sent a messenger to Pomare (who was living about two miles further on) to fetch him, as they waited to speak about the sailors till Pomare should come: but as he did not arrive, they determined to go themselves and fetch him.

On going out of Otu's house they found Temari waiting near. They asked him why he had not come in with them, and he replied that he was not dressed enough for the king's presence. They were satisfied with this reason, and proceeded on their way. About thirty of Otu's servants followed them, but as this was a common occurrence, they were not alarmed

by it. They had proceeded almost a mile, and were just going to cross a small river, when suddenly several natives seized upon each of them, and began to tear off their clothes, not waiting to unbutton them. They dragged Mr. Jefferson through the river, and also Mr. William Puckey, whom they almost drowned. Some other natives came to the assistance of the brethren, and delivered three of them out of their enemies' hands. These three entreated to be taken to Pomare. Though thankful for their escape, they felt very uneasy at not seeing Mr. Broomhall, and feared lest he had been murdered. The natives who had rescued them, led them towards Pomare's dwelling.

As they went along with scarcely any clothes, many of the native women, whose houses they passed, shed tears of compassion for them. They found Pomare and Idia in a shed by the sea-side, and were received kindly by both, clothed in native cloth, and comforted by kind promises of protection. Idia, bold and hardened as she was, wept when she saw their condition.

After resting an hour in the shed, they set out, with Pomare and Idia to return to Otu's house.

On their way they met Mr. Broomhall. They heard that though his life had been threatened, yet that his shirt, trousers, and watch,

had been spared, and that he had been taken to the king, who had procured his hat for him. This news gave them hope of having their clothes again.

When arrived at the house of the king, Pomare called out his son, and asked him some questions about the treatment the missionaries had received. By Otu's answers it appeared he had known beforehand, what the natives were going to do.

A long while afterwards, the missionaries became certain, that he had desired his servants to strip them, and that Temari had joined with him in the scheme. In this way he had tried to revenge himself on the missionaries, for depriving him of guns. Wicked as this conduct was, his motive for desiring them was far more wicked: but this was, at present, concealed from all but those who joined with him.

Otu was afraid of his concern in the attack being discovered by the missionaries, not wishing probably to lose their favour entirely: therefore he restored their clothes to them, and looked at them more kindly than before.

The sailors now made their appearance among Otu's attendants. Pomare promised the missionaries that he would make Otu send them back to the ship. Otu, no doubt, wished them to stay to help in his intended wars. The sailors themselves were very anxious to remain, and one of them, named Michael Donald, said, "If

they take me on board again, it shall be as a dead man."

As the missionaries had now done all they could to restore the sailors to the ship, they wished to return home immediately. Pomare lent them a large canoe, that they might go by water, which was the shortest way. They called at the ship, and related their sad history to the captain. It was dark when they reached home. One of their own servants, who had accompanied the missionaries in the morning, had already informed the brethren who had remained at home, of the adventures of the day, and had caused them to prepare to defend themselves against an attack. It was a great joy to all, to see each other again in safety, before the day closed. A double watch was appointed at night: so that four, instead of two, missionaries guarded the house.

After prayers the next morning, the brethren consulted together, respecting what they had better do to preserve themselves from ill-treatment in future.

A proposal was then made by some, which will perhaps surprise you. It was, that all the missionaries should leave the island. Most of them approved of the plan, and Mr. Cover and Mr. William Puckey were sent immediately to the ship, to ask the advice of the captain.

Upon their return the brethren met together

FINAL DETERMINATION

again, and heard that the captain ^a go in his ship to Australia.

Australia is a very large island, much bigger than England, and so near Tahiti that it can be reached in less than two months. It is inhabited by savages, but along the coast the English have built many towns, in which people may safely reside. The captain proposed to take the missionaries to one of these towns, called Port Jackson, and which is very near Botany Bay.

The missionaries wished for a little time to consider the subject. At five o'clock the same day they met together, and each was asked separately, what was his determination. All those who had wives (except one) determined to go, besides several others who had not. Three more were not quite decided; but the next day one of these three, Mr. Broomhall, declared that he would remain in Tahiti, while the other two, Mr. Clode and Mr. Cock, resolved to go.

This is the list of those who chose to depart:—

Mr. J. Cover and his wife.

Mr. Hassel and his wife, and three little boys; the youngest of whom, named Jonathan, was only six weeks old.

Mr. Henry, his wife, and his little girl of nine months old.

Mr. Hodges and his wife.

Mr. Oakes.

Mr. John Puckey.

Mr. William Puckey.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Clode.

Mr. Cock.

Mr. Main.

The whole number of those who left the island was eleven men, four women, and four children.

The following seven missionaries, and one woman, chose to remain :—

Mr. Eyre and his wife.

Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Bicknell.

Mr. Harris.

Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Nott.

Mr. Broomhall.

The missionaries who were going to leave the island began to pack up immediately. The report soon spread that they were going, and at first it was said that none would remain. Many of the natives expressed great sorrow at the news. Pomare sent a messenger next morning with a chicken and a plantain-leaf, as a peace offering, to the four brethren who had been ill treated. They accepted them, which was a sign of their forgiveness of the injury. Pomare and Idia came themselves next day to see the missionaries. Pomare seemed very unhappy, and went from room to room, both in the house, and all over the ship, to look for the missionaries, and to entreat each to stay. He said to Mr. Nott, in his own language, "Notty, don't go;" and he said the same to others. He was much rejoiced when he found that some would remain.

The two run-away sailors came to the mis-

sionaries' house, and expressed a desire to return to the ship, saying they had been robbed, and their lives threatened, by some of the natives, because they refused to help the people who had stripped the four brethren. These sailors then went on board; but upon one of the captains threatening to bring them before a magistrate at Port Jackson, for having stolen the boat, they were frightened, and returned on shore, and were kindly permitted by the missionaries to take shelter for a while in their house. On the next day, March 30th, the ship sailed—only four days after the ill-treatment of the brethren.

Little had the brethren thought in the beginning of the month, how great a change would take place before the end of it! Little had any of them thought when they first saw the distant ship, that it was to remove them to another land! Who knows what a day shall bring forth?

CHAPTER XII.

1798.

A ROOT OF BITTERNESS.

THE missionaries had determined to try no longer to defend themselves from the natives; for though they were now so few in number that they could easily be overcome, they felt that God could preserve them from every danger. They had therefore sent away their fire-arms in the ship, excepting two guns, which they presented to Otu and Pomare, with some powder and ball.

Pomare was so angry with the men who had, by ill-treating the missionaries, caused so many to go away, that he killed two of them. The brethren were of course much grieved, when they heard of this cruel treatment, though it was inflicted in their defence. As the missionaries resolved to be satisfied with food and raiment, they delivered up the blacksmith's shop and the store-room, with all they contained to Pomare, and even offered to give him their own private property, but he generously refused to accept it. It was now Pomare's interest to prevent the

natives robbing the house, and his servants were appointed to guard it by night. In what manner they guarded it you will soon hear. The missionaries hoped that, having now given up all their worldly cares, they should be able to serve the Lord more earnestly, and to watch more diligently for the souls of the poor heathen.

Both Pomare and Idia were delighted in being permitted to take what they pleased from the brethren. Both night and day they walked from room to room looking on everything with a covetous eye, and carrying away a great quantity.

The natives, like greedy birds, hovered about the outside of the house, and invented cunning plans of stealing. One of these was to hook away things with a very long stick, which they poked between the posts that formed the walls of part of the house : so that the missionaries placed anything, that they were very much afraid of losing, under the care of some chief.

One night Mr. Harris was awakened by the noise of thieves ransacking a box in his room, the men ran off the instant he saw them, taking with them many books and clothes.

Another night Mr. Eyre woke, and saw, by the light he always kept burning in his room, two of the natives, who were appointed to be watchmen by Pomare, getting over a partition,

placed before his door. He asked them what they wanted, when one of them cunningly replied, "I thought I heard some thieves within, and was coming to look for them."

One day Mr. Broomhall missed two cases out of his room, one containing all things necessary for cupping, and the other for cutting off limbs. He was surprised by Idia bringing back the cases next morning, with nothing missing but two little saws. In a little time afterwards she restored these also. The missionaries wondered how she had got possession of the things; at the same time, they thought it was honest of her to give them back. A few months afterwards they discovered that she encouraged her servants to steal things for her: for they found she had an axe in her possession, that had been missed two months before.

She visited the missionaries very often, for she now lived close to them in the little house Mr. Maine had built for himself. She had chosen Mrs. Eyre for her particular friend, and often drank tea with her, and paid her much attention, and promised that no one should hurt her. Yet she not only continued to steal, but this summer she killed her own infant as soon as it was born. She looked ashamed when she next came to see the missionaries, knowing that they abhorred her conduct. She soon, however, recovered her confidence, and

presented Mr. and Mrs. Eyre with two hogs and a quantity of fruit. They received her well, and accepted the present ; for all the brethren had agreed that it was useless to be angry with the heathens for their crimes. St. Paul says, "What have I to do to judge them that are *without* ? (that is, the *heathen*.) Them that are without, God judgeth." 1 Cor. v. 12, 13.

About a fortnight after the departure of the *Nautilus*, the missionaries were much alarmed by hearing that a war would soon break out. I will now relate the reason of the war.

The part of the island where the missionaries had been injured was called Pare. The people of that district were very angry with Pomare for having punished two of the men who had behaved ill to the brethren, and were determined to revenge their death. Accordingly they declared war against Pomare, as well as against Otu, who had consented to the death of the offenders. Are you not surprised to hear, that Otu had permitted the men to be punished, for doing what he had commanded them ? This was indeed an act of horrible treachery, but it was like Otu to commit it. He had hoped by this means to appear innocent, but his wickedness came to light some time afterwards.

One evening Pomare came to the missionaries' house with a present of four hogs. The brethren

all came out and bade him welcome ; but as he did not appear inclined to enter the house directly, they went in and sat down round a table, according to their weekly custom, to learn the Tahitian language together. Presently Pomare entered the room, and said, "How many of you know how to make war?"

Mr. Nott boldly answered, "We know nothing of war." For the brethren had determined, as they were messengers of the Prince of Peace, not to lift up a sword, even in their own defence. They all joined in Mr. Nott's reply, and Pomare left them. They felt alarmed at the prospect of war and bloodshed : but they were comforted by uniting together immediately in prayer to the God of their strength, their shield, and their hiding-place.

The two sailors excused themselves from going to war, by promising Pomare to finish for him the boat that Mr. Puckey had begun to build, in case they were not obliged to fight.

Pomare endeavoured to prevent the war, but was not able to make peace with the people of Pare. The evening before the day of battle the missionaries saw the native, who was usually working in the blacksmith's shop, making a terrible iron point to fix at the end of a lance. They were grieved to think that the tools they had brought should be used to make so bloody

an instrument, but they could do nothing to prevent it.

On the morning of April the 24th, by eight o'clock, the warriors had set out towards Pare. Idia herself went to the battle, with a small gun or fowling-piece.

At six o'clock that evening, a messenger arrived at the brethren's house, with tidings of the events of the day. He was the king's orator, or speech-maker, and, according to the custom of his office, he delivered his message in a violent manner, moving about his body and arms, while he spoke. He said that Otu had driven the enemy to the mountains, and had burnt some houses, but that no blood had been shed on either side. The news of Otu's success of course pleased the missionaries, as they would have been in danger of their lives if the rebels had conquered. The war, however, was not yet over.

The messenger, who had been sent by Idia, asked for some tea and a tea-kettle to bring back to her, for she was remarkably fond of drinking tea.

Pomare also sent the brethren a message to warn them against the enemies setting their house on fire in the night; therefore they watched the house by turns, with the help of a few of Pomare's servants, all night. No disturbance, however, took place. Another night they

thought it prudent to wet the roof of the house with their water engine, and to keep the engine filled with water.

After one week of anxious watchfulness, the brethren heard with grateful joy that peace was made. Ten men and two women had been slain in the war, and all of them were the enemies of Otu. About forty or fifty houses had been burnt. Such were the dreadful consequences of Otu's wickedness in ordering the missionaries to be attacked. But God kept his people from the arrow that flew by day, and from the secret malice of bloody and deceitful men.

Notwithstanding Otu's ungrateful behaviour, the missionaries showed him as much kindness as ever. He was now the frequent visitor, as well as Tetu, the young queen. They used often to call to see the brethren, and were always mounted upon men's shoulders. The missionaries were surprised at the ease and grace, with which they sat upon their bearers, and also at the strength of the men, who generally carried the royal pair at a trotting pace. Otu's habits of begging were the same as ever, and these annoyed the missionaries very much, as they had now little remaining that they could well spare.

The natives continued to be very troublesome, particularly at the time when the brethren dined together. Multitudes flocked to see them eat

and would almost snatch the meat out of their mouths. All the missionaries' servants also chose to dine with them, and consumed more food than their masters. If you inquire why the brethren kept so many servants, you must know that the servants chose to come without leave. They insisted on helping the brethren to cook the dinner, and then remained to dine without being invited, and generally found many private opportunities of stealing. At length the missionaries came to a determination no longer to have one dinner, but to dine two or three together in their own rooms, and to cook their food privately with the assistance of one boy to each mess, if they possibly could keep away the rest of the people.

But how trifling were these annoyances, or even the alarms of war, compared to a trial that now came upon them from one of their own selves !

One day Mr. Lewis told Mr. Harris privately that he thought of marrying a native woman, and asked him whether he would perform the ceremony. At first he hesitated, but afterwards told Mr. Lewis it would be very sinful to marry a heathen. Mr. Lewis then asked Mr. Eyre whether he would perform the ceremony, and Mr. Eyre gave the same answer. When the other brethren heard of Mr. Lewis's intention, they spoke very seriously to Mr. Lewis on the

subject, after evening prayer. It was then agreed by all (and even by Mr. Lewis himself), that if any of the brethren were to marry a heathen woman, that he should no longer be considered a missionary, or allowed to take the Lord's Supper with his brethren, but should be excommunicated. The same evening Mr. Lewis informed the brethren that he was going to leave them in two days to live with the native man, called his friend, at Ahunu, a place a short distance from the missionaries' dwelling. Thus he was going to follow the example that Mr. Jefferson once set, but without the same motives; for Mr. Lewis appeared to go not to do good, (as Mr. Jefferson had done,) but to please himself. In vain the brethren warned him to keep out of temptation; two days afterwards he set off with his bed and some of his property.

About three weeks after this event, the brethren received a letter from Mr. Lewis, in which he said he had determined to marry one of the heathen women. The brethren immediately sent for him to their house. He came the next day. They all met together for prayer, and Mr. Eyre read the chapter in Joshua, about Achan, who by his wickedness troubled Israel.

The brethren then said to Mr. Lewis, "Do you mean to persist in your intention of marrying one of the heathen women?"

He answered, "You know my determination."

They then asked Mr. Lewis to leave the room, while they consulted together on the subject. They soon called him in, and told him that he was no longer one of their number. He tried to persuade them to alter the sentence, but as he could not prevail, he returned that afternoon to Ahunu. The next day the brethren sent him a letter, declaring that they no longer considered him as a missionary, or as a Christian man.

They had come to this resolution with great sorrow, but felt that they ought to obey God's command in 1 Cor. v., where it is written, that if any man who is called a brother commits open sin, Christians ought not even to eat with him. They hoped that Mr. Lewis might be brought to repentance by this punishment, inflicted by many, that they might forgive him, and receive him back to their company.

Mr. Lewis was much displeased with his brethren for refusing to own him any longer. He took up his abode with the heathen, and soon found, as you will hear, that the way of the froward is full of briers and thorns. The missionaries no longer called him brother Lewis, as they used to do, nor would they shake hands with him when they met him. At first he called frequently at their house, to ask for things and to try to talk with them; but he was soon desired not to come there, except to the public worship of God. It grieved the missionaries

not to be able to invite him to their table, and to appear to the heathen to behave unkindly to their brother ; but they felt that they must show their displeasure against sin.

CHAPTER XIII.

1798.

THE CASK OF GUNPOWDER.

ON the morning of the 24th of August two ships approached the island, but instead of the natives showing the joy they usually did at such a sight, they were filled with fear, and began carrying their property to the mountains. Among the rest the man in the blacksmith's shop carried away all the things he could, to a secure place.

What was the reason of these fears ? The natives imagined that the ships were come from England to avenge the ill treatment the four brethren had received some months before. When the missionaries discovered the cause of the fright, they assured the natives that there was no occasion for alarm. The captains soon came on shore. They were Englishmen, and

their ships were named the Cornwall and the Sally, and were employed in the whale-fishery. The captains gladdened the eyes of the missionaries by a large packet of letters, magazines, and papers, that they had brought for them.

While the captains were conversing with the brethren in their house, Otu and Tetua approached, riding as usual, and shook hands with the captains through the window: thus the natives found, that no revenge was going to be taken for the wicked deed that had been committed.

These ships only stayed three days near Tahiti: but during this time, many purchases were made by the natives, and presents given on both sides. Amongst other things the great chief Temari procured (what he had long earnestly desired) a large quantity of gunpowder. He already possessed many muskets, and only wanted ammunition. His reason for wishing for it was most wicked: he was still anxious to join Otu in fighting against Pomare, to deprive him of all the authority he possessed. The time was now come when God would punish him for his crimes, and stop his wicked career. Temari took the gunpowder to an immense house in Pare, called the Nanu, a place where multitudes often assembled to celebrate riotous feasts. In this house he began to examine the gunpowder; but observing that the grain was unusually large, he thought it might

not be good ; so he proposed to his attendants to try its quality. He accordingly loaded a pistol, and foolishly fired it over some of the gunpowder. A spark fell in and blew it up. Temari and five other persons found their skins covered with powder : at first they felt no hurt : but trying to rub it off, they were alarmed by the skin peeling off with it. They instantly ran and plunged in a river near ; but finding no good effect, they sent to inform Pomare of the accident.

I do not suppose that he was really sorry to hear the news, for he suspected Temari's plot ; however, as Temari was a relation of his, he did not show his joy, even if he felt any,—but went immediately to the missionaries to entreat the assistance of Mr. Broomhall ; he did not, however, acquaint them with the particulars of the case, or even with the name of the suffering chief ; but only said that a man who had been blown up with gunpowder lay ill at the Nanu.

Mr. Broomhall, without finishing his dinner arose, prepared a bottle of stuff for burns, and accompanied by Mr. Harris, set out in a canoe. When he arrived at the Nanu, he was horrified at the shocking appearance of Temari. He applied the stuff to his body, with a camel's hair brush, and then left him, promising to call next day. But when he returned to the Nanu, he was surprised to see Temari covered with a thick white paste, which he heard was the scrapings of

yam. He was sorry also to find that Temari and his wife were angry with him, for having the day before put some stuff to the burns, which had caused much pain ; and he was alarmed to hear, that the people suspected, that the stuff had been cursed by his god. As he was not permitted to do anything more for Temari, he inquired whether any other person had been hurt, and was informed, that there were five other sufferers. Three of these, the cruel natives had allowed to languish, without even applying the yam scrapings, which they thought so excellent.

Only two of the five sufferers were willing to be touched by Mr. Broomhall. While he was engaged in applying his remedy to one of these, Temari's wife, leaving her husband's bedside, approached him, and said, "He will kill the other, after he has done this man." Mr. Broomhall was almost sure that these were the words she uttered. The other sufferer, on hearing this speech, refused to let Mr. Broomhall dress his wounds.

Mr. Broomhall and Mr. Harris then left the house, and conversed together for an hour by the sea-side. They then returned to the Nanu, little foreseeing the scene of terror that awaited them. As they entered the house, they observed the king and queen, riding outside, followed by a train of their wicked, idle servants, who were the worst people, even in Tahiti. In a little

while, the brethren thought it right to go out to speak to them. The king scarcely answered their salutation, but cast on them one of those gloomy looks, which he was known to wear just before he said (as he often did) to his servants, "Kill him;" for Otu thought no more of sacrificing a man than of cutting off a dog's neck. (Isa. lxvi.) The servants appeared to be watching the countenance of their master, and to understand his looks. "Doubtless," thought the brethren, "he believes that we cursed, by our God, the stuff we applied to Temari, and is enraged with us for attempting to kill the man, who helps him in his wicked plans."

At this moment Otu laid his hand on Mr. Harris's shoulder, and called one of his men to come to him. Mr. Harris now fully thought that the king was going to have him murdered. He tried to conceal the alarm he felt, and, at the same time, to get out of the king's reach. Seeing an animal near, that the captain of the Sally had given to Otu, he pretended to wish to look at it, and so went a few steps nearer to Mr. Broomhall. He then observed that Mr. Broomhall was as pale as death, and he heard him whisper, "Come let us go, there is something the matter." Both the brethren returned home with all speed, yet scarcely hoping to reach it; so much did they fear that Otu would

desire some of his servants to follow and slay them. God, however, was better to them than all their fears, and preserved them to praise Him, with their brethren, for the deliverance He had wrought.

Four days afterwards, Pomare came to the brethren, to ask them to apply some medicine to Temari, that would cure him, without giving him any pain. Do you smile at the request? It is not more foolish than the thought of those, who hope to be made holy, without suffering any troubles. The missionaries told Pomare that he had asked an impossible thing, and that Temari could not be cured without first suffering considerable pain. On hearing this, Pomare ceased to entreat them to come. Still, however, Mr. Broomhall would have visited Temari again, had not his brethren agreed that the risk was too great. At the same time the brethren heard, that the man, who had persevered in using the stuff Mr. Broomhall had given him, was nearly well, and that one of the others was dead. God thus showed the natives, that the stuff had not been cursed.

On September the 8th, a week after the accident, Temari expired. It is remarkable that his death was caused by the gunpowder he had desired for a wicked purpose. It is written in the scriptures (Rom. i. 18) that the wrath of God is revealed "from heaven against all ungod-

liness and unrighteousness of men," who act against their own consciences, as Temari certainly had done. Temari had also offended God, by having once encouraged Otu to send his servants to attack the brethren. It is written, "Avenge not yourselves. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Great honours were paid to Temari's body : it was embalmed, dried in the sun, and kept in the Nanu. It was intended that it should shortly be carried in state round the island.

CHAPTER XIV.

1798.

A TREACHEROUS MURDER.

YOU have already heard what wicked plans Otu had been forming against his father. Though Temari, who had encouraged these plans, was dead, Otu had not renounced them, and he had another wicked companion to assist him.

But before we enter upon this part of the history, we must just mention, that on Septem-

ber 5th, the house the missionaries had begun to build in the winter, was finished. Mr. Eyre, however, was not willing to remove to it, having observed a pool of rain-water very near, which he feared would render it unwholesome; he wished to remain in the old house with Mr. Jefferson, till the other four brethren had tried how the new one agreed with their health. Between the two houses ran a small river, over which a bridge had been built. It was therefore easy for the brethren to meet together for morning and evening prayers in the old house.

About two months after Temari's death, Otu declared he was much offended in consequence of some words that had been spoken by the man, called Pomare's orator. This man, in a speech upon Temari's death, had said that Pomare would not let Temari's corpse be brought to Matavai, but would throw it into the sea.

Perhaps you remember that Matavai was the part of the island where the missionaries lived: it was also the part of which Pomare was the chief, and where he had great authority.

Otu made use of the orator's speech as an excuse for rising up against his father. Mane-mané joined with Otu in this wicked rebellion, and brought down upon his hoary head the vengeance of God (as you will hear very soon).

At this time, Pomare was absent at some very small islands, belonging to him, called Te-tu-roa;

and Otu thought he had now a good opportunity for beginning the war.

At nine o'clock on the evening of November 16th, the missionaries were told by Michael Donald, the sailor, that Otu was coming in the morning to attack Matavai. The people of the place were immediately in the greatest confusion. Most of them hastened to the mountains, while others seized their spears and prepared to fight. There was much noise that night around the missionaries' dwelling; yet, within, there were some whose hearts were kept in peace, not being afraid of evil tidings, because they trusted in the Lord. Before morning, Otu's men arrived at Matavai, pursued the remaining inhabitants to the mountains, and killed three men and one child: they then returned to plunder and burn the houses. The dead bodies were taken to the king, who had remained at Pare, and offered up by Mane-mane to the gods.

But though Matavai was now empty and desolate, the missionaries had received no harm.

In the evening of this terrible day, the brethren assembled as usual for prayers, in the old house. They were interrupted by the king and queen coming to the door. When they went out to them, Otu asked for a comb, a cup, and a looking-glass. They told him they were at prayers, but would give the things to him when they had concluded. How little did

this wicked man deserve a gift ! He was, however, hardened in his sins, and went away that evening quite pleased with his presents.

Otu now considered the whole district of Matavai his own instead of Pomare's ; and he divided it between himself and Mane-mane. He also laid claim to the store-room and blacksmith's shop, that the missionaries had given to Pomare.

The day after the attack on Matavai was Sunday. In the afternoon, the king came with Peter and the sailors, to the missionaries' old house, and asked for the key of the store-room. The missionaries told him that they had given the key to Pomare. Then Peter and the sailors took down some of the boards of the room, and went in ; and soon Mane-mane joined them. While these men were searching for the things they wanted, the missionaries held their service, though much disturbed by the noise the natives made around the house.

Idia was much vexed when she heard that the store-room had been broken open. She had the key of it in her husband's absence, and she came in a few days to see what had been taken away. While she was in the room, Mane-mane entered, and asked her to give him some tar for his vessel. She gave him a little, but he wanted more, which she refused to give. Otu, hearing this dispute, came into the room,

and insisted on Idia giving the priest as much as he wanted ; and she was obliged to yield to the demand, though she still kept possession of the key. She was afraid of resisting her son, and, in spite of his rebellious conduct, continued to speak to him in a friendly manner.

Old Mane-mane seemed now on the point of gaining the wish of his heart, for his vessel was almost finished, and Peter and the two sailors had promised to accompany him in it to his old kingdom, the island of Raitea. But God has declared in his word that when the wicked is going to fill himself with the fruits of his sin, he will cast the fury of his wrath upon him, and rain it upon him while he is eating. (Job xx. 23.) Thus God dealt with Mane-mane.

The next Sunday after the plunder of the store-room, Mane-mane entered Mr. Eyre's room, and asked for an axe. On being told that on the sabbath no gifts could be bestowed, he ceased asking, but groping up to the bed (for he was almost blind) measured the curtains, probably with the idea of making them into sails for his vessel : however he said nothing, and went out never more to enter that room.

Pomare, knowing the share that Mane-mane had had in the rebellion, had secretly sent word to Idia to have him killed. Fearing to do this without Otu's consent, she used many persua-

sions to gain it, and at length succeeded. Does it not appear strange, that Otu should be brought to consent to the murder of a man for whom he professed friendship ? But he was always ready to act in any manner which appeared to be most for his interest, for he had sold himself (like Ahab of old) to do wickedness.

Idia arranged the plan of the murder. On the morning of the day appointed, she and one of her men-servants, breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, and they both appeared as cheerful as usual. They quitted the house after breakfast. It was then that the treacherous plan was executed. The man-servant, accompanied by one of the Sandwich islanders, followed old Mane-mane down a hill, as he was on his way to Pare, overtook him, and after talking with him a short time, smote him on the head with a stone. Thus perished the wicked old priest, who had long deceived the people with the idea, that he had power to curse and bless whom he would, but who could not shield his own hoary head from the curse of the living God.

A great tumult took place around the houses of the missionaries, when his death was discovered : many came running in to them for shelter, fearing probably that Otu would avenge the death of his friend. In a few minutes after the confusion began, Idia came to the door of the old house, with a triumphant look,

and shaking hands with Peter (who had been on Otu's side), said, "It is all over" (meaning the war), and then retired.

The missionaries, though alarmed at first, soon found that they had occasion to rejoice, as the death of the priest put an end to the war. They admired God's judgments, by which two such wicked men, as Temari and Mane-mane had been suddenly swept away, and no longer permitted to stir up the evil of Otu's heart by their counsels. Yet when they found that the king had consented to Mane-mane's death, they were amazed at the black treachery of the deed, and felt that it was wonderful they themselves were preserved, when such a monster reigned.

In less than three weeks after Mane-mane's death, the inhabitants of Matayia, who had fled to the mountains, went all together to the king, to present a young plantain-tree, and some small pigs, as peace-offerings. They were then permitted to return to their lands; though the houses of most were destroyed, having been pulled down for firewood. Their misfortunes had been caused by no fault of theirs, but were the result of the king's own wanton cruelty.

Thus peacefully closed this troublous year upon the missionaries, who, beholding the hand of God in their deliverance, hoped that they were one day to have the joy of saving souls

from death. They cared not what afflictions they endured, what pangs unutterable, if then might at length enjoy this delight. Even the salvation of one soul, they felt, would more than repay them all for they had suffered.

CHAPTER XV.

1799.

A MYSTERIOUS EVENT.

THE more the missionaries saw of Otu, the more wickedness they discovered in him. He felt no gratitude for all the favours they had shown him. I will give you some instances of his ingratitude in several trifling circumstances.

During the late war he sent his servants to carry off a sow and five young pigs, belonging to Mr. Bicknell, who made no resistance to the demand. The missionaries complained of this conduct to Idia, and were pleased to see the pigs running near their house next day, though Idia had said nothing to them on the subject.

One day the king came to Mr. Broomhall's

apartment, and asked to see a large Bible with pictures, that he had heard of. While he was looking at it, he asked Mr. Broomhall to show him another book ; and while it was being fetched, he slyly cut out of the Bible, a picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and then returned the Bible, without mentioning what he had done.

Notwithstanding this conduct, the missionaries continued to behave generously to Otu.

On Friday 1st, a ship touched at Tahiti. While the ship was at anchor, Otu came one day to Mr. Broomhall, and slipping three pearls into his hand, desired him to keep them for himself, and to procure a pistol for him from the ship. When the brethren heard of this circumstance, they wrote to the captain to ask, as a favour, to purchase a gun for Otu, as they feared he would be offended, if he did not obtain one. At the same time they resolved, if they succeeded in procuring the gun, to return the pearls to Otu, to show him that they did not act from motives of interest.

The captain very kindly presented the gun to the brethren, who gave it to Otu, and returned the pearls to him. They were pleased to see Otu present it to his mother Idia, and to hear him speak more graciously to her than usual : but they observed no difference in his general conduct afterwards.

It was awful to see how completely Otu, though a king, was the slave of his own violent passions.

One day when he had drunk a great deal of ava, and was asleep in his dwelling, he heard a man hallooing outside. He immediately desired his servants to kill him. To what a pitch of wickedness will men get, who have nothing to restrain their passions! How many feel such anger as Otu did, who dare not give the same barbarous order! The young man who had hallooeed, ran to Mr. Broomhall for protection. Otu, hearing where the man had taken refuge, thought it would be a good opportunity to get something out of Mr. Broomhall, and sent a message requesting to have three yards of printed cloth, instead of the two yards of white cloth, that had been promised him the day before. While Mr. Broomhall was getting them, Otu himself appeared before the door, and demanded the gift. Mr. Broomhall gave him the cloth, and entreated him to spare the young man's life; Otu consented, but in a very sullen manner.

This unamiable tyrant was always surrounded by a train of flatterers, who sily praised him to each other, loud enough for him to hear. The titles bestowed on the king, and on all he had, were most absurd. His house was

called *the clouds of heaven*, his large canoe *the rainbow*, his manner of riding was called *flying*, the torch that was carried before him *lightning*, and a drum that was often beat for his amusement, *thunder*. Thus, while in his conduct he resembled a beast and a devil, he fancied himself a god.

You remember that Pomare had been at the little islands, called Teturoa, during the war in December. Since that time he had been detained there many months by illness, and had been visited occasionally by Idia. On the evening of the 9th of July, the missionaries beheld thirty canoes enter the river, that flowed between their houses. These canoes contained Pomare and Idia, and the train of servants, and the noisy areois that usually accompanied them. The brethren went out to meet Pomare, and were as kindly received as usual. Crowds of people from all quarters flocked to welcome him, and many women showed their joy by cutting themselves with sharks' teeth. Every one made him some small present. His rebellious son, Otu, sent some pigs and dogs, and young plantain trees, as peace-offerrngs, and then presented himself before his father. Otu did not, however, ask his father to forgive his late conduct, for he was by no means conscious that he had behaved ill. Very little was said, either

by father or son. The interview was ended by Pomare asking his son whether he had any *ava*, and by the king replying that he had some. Pomare then put his head to his son's feet, as they hung over the men's shoulders, and after this sign of respect, departed. It was a great relief to the missionaries to see the father and son on such peaceable terms, which they hoped would never again be broken.

But though they now enjoyed quiet, they were in much heaviness on account of the continued unbelief of the people. When they spoke to them of the Lord Jesus coming down from heaven, the natives sometimes replied, "If this were true, would not Captain Cook and others, who came here before the *Duff*, have told us of it?" The missionaries tried to show them that though those captains had known the *name* of Christ, yet they had not known his *customs*, nor cared about them. It was dreadful to hear the blasphemous words that the people sometimes uttered against the Saviour, and how they jested about holy things; so that sometimes the missionaries felt inclined to speak of Christ no more in the presence of the heathen; yet they could not be silent, for they knew that God was able to turn the hearts of these ignorant people, and teach their lips to praise him.

Nothing offended the natives more than to

speak against their wicked customs. Even Idia, who was so much at the brethren's house, murdered another infant this summer. This was the third she had destroyed since the arrival of the missionaries. The missionaries hoped that when they were able to speak the language well, the people would be more ready to listen to them; but they found it very difficult to learn it, because they had no books to help them, and the people spoke so quickly they could scarcely catch the words. Yet they persevered, and already began to attempt to translate a few verses in different parts of the Bible, and they showed these translations to each other, at their weekly meetings.

In the autumn, they were again alarmed by reports of war about to break out, between Otu and some of his subjects whom he oppressed; but peace still continued. They heard also of human sacrifices, sometimes of ten at once being offered up by Otu and Pomaré, to obtain the favour of Oro, the god of war.

Such was the state of things, when a very awful event happened, which I will now relate. More than a year had passed away since Mr. Lewis went to live at Ahunu. He had often attended service at the brethren's house, but had not been permitted to visit it. He was much displeased with the behaviour of the brethren towards him, and in July he had sent them

letter to inquire whether they ever intended to be reconciled to him. They had assured him that they had not offended them, but God ; and that when he was reconciled to God by repentance for his sins, they would joyfully receive him again. This reply had not satisfied him, and he continued to send them complaining letters, which they did not answer. Whenever he wrote for anything he wanted, they sent it to him. In this manner he obtained some tea and some pork, and received the promise of a little box. This, however, was never given to him, for the next thing he required was a coffin.

Early in the morning of November 28th, a native informed the brethren that Mr. Lewis had been ill the whole of the day before, and that about the time of the going down of the sun he had died. As soon as prayers and breakfast were over, three of the brethren went to Ahunu to inquire the particulars of this shocking event.

On entering Mr. Lewis's house, they found there the woman he called his wife ; they saw also a bedstead upon which Mr. Lewis's dead body was lying, covered with native cloth. They lifted up the covering, and beheld the body dressed completely, (excepting it had no coat,) and the face covered with bruises. On looking at it attentively, they perceived blood running from one ear, and some dark brown stuff

oozing from one corner of the mouth. They also observed that the body was very much swollen, though it was very thin. They strongly suspected that their unhappy and sinful brother had been poisoned. His wife looked very unfeeling, appearing not the least grieved at the event. Such was the woman, for whose sake Mr. Lewis had forsaken his God! The brethren asked her how Mr. Lewis had died. She replied that he had killed himself. "Just after dark," she said, "he went out of the house; I heard him fall, and brought a light, when I saw him dashing his head against the stone pavement before the door, and immediately afterwards he died." She then showed the brethren the marks of blood upon the stones outside the door. The brethren thought this account very improbable, and wished much to discover the truth.

The natives had appeared at first afraid of coming near the brethren, but at the end of the conversation, they began to approach; therefore Mr. Harris agreed to remain with the body, to prevent any insult being offered to it, while his two brethren, Bicknell and Nott, returned home to help to make a coffin.

Soon after their return, Mr. Broomhall set out to make inquiries of the people around Ahunu, respecting Mr. Lewis's death, and he heard all kinds of accounts. One said he had

shed his head like a madman against the
as of the room, before he fell on the stones;
d another said he had died at noon on his
l, of illness.

When Mr. Broomhall arrived at Ahunu, he
questioned the wife very closely, respecting all
at Mr. Lewis had done the last two days of
life; by which means he thought he might
cover how he he had died. The woman said,
at Mr. Lewis had read the Bible, and prayed
each day, both morning and evening, according
his constant custom; that he had had bread-
fruit and tea for breakfast, and bread-fruit and
roasted pork and cocoa-nut water for dinner and
supper, that he had worked in the garden the
chief part of the day, and that he had read a
little while after dinner. These things, she said,
he had done on both days. She also said that
he had taken many doses of bark, and had com-
plained of feeling a little pain.

Mr. Broomhall could not tell whether the
woman spoke truth, especially as a man stood
over her telling her what to say. The brethren
had heard that Mr. Lewis had been angry with
his wife. Mr. Broomhall asked the woman
whether it was true. She replied, "Yes;" but
when asked for *what* he had been angry, she
answered, "For nothing." Mr. Broomhall had
also heard that Mr. Lewis had been angry with
some men, who had come into his garden while

he was digging, a few hours before his death. Mr. Broomhall asked the wife whether this also was true, and what Mr. Lewis had done to those men. Upon which the man, who prompted the woman, said to her, "Tell him that he scolded, drove us away, and threatened us if we came there." This answer the woman made. Upon which the man (probably supposing that Mr. Broomhall did not overhear him) said in a low tone to his companions, "That is one part, but say nothing about the stones."

The woman was again questioned about the manner of Mr. Lewis's death, of which she gave the following account :

"Mr. Lewis continued to be displeased with me till after supper, and ordered me to return home to my parents ; but after talking a little while he said, 'It is enough, let us be reconciled.' He then read the Bible, prayed as usual, and prepared his bed ; he then walked out of the house. In a little while I heard him fall. I called him by name, but receiving no answer, I took the lamp, and went to see what was the matter. I found him with his head upon a stone, and blood running from his wounds. I put down the lamp directly, and ran for my parents, who live twenty yards off. They soon came, and found him quite dead ; therefore we washed his wounds, and laid him on his bed."

Mr. Broomhall was obliged to return home, without being able to discover the truth, though being almost certain that Mr. Lewis had been murdered.

It was necessary to bury the deceased the next day, on account of the heat of the climate. The brethren asked the under chief of the district to permit them to enclose a small piece of ground at a little distance from their new house as a burying-ground.

This request being granted, Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Nott dug the grave, while the rest of the brethren (except Mr. Broomhall) went to Ahunu to fetch the corpse. They were accompanied by a few natives to assist them. Mr. Lewis was soon placed in the coffin, and laid outside the house.

The brethren took this opportunity to arrange respecting the property that Mr. Lewis had left. Though they were permitted by Pomare and Adia to take it all, yet they chose to follow the custom of the country, and to give it up to Owo, (Pomare's sister,) who was chief of that place. Owo, who was now in the house, had gentle manners, and a pleasing appearance, though she was not less wicked than her countrywomen. The missionaries requested permission to keep the books and writing materials, which could be of no use to the natives. Owo willingly granted their request, but expressed a wish to

have the bookcase. Mr. Eyre and Mr. Harris then packed up the books in the bookcase, (which they promised to send to Owo), while two natives fastened the coffin to a long pole, and set out with it to the brethren's new house. Mr. Jefferson followed the coffin down the winding, woody paths, and caused it to be placed in the new house, till the hour of burial arrived.

During the whole time that the brethren had been in Mr. Lewis's house, his wife had shown no sorrow. One older woman had cut herself a little with a shark's tooth, but the natives round had said hers was pretended grief. All the people seemed to think the event only a matter for jesting and merriment.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the funeral took place. Four brethren carried the coffin to the grave, and Mr. Harris and Mr. Broomhall followed. When it was let down into the ground, Mr. Harris read Psalm xc., and prayed. The brethren, assisted by natives, then filled up the grave, and retired to the old house to pray together again. What a solemn lesson Mr. Lewis's death afforded of God's judgments against transgressors! God had fulfilled the words, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee." (Jer. ii. 19.)

The brethren were glad to find that he had continued to read and pray, but still they had

no evidence of his repentance and therefore could not think of his end with comfort; though they did not condemn him, for they knew he was in the hands of One, whose mercy reacheth unto the clouds, and whose judgments are a great deep, and who will give no account of his matters.

The natives, who had behaved with so little feeling on this occasion, were soon filled with distress, on account of a report that Pomare was coming to avenge Mr. Lewis's death, by murdering all the inhabitants of that part of the country. They began to hasten with their property to the mountains, though the missionaries assured them that they would entreat Pomare to forbear from committing so wicked a deed.

Mr. Harris and Mr. Nott went to Pare to speak to Pomare on the subject. They met him on the road. He asked them many questions about Mr. Lewis, and after they had answered him, he told them that he did not think Mr. Lewis had been murdered. However, he still declared that if they wished it, he would avenge his death. The missionaries assured him that they should be deeply grieved to see the innocent suffer, but that if the murderer could be found, they should be willing that he should be punished.*

* The murderer was never brought to justice, but about a

The missionaries returned home, rejoicing that they had been able to prevent war and bloodshed. How different were their feelings from those of the wicked! The brethren had observed with horror and pity, that Michael Donald would have been glad had war been declared, and that he had even tried to stir up Pomare's mind by false reports. Thus "an ungodly man diggeth up evil, and in his lips there is a burning fire." (Prov. xvi, 27.)

CHAPTER XVI.

1799—1800.

POMARE'S OFFERING TO THE TRUE GOD.

At ten o'clock on the morning of December 21st, the missionaries beheld a ship, accompanied by a smaller one. According to their custom, they hoisted their small flag, and thus induced the ship to anchor near their part of the island.

The large ship proved to be the Betsy from year and a half after the murder, some of the men of Ahum quarrelled with each other, and one was heard to say to another, "If it had not been for you, the man (meaning Mr. Lewis) would not have been killed."

ndon, bound for Port Jackson; the smaller
is a brig taken from the Spaniards.

The sight of the ships was pleasant to the
missionaries, as they obtained from them news
from England, and various comforts, and some-
times letters from their friends: yet they often
suffered evils from ships, that mixed regret with
their joy, when they beheld them. The visit

the *Nautilus* had occasioned some of their
chief troubles, and almost every ship occasioned
some evil.

The *Betsy* brought no letters from England,
but the captain kindly offered to supply the
brethren with all they needed. They requested
to have some red wine, salt, coffee, sugar, and
three guns (or muskets), and some ammuni-
tion; and they told the captain to apply to
the directors of the London Missionary Society
in England for payment. Perhaps you may be
surprised at muskets being asked for, as the
brethren had given up defending themselves by
re-arms. They were intended as presents for
Omare, and Idia, and Otu. You perceive
how much the plans of the brethren were
changed, since the time when they requested
the captain of the *Nautilus* not to give fire-
arms to the natives in exchange for food; but
they found that it was impossible for them to
prevent the natives from following their wicked
inclinations. Their hope was, that God would

one day change those inclinations, and induce them to throw away their spears and their guns to serve Christ, the Prince of Peace. Perhaps, however, they did not act right in procuring these guns.

The brethren were now grieved by Mr. Harris proposing to leave them for a time, that he might visit his brethren in Port Jackson, and in the Friendly Islands, and see how they prospered in the work of the Lord. As they were only *six* brethren in Tahiti, one could ill be spared. Mr. Harris, however, would listen to no persuasions, but on the last day of that year took leave of his brethren, and on the first day of 1800, very early in the morning, set sail in the Betsy.

Only three days afterwards, a boat containing some English seamen entered the river of Matavai. The seamen informed the missionaries that they had left their ship (the Eliza) at the other end of the island, and that as soon as the boisterous weather would permit, she would arrive at Matavai. How great was the brethren's joy to hear that this ship had brought Mr. Henry and his wife and child from Australia to reside in Tahiti once more! Thus their loss in Mr. Harris was fully supplied.

The next day the Eliza anchored at Matavai. Mr. Bicknell went in a boat, and soon returned with Mr. and Mrs. Henry, and little Sarah,

who was now two years and a half old. They had suffered much from the storm, and were glad indeed to reach the land. As Mr. Henry had not yet brought his bed on shore, Mrs. Eyre accommodated the family as well as she could, in her dwelling. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Henry removed to live at the new house, which was the largest and most airy.

Mr. Henry brought the delightful news that he believed a large company of missionaries were on the way, in the ship *Duff*, to Tahiti.

He brought with him also four sheep to add to those already on the island, as well as ducks and pigeons. The sheep, however, were much worried by dogs, and two of them were torn to pieces by them. The dogs, of which there were multitudes in the island, much annoyed the brethren: but the natives hugged and kissed them, as much as if they were children, calling them good property, and good food. Mr. Henry brought also some parrots as presents to the king, and his parents. These were almost as acceptable as guns: because the red feathers of the birds were considered the most pleasing offerings that could be made to the idols. Some of the parrots were set free in the woods, and some kept in cages, made by Mr. Bicknell.

The brethren had great reason to regret the visit of the *Eliza* on some accounts. Pomare and Otu obtained a quantity of guns and ammuni-

tion; and four wicked sailors were left upon the island. The king and Pomare, who expected the people of Atehuru soon to rise up against them, were delighted with the hopes of having English sailors to assist them in war.

On February 8th, about six weeks after her arrival, Mrs. Henry had a little son born, who was soon afterwards baptized by the name of Samuel.

It was at this time that the brethren first determined to build a chapel, where the natives might be invited to assemble to hear them preach, which they hoped soon to be able to do. Hitherto they had only met together in a room in their own house. They fixed upon a spot for the building, near their new house—a little farther from the sea, and close to Mr. Lewis's grave, which they resolved to enclose in the same court as the chapel.

Pomare seemed pleased with the plan, when he heard of it, and promised to set his people to work. The brethren, however, found his assistance of little use. His servants set about the work eagerly, but soon grew weary of it, as they did of all their undertakings, unless encouraged by continued feastings. They also did the work so ill, that they gave the missionaries more trouble, than they did them service.

It was on March 5th, that the first wooden posts or pillars of the chapel were reared to form

the walls. The time was remarkable, because it was three years, all but one day, since the missionaries' first arrival in Tahiti. The brethren were grieved to hear the natives who were assisting them, jeering at Christ as they worked, and to see them scoffingly marking each pillar in their manner, with his name. They earnestly hoped that those pillars would hereafter be witnesses to the conversion of these miserable heathens.

Pomare soon afterwards gave a great proof of his ignorance, by sending the brethren a raw fish, with a request that it might be hung up in the chapel, as an offering to Jesus Christ. One of the brethren went to him to return the fish, and to tell him that it was not the custom of their God to receive sacrifices or food from any one: but that he gave food to all, and that all should thank him for his gifts. Pomare seemed displeased with this answer, but tried to appear indifferent, and said, "Very well."

Another trial, much like one they had before experienced, was now coming upon the brethren, and it was one of the most afflicting which they could endure.

CHAPTER XVII.

1800.

A SECOND ROOT OF BITTERNESS.

SHOULD you not have thought that those seven missionaries, who remained stedfast, when eleven fled away in the Nautilus, were all full of faith and love to God? Yet you have already heard how one forsook his God, and now you must hear of another who wandered from the fold.

About this time there sprang up among the brethren "a root of bitterness." It was Mr. Broomhall—the man who had taken so deep an interest in the death of Mr. Lewis, and had made so many inquiries about it.

A remarkable circumstance occurred to him about a week before the brethren began to fear for his soul.

It was on the 29th of May, while he was eating the head of a fish, that he was suddenly seized with a violent heat all over him, and his flesh and the white of his eyes became red. It happened that the kind of fish he had eaten, became poisonous when it was stale, as it was at that

time. Mr. Broomhall immediately took some fresh oil, and then, by the advice of the natives, bathed in the sea, and in a few hours recovered. Thus was Mr. Broomhall delivered from the death of the *body*, but in his *soul* a more deadly poison had been lodged by Satan. There was a fountain in which he might have washed and been healed of this disease. You shall now hear how the sickness of his soul discovered itself.

The brethren used to meet once a month, before they took the Lord's Supper, to speak to one another about their feelings towards God. On one of these occasions Mr. Broomhall refused to speak in his turn. About a week afterwards, at a prayer-meeting, while Mr. Bicknell was praying, Mr. Broomhall suddenly left the room and returned no more to it.

Two days afterwards, when the brethren were met together, Mr. Henry read to the brethren two letters that he had received from Mr. Broomhall (who it happened was absent for a day or two). These letters were full of foolish and false ideas about the soul, and showed that Mr. Broomhall did not believe God's word, and that his heart was filled with conceit of his knowledge and understanding. The brethren were deeply grieved at hearing these letters, for they perceived that their companion was turned aside after Satan. They determined, however, to do all they possibly could to convert him from the

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error of his ways. They soon held a meeting, in which they questioned Mr. Broomhall about his thoughts, and they found that he had not even the desire to know God, and that for some time past he had hated prayer and reading the scriptures, and had not been able to bear to hear the prayers of the brethren. They agreed to set apart a day for fasting and prayer upon Mr. Broomhall's account. They met together three times on this day, but they advised Mr. Broomhall (as he disliked their service) to spend it alone. He consented to do so, though very angry in his heart for the advice. The brethren took every opportunity at all times to speak to Mr. Broomhall about religion, and they often prayed for him, even in his presence, which greatly offended him.

On June 30th a meeting was held to decide what was to be said to Mr. Broomhall concerning taking the Lord's Supper. At this meeting the brethren found that Mr. Broomhall was angry with them because they had prayed that he might never find any happiness in the world, and by this means be brought back to the Saviour. He thought this petition unkind, though it was made from love to his immortal soul. He seemed to wish that the brethren would quite cast him out : but they pitied his youth, (for he was but three-and-twenty,) and desired to keep him near them, for they remembered the dreadful

end of Mr. Lewis. On these accounts they did not excommunicate him, but only forbade him to take the Lord's Supper at present.

Perhaps the brethren acted too indulgently towards him ; for he appeared to be an *apostate*, one who had denied the faith ; and not a *backslider* only. It was very doubtful whether he had ever been truly converted to God. He had received a religious education, and perhaps had imagined he was religious, till beset by strong temptations in a heathen country.

In the course of July, Mr. Henry asked Mr. Broomhall to accompany him on a short journey, that he was going to take for his wife's health. Mr. Henry hoped to find opportunities in the journey to persuade Mr. Broomhall to return to God, and to implore his mercy. Mr. Broomhall consented to go.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry, and little Sarah and Mr. Broomhall went in a boat rowed by four natives. They set out at midnight, when the sea was calm, and the moon was up, for night is the most delightful season in Tahiti : and they arrived at the place they desired on the coast of Tahiti at break of day.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Broomhall returned alone in the boat with the natives. The reason was, little Sarah (who had been asleep on her way to the place) was afraid of the water, when her parents set out to go home. In about a

quarter of an hour, they were obliged to land, and to walk home over rough steep paths.

Mr. Henry had been disappointed in his hope of conversing seriously with Mr. Broomhall, by his shy distant manner. It was plain, however, to all, that Mr. Broomhall was miserable; he confessed that he could not bear to be alone, and that the thoughts of death terrified him. Yet he fancied that if he could have what he desired in this world, and not be obliged to hear about God, that he should be happy. His favourite wish was to wander among the surrounding islands in a boat, accompanied by some seamen: but this plan the missionaries thought very dangerous on account of the rocks, that lay near the coasts, and of the savages who inhabited them. If he must remain at home, he desired to have one of the heathen women for his wife.

On July 23rd, he brought a heathen woman to live with him in the brethren's house. The brethren met together two days afterwards, and wrote down a sentence of excommunication against him. Mr. Broomhall was not displeased when he heard this sentence. He was, however, much annoyed when the brethren a few days afterwards sent to him, asking him to deliver up the medicines and books in his room, that belonged to the Missionary Society; for, as he was no longer one of that society, it was right that he should give up the property.

Before he appointed a day for restoring the things, he requested permission to attend the brethren's meetings, for learning the Tahitian language. The brethren wrote a refusal to this request. This vexed him so much, that he tore up the note, and sent back the pieces. The next day, however, he wrote a letter entreating permission to keep the books, and medicines, and also apologizing for the insult he had offered in sending back the note.

The books and medicines, however, were removed the same evening to Mr. Henry's room.

Mr. Broomhall was convinced that the brethren on the whole behaved very kindly to him, and that they were grieved at being obliged to shut him out of their society. He showed his gratitude on one occasion by attending Mrs. Eyre when she was ill, although the medicines had been taken from him.

In the meanwhile reports of war continued to alarm the missionaries. Pomare and Idia were so much afraid of the people of Atehuru, that they kept guards around them all night. Pomare was afraid even of entering that part of the island, and much desired that a ship of war from England would arrive to help him to make the people submit. He continued to offer up human sacrifices, to gain the favour of his gods. He was also anxious to preserve the favour of the seamen on the island, hoping that they

would help him much, when war should break out.

Otu continued to behave as ill to his subjects as before, though it was his unjust conduct that had made them desire to deprive him of his power. Here is an instance of his injustice. Some of the sailors attempted to rob the natives of their cloth. Complaints were made to Otu ; instead of listening to them, he desired that the cloth might be given to the sailors, who had stolen it. These sailors, however, were so prudent as to refuse to accept it ; probably supposing that Otu would expect them to do too much for him in return for the cloth. They not only refused the cloth, but went and offered to assist a rebel chief, named Teohu, that was an enemy of the king. Otu was of course enraged at this conduct, though it was a due reward for his meanness.

It was now nearly a year since a ship had been seen at Tahiti, when on December 29th a vessel appeared. It was a whaler, called the Albion, and was lately come from Port Jackson.

When Mr. Broomhall saw the ship, he felt ashamed of his conduct being known, and wrote to the brethren to ask them to behave familiarly towards him before the crew ; but of course his request was refused. Thus Mr. Broomhall behaved as King Saul once did, when he said

to Samuel, "Honour me now before the elders of Israel."

The ship brought three pieces of bad news to the missionaries. One of them was, that Mr. Harris intended never to return, having been hired by some English at a place near Port Jackson, called Norfolk Island, as a minister and schoolmaster. He had sent, however, some presents to his brethren, and five pairs of scissors to the natives.

Another piece of bad news was, that three of the missionaries who had gone to the Friendly Islands, three years before, had been murdered, and the rest obliged to flee in a ship to Port Jackson.

The last evil tidings was, that the Duff, which had been on its way to Tahiti with thirty missionaries, had been taken captive by a French ship. The brethren were reminded, by hearing of these troubles, of the mercies that God had shown them in causing them to arrive safely at Tahiti, and to dwell there in safety ; and in deep humility they cried, "Why such goodness to *us*, Lord?"

The ship, however, brought some *good* as well as *evil* tidings. The governor of New South Wales (the country where Port Jackson was situated) had sent letters and a present to the missionaries and to Pomare, who, the governor naturally supposed was king of the island, and

greater than his son. The present to the brethren was twelve pounds of soap ; and that to Pomare was six yards of red bunting (a stuff of which flags are made. The letters to both were kind. Governor King (for that was the governor's name) told Pomare, in the letter he sent him, that he hoped his people profited from the teaching and example of the missionaries, and asked him to get Mr. Jefferson to write a letter for him in answer to his. Pomare accordingly told Mr. Jefferson to inform Governor King that his subjects were rebellious, and to complain of the behaviour of the seamen, and to ask for fire-arms. He also sent some presents to the governor.

The missionaries were much comforted by the notice the governor had taken of them and Pomare, as they hoped it might be a means of keeping the rebellious people in quietness ; at the same time they felt that their safety did not depend upon an arm of flesh, but upon the living God ; and the remembrance of his power and love was their rock, and the tower of their strength.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1801.

A VERY PLEASANT SURPRISE.

It is some time since I have spoken of Mrs. Henry and her children, of whom you will doubtless like to hear. Mrs. Henry had been very poorly, ever since her return to Tahiti. She had suffered much from sickness of various kinds. Both she and her children also at different times had fallen down the stairs (which were probably steep and narrow) of the new house; and Mrs. Henry had been hurt a great deal. It was supposed that the pool of rain water, near the new house, injured her health. But as the old house was uncomfortable, and partly occupied, Mr. Henry, instead of removing to it, built a little dwelling for himself close to it. The small house which Mr. Main had built for himself, and in which Idia had dwelt for a little while, had been removed by the king's order to another place at some distance. About fifty men had taken the roof, as it was, upon their shoulders, and carried it away; and others had removed the pillars.

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About this time Mrs. Henry adopted a little child. She was a year or two older than her own Sarah, and was called Nancy. She was the daughter of an Irishman named Connor. He was an ignorant man, who had been cast on the island many years before. When the missionaries first arrived, he was living in the neighbouring islands: but lately he had removed to Tahiti with the native woman, who was his wife. Connor dressed like the savages, and wore his hair hanging loose down his back; his eyes were red from drinking *ava*. He could not read, and had half forgotten how to speak English, and he knew almost as little about the true God as the heathen. Yet he was not mischievous and troublesome, like most of the sailors on the island; therefore the brethren noticed him; they also tried to instruct him. Mrs. Henry felt compassion for the soul of his child, and so she kindly undertook the charge of it.

The island continued in a state of disquietude. There was no open war, but it seemed every day ready to break out. Pomare was exceedingly enraged against the people of Atehuru, because they had stolen the image of Oro, the god of war, from the temple at Pare, and had hid it in their own part of the country. They had done this, in the hope of conquering by Oro's power, when the war should begin;

for they fully believed that the god Oro sometimes entered into this log of wood. Pomare did not immediately show his anger, for he hoped that the idol would be given back to him soon. He even thought it necessary to behave with great respect to some, whom he knew to be his enemies. For instance, when Teohu (a rebellious chief, who took part with the Atehuruns) visited Matavai in April, he was received with great honour by Pomare. Teohu arrived with his train of servants in a number of canoes, accompanied by two human sacrifices for Otu. As the king was absent, a man adorned with a bunch of red feathers represented him, and was treated with the same respect as the king, every one uncovering his shoulders in his presence. Pomare caused a shed to be built for Teohu, while he stayed at Matavai, and he made him presents of cloth, and even gave him a musket; Teohu also made presents to Pomare. Yet though their words were smoother than butter, war was in their hearts. Pomare, however, did not wish to begin the war till a boat should return, that he had sent to some neighbouring island, to fetch pearls, and also human sacrifices.

In the end of June, the war was on the point of beginning, when an event of God's providence prevented it. It was the arrival of a ship. This ship was not a vessel used for trading,

or catching whales, as all the other vessels had been, that had arrived since the Duff. It was a man-of-war: a ship that sailed about the seas to attack the enemies of the king of England.

Before I speak more of the visit of this ship, I must mention the present state of Mr. Broomhall. The woman he had taken to be his wife after living with him eight months, had forsaken him. Since her departure, he had been on an excursion to the island of Eimeo with two of the seamen. On one occasion, when he was in a canoe with one of them, it upset. As neither he nor the seamen could swim, and as the place was full of sharks, it appeared probable that both would perish. At this moment, Mr. Broomhall thought, "If there be a hell, I shall certainly go to it." He was saved from this death, and when he returned home, he mentioned to one of the brethren his feelings on that awful occasion.

But though God spared his life, his heart was not changed by the terror he had felt; for he continued as miserable, and as unbelieving as before. Yet he was very desirous of being again received by the brethren as a friend. He began to attend their prayer-meetings; and the day before the ship arrived, he wrote them a letter, requesting them to tell him whether, if he promised to be useful to them, and atten-

tive to study, and obedient to all their rules, they would receive him again, though he could not profess to believe in God. Of course the brethren could not grant his desire; but they kindly entreated him, in their answer, to go to Him, who would receive all who came; and they assured him, that when he had been accepted by Him, he would be joyfully received by *them* also as a christian brother.

Such was the state of Mr. Broomhall's mind when the man-of-war arrived. This ship was called the Porpoise. It had been sent by Governor King for the purpose of buying hogs to make into salt pork, for the inhabitants of Port Jackson.

The captain brought more letters from the governor for the brethren, and for Pomare, as well as presents, among which was a handsome scarlet dress for Pomare. Though Pomare was delighted to receive presents, he was afraid lest Otu should be affronted, if he also did not receive presents from the governor, and therefore he asked the captain to give the dress to Otu. The captain consented, but desired his men to make another dress for Pomare.

The Porpoise brought very delightful news to the brethren. It was that a ship would shortly arrive, containing some missionaries, who would remain at Tahiti. For though the Duff had been captured, the missionaries on board had

returned safely to England, and some of them were so courageous, that they had set out again to Tahiti.

While the Porpoise was still at anchor, the welcome ship appeared. It was called "The Royal Admiral," and contained eight missionaries. Captain Wilson's nephew, William, was the commander of the ship, and was therefore called Captain Wilson. The brethren were rejoiced to see him again after four years' absence; for, when they had parted, they had never expected to meet again. Their number indeed was much lessened; Captain Wilson had left fourteen missionaries, and found only six, and one of those had denied the faith.

Captain Wilson met Otu at the brethren's house the day after his arrival. The king, though once he had refused to wear such clothes, was now dressed in his new scarlet robe. His younger brother also had a similar dress, which the captain of the Porpoise had given him. I have not yet described this younger brother. His name was Te-are; he was about seventeen years old, and was much more amiable in his manners than the king. He was the chief of the smaller half of Tahiti, called Taiarabu, and was envied by Otu on this account.

The same day, some of the newly-arrived brethren dined and drank tea with the brethren on shore, and returned to the ship at night.

Perhaps none of these brethren had ever seen each other before; yet how joyful their first meeting must have been! Those newly arrived found kind friends ready to assist them in learning the language, and to prepare them for the trials they must endure; whilst those who had been long settled in Tahiti, must have felt greater joy than can be described, at the sight of fellow-labourers, and in hearing of their beloved friends in England.

Three days after the arrival of the new missionaries, a public meeting was held in the open air, near the brethren's houses. All the brethren were there, and explained to Pomare, Idia, Otu, and Te-are, the reason of more missionaries coming to the island; they then asked Pomare whether he had any objection to their remaining in Tahiti. Pomare answered, "No, I am pleased at their coming; more may come if they will, and stay till they are tired."

Pomare then asked all the brethren whether they would help him in his wars. They replied that they were men of peace, and had nothing to do with war.

Captain Wilson next reminded Pomare of his having given the district of Matavai to the brethren, and asked him whether it was still theirs. Pomare said that it was, and inquired whether the brethren wished the natives to be sent out of it. They replied, "No, we do not

want to have the land, but only to be allowed to dwell on it."

After the meeting was over, Pomare followed Captain Wilson and the brethren into Mr. Henry's small house, and again entreated the missionaries to promise to help him in his wars, saying that the people were very rebellious, and might perhaps rise up, and kill him, and the brethren also. The brethren repeated their refusal; but the captain pleased Pomare by promising him a few muskets.

It was necessary to fix on a dwelling for the newly arrived missionaries. It was determined that they should live in the new house with Mr. Bicknell, and that they should enlarge it immediately and prepare it for themselves. Captain Wilson sent a carpenter, and some seamen, to help them in the work.

You will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Broomhall now determined to leave Tahiti. He asked Captain Wilson to take him in his ship, and to leave him either in China or India. The captain consented to his request. The brethren felt grieved to part with Mr. Broomhall in so sad a state of mind as he then was; at the same time they wished him to go, because his bad example did much harm in Tahiti, as it led the heathen to suppose that the true God did not make his people happy or holy. The brethren never saw Mr. Broomhall

again, and did not hear of him for many years afterwards.*

There was on board the Royal Admiral, one of the missionaries, who had been left at the Friendly Islands four years before: his name was Shelley. He had endured great trials among the savages, and had fled away, after three of his brethren had been murdered. He had escaped in the Betsy, the ship in which

* God followed Mr. Broomhall with his rod, and he never found the happiness in the world that he expected. He spent several years at sea. At length he broke his thigh at Madras, and afterwards was dangerously ill at Calcutta. He was alarmed by these events, and led to speak to several religious persons about his soul, but he told no one his history. At length he became acquainted with Dr. Marshman, a missionary at Serampore, in India. After some time, he wrote him a letter describing the misery he felt, and asking for a little private conversation with him. When the missionary called on him, after conversing a little while, Broomhall said, "You behold an apostate missionary; I am Benjamin Broomhall, who left his brethren, nine years ago. Is it possible you can behold me without despising me?"

Dr. Marshman was filled with joy and astonishment, at hearing these words, for he believed Mr. Broomhall to be a true penitent. As Mr. Broomhall expressed a desire to return to his brethren, Dr. Marshman promised he would intercede for him, and persuade them to receive him again.

It is to be lamented that Mr. Broomhall did not *immediately* return to them. He resolved to make one more voyage to sell some goods at a place in India, determining afterwards to dispose of his vessel, and to devote himself to the work of the Lord. But from this voyage he never returned. Neither he nor the vessel were ever heard of again. It is impossible for man to know whether his repentance was sincere, as his life was not spared long enough to give proof of its sincerity.

Mr. Harris had left Tahiti to visit the Friendly Islands. Mr. Shelley had gone in it to Port Jackson, and was now on his way to England. But at this time it came in his heart to join the brethren at Tahiti. He determined, therefore, not to return to England, but to go immediately to Port Jackson, marry a pious young woman he knew there, and bring her with him to Tahiti. The captain of the Porpoise agreed to take him to Port Jackson: therefore Mr. Shelley removed from the Royal Admiral to the Porpoise.

Before Captain Wilson went away, he was requested by the brethren to help them to make some rules for their society. It was arranged in these rules, that no missionary should leave his brethren for more than one day without the consent of the rest; for the brethren had found the bad consequences of each being allowed to wander about as he thought fit.

Captain Wilson was also entreated to take away three unruly seamen who were on the island. To this request he agreed; but unhappily, though he removed these three, two of his own seamen escaped, and could not be found before the ship left.

As you will no doubt wish to know the names of the eight newly-arrived missionaries, I have added a list of them:—

John Davies.
James Elder.
James Hayward.
William Scott.

Samuel Tessier.
William Waters.
Charles Wilson.
John Youl.

CHAPTER XIX.

1802.

HOW THE MISSIONARIES FORTIFIED THEIR HOUSE IN TIME OF WAR.

I WISH I could inform you of the chief things that happened immediately after the arrival of the eight missionaries, but the accounts that were written by the brethren were lost at sea. I know, however, that the chapel was soon finished, and I believe that some of the brethren began to preach in it to the natives.

Mr. Shelley returned, as he had hoped, after six months' absence, bringing with him a wife. She had lived at Port Jackson, in the family of Mr. Hassel, one of the missionaries, who had left Tahiti, in consequence of ill-treatment.

I believe that Mr. and Mrs. Shelley took up

their abode in an upper room of the new house, where nine brothers already dwelt.

Though war had not yet begun, it seemed more likely than ever that it would break out. A great meeting was soon to be held in Atehuru, and then it was expected that either peace would be made, or war declared. The people of Atehuru had still got possession of the god Orc whom they had stolen, and Pomare was much afraid of them.

Such was the state of things at the end of February, when the brethren agreed, that Mr Nott should go round Tahiti, to preach to all the inhabitants the gospel of peace. Mr. Elder, who had not been long arrived, was appointed to accompany Mr. Nott. Of course, he knew very little of the language, and therefore could not preach.

This preaching tour was an arduous undertaking. Wherever the brethren saw a few dwellings, they stopped, and went from house to house, entreating the people to come at an appointed time to a particular spot. It was often difficult to persuade them to engage to come, and, after all, the people often broke their promise, and did not come. Sometimes Mr. Nott preached three or four times in the day, and often he had above a hundred people to hear him. Sometimes they encouraged him, by the attention they paid, for they were as-

tonished by the new things he told them. They often answered the questions he asked in his sermon. When he said, "What is the true atonement for sin?" a man once replied, "Hogs and pearls." Another time when he said, that the people had no desire to know the true God, one man interrupted him by replying, "Do not say we have no desire. But perhaps we shall not understand about God, through the badness of our hearts." One chief said, that he felt a desire to pray to the true God, and asked whether his old gods would not kill him if he did.

The journey round the island was one hundred miles. The brethren went only a few miles each day, and lodged in the houses of the natives, who freely received them, for the brethren had nothing to give them. The people almost all lived by the sea-coast; but there were some narrow valleys, that ran up among the mountains; and Mr. Nott often went up these beautiful valleys to preach.

He took with him on his journey several natives, who had the advantage of hearing him preach many times, during their five weeks' tour. The last day of their journey, Mr. Nott was delighted to hear them giving a clear account of the gospel to some strangers, whom they met. Just before he reached home, he assembled them and examined them, and re-

minded them what a great advantage they had enjoyed, in hearing the truth so often, while others had only heard it once, and warned them not to neglect such great salvation. One boy said in reply, "If the Duff had been the first ship that had come to the island, we should have thrown away the feather gods long ago."

During the last part of the journey, Mr. Nott passed through the district of Atehuru, just at the time when the great meeting took place, at which it was expected either war would be declared or peace established.

The great marae was in Atehuru. No one was in it on the evening that Mr. Nott passed by, but large hogs were lying on the altar, and dead men hanging in baskets on the trees. On going a little further, Mr. Nott saw a number of canoes by the shore: in one of them Oro was placed in his ark, and Pomare was offering up the heads of the slaughtered hogs on a little altar in the canoe. Mr. Nott faithfully told Pomare, that the true God would not accept hogs as an atonement, and that he was angry at men being killed; that Jesus was the only true atonement, and that he would come one day to judge the world, and burn the disobedient with fire. Pomare did not appear to like to hear these truths; but those around asked many questions, and at last Pomare said that he would

attend to this religion. It is, however, to be feared that he did not speak sincerely. Pomare's men continued the next day to worship Oro, and the two brethren remained to observe what passed. The god was laid upon a stool on the beach, while the king and priests sat by and chatted to him. The day after he was carried up and down the beach, and then taken to the marae.

Perhaps you may wonder that Pomare was allowed to worship Oro, as the rebellious Atehurans had him still in their possession. They consented, however, for some reason that I do not know, to permit him to enjoy this privilege.

Pomare and Otu were extremely anxious to have Oro restored to them. After the god was placed in the marae, they went there accompanied by many of their people, and sat down. The chief people of Atehuru sat down opposite to them. There were orators present, who spoke for each party.

Pomare and Otu desired that Oro should be given up: Pomare, who was much afraid of war, was inclined to permit the Atehurans to keep the god a little longer; but Otu (not regarding his father's wishes) insisted on Oro being delivered up directly. As the Atehurans still refused to consent, Otu rose up in anger, and his people seized hold of Oro, and ran

with him towards the sea, and placed him in one of the canoes. The Atehurans pursued them to the shore; and would have attacked them had not the king's men in the canoes pointed their muskets at them, and thus obliged them to flee away.

This was the beginning of the war. It was brought on by the faithlessness of Otu—for it was faithless to steal the god, when permitted, as a favour, to worship him.

The god was taken by sea, to that part of the island called Taiarabu. There the king committed one of those bloody deeds, to which he was so much accustomed. Fearing lest Oro should be angry at the treatment he had received, the king desired that one of his own servants should be slain on the beach of Taiarabu, as a sacrifice.

Mr. Nott and Mr. Elder, who had witnessed the stealing of Oro from the marae, returned to their brethren on April 5th, with the alarming news that war was begun.

It was necessary for them to prepare to defend themselves against the Atehurans; for, as they were known to be the friends of the king, the rebels would, of course, be inclined to injure them. Their situation would now have been very terrible, if God, in his providence, had not caused a great number of English sailors to be at that time in Tahiti.

Six of these English sailors, with Captain Bishop, had been left at Tahiti by their ship, for the purpose of buying hogs, and salting their flesh; while seventeen more had just been wrecked on the island, and had saved from their ship the cannons, and many of the stores. In general the missionaries disliked having sailors on the island, on account of their wicked examples; but on this occasion they rejoiced, and thought that God had sent them for their defence.

The brethren placed four cannons around their dwellings, and posted guards to watch to see whether the enemy was approaching. The sailors assisted them, and prepared to shoot, whenever the enemy should come. The brethren thought it would be right that even they themselves should fire, in case they were attacked. They now passed their nights and days in constant alarm, except as far as they were enabled to place their trust in God. They heard accounts of the manner in which the people of Ateluru were marching over the country, and burning houses wherever they came. At last the Atehurans came near Matavai. They stopped, and knowing how well the brethren were defended, offered to make peace with them. To this proposal, the brethren gladly consented. The Atehurans then departed to Taiarabu, and attacked the king's army in the night, conquered them, and got possession of Oro.

Pomare and Otu, and the army, fled in their canoes to the missionaries. They arrived with sorrowful looks, but they were cheered, when they perceived the plans the brethren were arranging for their defence. All the brethren had gone into the new house, and had endeavoured to make it strong. They had cut down groves of cocoa-nut trees and bread fruit trees that they had planted near it, lest the enemies should climb the trees and shoot upon them; and with these trees they had made a fence all round the lower windows of the house. They had placed cannons in some of the upper windows, and stuffed others with bedding. They had also had the grief of pulling down the chapel (lately built with so much pains), lest the enemies should set it on fire, and lest the fire should spread to the house. They had also stuck some boards full of large nails, and had hid them under the paths that led to their dwelling. Thus fortified, they spent many days crowded in their house, almost in darkness, and expecting every moment to hear the shouts of the savage Atehurans.

Pomare now committed an action that will make your ears tingle when you hear it; yet it was one common in that wicked country. Pomare knew that the wives and the children of the Atehurans were left almost alone in their dwellings while the men were destroying the other parts of the island. Therefore he went with his

army secretly at night, and fell upon the weak women and innocent babes, and a few men who were with them, and slaughtered two hundred of them; and having committed this bloody deed, he returned to Matavai. When the Atehurans heard that Pomare had destroyed their families, they were fiercer than ever, and swore that they would destroy him and all his family.

At this time of terror another ship arrived: it was the Nautilus.

Pomare was delighted at this circumstance, and entreated the captain to lend him a large boat, full of sailors, to go and attack the Atehurans. The captain consented, and a boatful of sailors, armed with muskets, accompanied Pomare's fleet of canoes along the shores, till it reached the coast of Atehuru. But now you will be astonished to hear of Pomare's folly. Instead of attacking the enemy, he merely desired to offer up some sacrifices to Oro. The Atehurans would not allow him to enter the great marae, therefore he contented himself with presenting his sacrifices on the beach. In vain the English sailors advised him now to attack the enemy; he was afraid, and returned to Matavai, satisfied with having performed a foolish ceremony.

The captain and sailors were much annoyed by Pomare's folly, and determined to go themselves with Pomare to attack the enemy. The missionaries consented to this plan, though they

refused to go themselves to war. They sent, however, Mr. Elder, who was a surgeon, with the king's army. Otu remained at Matavai, but Pomare and Idia set out with their army and twenty Englishmen in a fleet of canoes.

July 3rd was the day of battle. It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the king's army landed at Atehuru. They found the shores deserted, and heard that the enemy had climbed some very high places in the high mountains, about four miles from the sea-coast. Pomare did not dare to attack them in their strongholds, for he thought that he should not conquer, because the Atehurans had Oro in their possession; beside this, he was a very cowardly man, and was alarmed at the sight of the immense stones that the Atehurans rolled down from the rocks, and at the showers of smaller stones that they hurled from their slings.

There was one young man in Pomare's army, remarkably brave: he had lived much with the missionaries, and had given himself the name of "To-morrow Morning." He ventured very near the enemy, and sometimes fired upon them, and often called out to them, daring them to fight him. The Atehurans, however, refused to quit their strongholds until the evening. Just as the English were getting into their boats to return home, To-morrow Morning, and one of his companions, came running towards the shore, fol-

owed by a host of enemies, uttering wild shouts, and armed with spears, clubs, and muskets. The English sprang from their vessels and attacked them. The very sight of the English alarmed the enemy. The Atehurans quickly turned their backs and tried to escape to the mountains, but seventeen were killed upon the spot. Amongst the slain was Rua, one of the two chief leaders of the rebels. The rest of the Atehurans fled to their strongholds.

The English now consented to pass the night at Atehuru, hoping that the enemy would make peace in the morning. They were filled with horror at beholding the manner in which the seventeen dead bodies of the Atehurans were treated. Pomare and his men pierced them, and beat them, and trampled upon them, and scoffed at them, with as much rage, as if they had been alive.

The next morning the English captain was much disappointed to find the enemy would not submit, but chose to remain in their strongholds. A woman was sent with a flag of peace, to tell them the names of the slain, and how the dead bodies had been treated; but her message was not accepted. The rebellious chief who yet lived declared that he would never submit till he, like Rua, had been killed.

The English therefore returned the next day to Matavai.

This was the end of the war (called the war of Rua); for though the Atehurans would not submit, they had very few fighting men left, and were afraid to attack the king's army. Not one of Pomare's men had been killed in battle. Pomare was glad to leave off fighting, for he much disliked war. At the same time he continued very uneasy on account of the loss of the god Oro.

A few weeks afterwards, most of the sailors left the island in different ships. The brethren felt exceeding gratitude to their heavenly Father, for having sent them such help in time of need. Still, when they looked at their gardens now trodden down, at the place where their groves had stood, and at the ruins of their chapel, they felt that they had endured a heavy affliction. But now the storm had blown over, and though it had injured their property, it had not hurt one hair of their heads.

CHAPTER XX.

1802.

HOW THE NATIVES BEHAVED WHEN THE MISSIONARIES PREACHED.

As the war appeared to be over for the present, the missionaries set about repairing their fences, digging and sowing their gardens, and building another chapel.

They took every opportunity of preaching the gospel to the natives. On Sundays several of the brethren used to go about the neighbourhood, and endeavour to collect people to hear. But the difficulties were very great. They found them either busy in beating cloth, or repairing food, or else feasting, or drinking *ava*, or lying down stupified from the effects of the *ava*. Also the people who lived at Matavai were more indifferent to the preaching than any others, because they had become tired of hearing often the same things.

The missionaries, however, continued their labours, knowing that God, when he pleased, could pour down his Spirit from on high.

They continually made journeys, two and

two, round the island, and were generally absent about a month. Sometimes they even crossed the sea, and made a tour round Eimeo.

They suffered many hardships in these journeys. Since the war, the houses of the inhabitants were more wretched than before: for the old houses had been burnt, and miserable sheds had been built in haste. These were generally in a most dirty state, and full of insects; so that the poor brethren passed many restless nights after their days of toil.

They had no umbrellas to defend them from the rain, and in the houses there were no fires, at which to dry their clothes. They often had no shoes to their feet, and they were sometimes obliged to place leaves on the burning sands, to defend them from the heat at each step they took. On some occasions they were distressed for want of food; for the people sometimes refused to receive them into their houses. The brethren soon found it necessary to make fish-hooks, and combs, and to take them with them on their journey, as payment for their food and lodging. They could truly say like the apostles, "Even unto this present hour, we both hunger and thirst, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place, and labour, working with our own hands."

The natives little knew what great sufferings the brethren endured for their sakes: they

stupidly thought that the missionaries had come to live at Tahiti to get their sweet food, for they had heard that no such fruit as theirs grew in England. They often behaved very ill, while the missionaries were preaching to them, and cried out, "Lies," and "Nonsense," during the sermon. At other times, they tried to make each other laugh, by repeating sentences after the brethren, or by speaking the name of Christ in a ridiculous manner, or by playing antics, and making faces. Many of the natives used to lie down, and sleep, as soon as the sermon began, while others were so trifling, as to make remarks upon the missionaries' clothes, or upon their appearance. Thus Satan filled their hearts with folly, lest they should believe and be saved.

Sometimes the natives behaved even worse than we have already related: for they were engaged with the missionaries, on account of the number of diseases in the island, and declared they had all been sent by the God of England. They said that he must be a very cruel God, and that Oro was too good to send such diseases. There was one disease now common in the island called the broken back. It was a weakness in the backbone, which caused it to bend outwards, or inwards. Often the person died before the spine was bent, and it was very remarkable that

when the bone was bent much, the person began to recover, though he remained a cripple all his life. Once the natives brought a great many of these poor objects, and laid them before the missionaries while they were preaching, to show them what harm their God had done. Sometimes, when the missionaries entreated the natives to come and hear them, they said to each other in a mocking tone, "Come, let us go that we may be cured of all our diseases to-day." They often said to the missionaries, "You talk to us of salvation, and we are dying. We want no other salvation, than to be cured of our diseases, and to live here always, and to eat, and talk."

When the missionaries told them that their bodies would be raised after death, they would not believe them; they said it was impossible, for that dead bodies turned to dust, and that no dead person had yet been raised. In vain the brethren assured them, that One had risen from the dead; they laughed the whole history to scorn, saying, "Has Pomare believed? Or any of the chiefs?"

It was too true that the chiefs were the greatest enemies of Christ, and discouraged the natives from attending to the gospel. Once when a missionary was preaching about Christ having atoned for our sins, a man cried out to the rest,

as if he liked what he had heard,) "Do you hear that?" Immediately a chief who was present threw something at the man.

Sometimes persons asked questions seriously during the sermons, and acknowledged that they were fools, and knew nothing: but these hopeful signs were of short continuance. Once a man said to the brethren, "You offer no sacrifices to your God, but say that Jesus was sacrificed. Is it because Jesus was sacrificed, that you offer nothing?" The missionaries replied that was the reason. The man seemed pleased, and to think the way of salvation very easy. But alas! though he could understand it a little, he could not believe it. The missionaries felt the truth of God's declaration, "Darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people;" but they were comforted with the promise, "My sheep shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

It was wonderful to see what trust these people placed in their dumb idols. One day some natives caught seven large fish, and they thought that they had caught so many, because there were some red feathers in their canoes. They often said the English were very unkind not to send them more red feathers, that they might please their gods. They could scarcely be made to understand what the soul was; they fancied their souls lived in the land of dark-

ness, and that they only came to them sometimes at night when they dreamed. All these foolish notions were taught to the people by their priests, and also by others who pretended to be inspired by the gods. Even women, who were so much despised in Tahiti, sometimes professed to have the spirit of the gods in them. I will give you an instance of the manner in which they tried to impose on the people.

On one occasion the brethren saw a girl coming towards them, leading a woman, whose head was muffled up. These persons pretended to have the spirit of the gods in them. When they saw the brethren they appeared confused, fell upon their knees, and mumbled some words. Their reason for doing so was, that they might appear to put the spirit of the god from them. They then rose, and coming towards the missionaries, quietly spoke to them by their names. The brethren, seeing their hypocrisy, rebuked them sharply, and entreated the people standing by, not to be deceived by such tricks. The people laughed, and some said they knew the whole was a pretence; but others still believed in it, being blinded by Satan.

Thus these people, who were so unbelieving towards God, were willing to be deceived by the most foolish impostors. It is often found, even in Christian countries, that those who will not believe the word of God, will place their

trust in fortune-tellers, dreams, and signs of good and ill luck. It is easy to discover the cause of this difference,—it is the love of sin; God's word forbids all evil, and therefore it is despised and rejected.

Accustomed as the missionaries were to the wicked ways of the people, they were filled with dismay at the deed which I shall now relate.

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Scott, while travelling in Tahiti, came to the house of a chief, who had often been desired to find a sacrifice, and who had just received a message from Pomare, threatening him with banishment, if he did not kill a man immediately.

The chief was sitting in his house, surrounded by his friends and attendants, and was secretly intending to kill one of them, when the brethren entered. Knowing how they hated such deeds, the chief durst not do it in their presence. Soon the brethren lay down to rest. The chief then invited his companions to accompany him to the sea-shore. The man, whom the chief intended to kill, was one of his relations, who was come to visit him. This man, with several others, consented to go to the beach. When arrived there, the chief and his servants killed him with stones, and put his body in a long basket of cocoa-nut leaves, ready to be sent to Pomare. The chief then returned to the

house, quite as calm and unconcerned, as if he had only killed a hog. The two brethren knew nothing of the dreadful deed till after they had left the house. Who can express the horror they then felt? In such a country it might well be said, (as it was once said in Israel,) "Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother. Their tongue is as an arrow shot out; it speaketh deceit: one speaketh peaceably to his neighbour with his mouth, but in his heart he layeth his wait: shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord." (Jer. ix, 4, 8, 9.)

CHAPTER XXI.

1802—1803.

THE DEATHS OF THREE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

HAVE you forgotten Ote-u, the king's grandfather? This old man had been introduced five years before, to Captain Wilson, when he brought the first missionaries in the Duff. The missionaries had sometimes tried to lead

the old man to think of his soul, and of the true God, but they found him only inclined to speak of earthly things. He often interrupted them by saying, "When will another ship come? Have you any ava?" He was quite disfigured by the ava he had drunk: his long silver beard, and mild, handsome countenance, made him look very venerable, but the redness of his eyes, and the white scurf upon his skin, showed that he was a drunkard.

About four months after the war in Atehuru Te-u died of old age. The people thought that he was a favourite of the gods, because he had lived about eighty years, and had died a natural death. He expired in a house very near the brethren. Owo, his daughter, asked them to make him a coffin. The body was embalmed, and placed in the coffin in a shed at Pare, opposite the king's house.

The next year, Otu's younger brother, Te-are, appeared to be in a decline. He believed that his god was angry with him, and therefore sent a human sacrifice to his temple to quiet his wrath. But he continued to grow worse, and was tenderly nursed by his mother Idia.

As Te-are was living at Pare, Mr. Elder went to see him sometimes, and gave him wine and medicines. He paid him a visit the day before he died. He found him burning with fever, and the servants refreshing him by throw-

ing cold water over him: yet his body felt quite cold to the touch. Soon afterwards the prince grew faint, and as he thought he was dying, he took leave of his mother Idia, while the attendants stood by bathed in tears. Pomare was sent for immediately. He did not appear at all afflicted at the state of his son, because he considered that as all men must die, it was useless to grieve about death. However, he offered up to his gods, in the room where Te-are was lying, two hogs, a plantain tree, and some red feathers, hoping by this means to make his son better. Mr. Elder spoke to the poor youth of the Saviour of the soul, but Idia seemed to dislike his doing so, as she thought that all the prayers to the idols would be vain, if Christ's name was mentioned. Though Te-are knew he was dying, he appeared quite unconcerned about eternity. The next day Mr. Elder took some wine to the young prince. Te-are received the wine eagerly, though only able to swallow a table-spoonful. He said that his throat was decayed, and that therefore he could not swallow. Soon afterwards he ceased to breathe. Thus died Te-are, at the age of eighteen, in June, 1803.

The missionaries were grieved to see the natives one after another dropping into the grave, without having believed in the Saviour who had been preached to them.

Te-are's body was embalmed, and placed in a shed near his grandfather's corpse. It was the custom at the death of princes to forbid fires to be lighted in the district, in which the event happened. All the people of Pare were obliged, during the week after Te-are's death, to go to some distance to cook their food.

Pomare, who had seen his son expire with so much indifference, knew not how nearly his own days were numbered.

He had had a severe attack in the autumn before his son's death, and had been visited by Mr. Elder and Mr. Eyre, who had told him that the true God was angry with him for killing men for sacrifice. He had heard this without feeling, but when they had assured him, that they would pray for his recovery, when they prayed together at home, his heart had appeared touched by their kindness. Pomare soon recovered from this illness.

A month after Te-are's death, an event occurred, which filled Pomare with delight. Before this happy event took place the rebellious Atehurans formed a plot to murder Pomare and Idia. For this purpose they killed a man, as a sacrifice, and sent for Pomare to come to Atehuru, to offer it to the gods. They hoped that he would come, accompanied by only a few servants, and they intended to lie in wait, and murder both him and Idia. Otu heard of this

plot, and informed his father of it, who accordingly went to Atehuru by water, guarded by a large fleet of canoes. When he arrived there, he found the Atehurans more ready than before to submit to his authority, and they even delivered up the god Oro, that log of wood, that had caused so much blood to flow.

Thus peace was established in the island, on August 1st, 1803. But Pomare did not live to enjoy the submission of the people, or the possession of his god, for, only one month afterwards, he was cut off with a stroke from the Almighty. This was the manner of his death :

A ship, called the Dart, was at anchor near Tahiti. One morning, Pomare set out in a canoe with two men, to go to a ship. He held a paddle in his hand, and had almost reached the vessel, when he suddenly felt a pain in his back ; he cried out, and put his hand to the place, where he felt the pain, dropped the paddle from the other hand, and fell on his face, while his outstretched arms fell over the sides of the canoe. His two attendants immediately rowed his body to the shore of Pare. As soon as the brethren heard of the event, they hastened to the spot ; Mr. Elder felt his pulse, and thought it still faintly beat. He did not, however, dare to bleed Pomare, as the natives would have accused him of intending to do harm to their chief. The dead body was soon afterwards embalmed, and

placed near the corpses of Pomare's father and youngest son. They were all within sight of the king's house ; so that Otu, as he sat within his palace, could behold the bodies of his brother, father, and grandfather.

The natives did not appear either shocked or grieved by Pomare's sudden death : for their hearts were too much hardened by continual cruelties, that they seldom felt pity, or grief for others.

Otu, who was now at Atehuru, did not come to see his father's dead body, but desired that it should be sent to him. Idia, however, asked two of the brethren to entreat the king to allow it to remain at Pare. They went accordingly to the king, and obtained their request, but found Otu quite unconcerned about his father's death ; yet he was so much terrified at night, by fears lest his father's spirit should appear to him, that he caused one of his servants to sleep near him.

It is usual to speak of the character of persons, especially of kings, after their death.

What shall we now say of Pomare ? So many of his deeds have been related, that every reader must know that, like other heathens, he was cruel, selfish, deceitful and covetous. He was, however, less brave than many other men, and at the same time more active in labours ; and he was more zealous in serving his gods than any other person in Tahiti. He had planted many trees,

and built many houses and canoes, and had thus been very useful to his countrymen. He had been so much afraid of his gods, that he had not only built maraes, but had shed torrents of human blood to gain their favour. By these cruel deeds, he had provoked his people : therefore he was neither beloved in life, nor lamented in death. Above all, he had lived and died an enemy to the true God. He had been delighted with the arrival of the missionaries, on account of the things they possessed, and the things they could do ; but he had appeared to like them less since they had been able to explain to him more fully the message they brought ; and though he had always continued to behave in a friendly manner in their *presence*, behind their backs he had ridiculed them. As he had received so much kindness from them, this conduct was very ungrateful, as well as deceitful. It grieved the missionaries to think, that the things that belonged to his peace, were now for ever hid from his eyes.

Otu had now more power than during his father's lifetime. The missionaries were afraid lest the people should rise up against him, for he was more oppressive, and was more hated, than his father had been. However, through the mercy of God, the people made no resistance to Otu.

From this time, Otu took the name of his

ther, and styled himself his Majesty Pomare. The meaning of the word Pomare, is *night-cough*. The name was chosen by Pomare in a curious manner. Once when making a journey he slept on a bleak part of the mountains, and caught cold. His attendants, observing his cough next day, called that night the Pomare. The chief liked the sound of the word so much, that he chose it for his name.

Henceforth we shall speak of Otu by the name of Pomare.

CHAPTER XXII.

1803, 1804, 1805, 1806.

THE FIRST TAHITIAN WHO LEARNED TO WRITE.

THOUGH Pomare II, was much less pleasing than his father, yet he was not so much set against the message the missionaries brought. For some time past, he had been a great deal with the brethren, and had occasionally listened to their sermons. One Sunday he sent to desire Idia to attend the preaching out of doors; but when she came, she stood far enough off not to

hear, for she was a great enemy to the gospel. Although Pomare spent the greater part of his time in eating, drinking, and romping with his attendants, yet, ever since the war, he had taken pains to learn to read and write. When absent from the missionaries, he had carried writing copies about with him, and practised by himself and now he was able to write notes tolerably well. He remained, indeed, as wicked as before, but he grew more and more anxious to conceal his wickedness from the brethren.

The year after his father's death, Pomare left the brethren, and went to the island of Eimeo, taking with him his god Oro. The Atehurans were much grieved to lose the idol from their country, but they did not show their sorrow openly. The fame of Oro had become greater than ever since the death of the late Pomare, for it was declared that Oro had killed him by his power to punish him for having once placed a sacred cloth of Oro upon his son Otu.

The present King Pomare's power was also considered exceedingly great. It was said, that he could kill men by his prayers, and the following story was related as a proof of it.

Once while he was worshipping his idols, a man disturbed him by beating a drum. He sent to desire him to leave off, but the man continued to annoy him. Pomare then said, "Let him alone," and that same night the man expired.

But the king knew, that though the people feared him, there were many who hated him; and he was afraid of another war breaking out.

He wished to show the people in Tahiti, that he desired peace. For this purpose, while he was at Eimeo, he sacrificed a man, and sent various bits of his body to different places in Tahiti. The top of a finger was sent to Matavai, and pieces of the hair, and of the feet and hands, to other places.

Still, he knew it was probable, that war would soon be declared, and therefore he tried to prepare himself for it, by collecting all the muskets he could find. He induced some of the people in Eimeo to exchange their muskets for gifts, but he forced away those of others. The people of Tahiti heard that he meant, when he returned, to take their muskets also, and they resolved to die sooner than to part from them. Thus the king's violent behaviour fanned the spark of anger in his subjects' breasts, and made it more probable that they would soon rebel.

When the missionaries heard of these disputes, they saw that it was too likely they might one day behold another war, which was the thing they most dreaded, especially on account of the women and children in the family.

We will now give you a short account of the missionary family. There were six children

that belonged to it. Mrs. Shelley had a baby named Charles: and Mrs. Henry had, in addition to Sarah and Samuel, a baby named Eleanor. Besides these four children of the missionaries, there were two they had adopted. Mrs. Henry still kept Nancy Connor, and Mrs. Eyre undertook the charge of little Joseph Haggerstein, the son of Peter the Swede. Peter was afflicted with the dropsy, and now lived at the other end of Tahiti. His wife was a native, and would have brought up the child like a heathen, had he remained with her.

Mrs. Henry, although she had children of her own, was anxious to bring up Connor's youngest child, of three years old, whose mother was dead. The child was given to her by Connor; but one of the natives stole and hid it. When Mrs. Henry complained to the king, he pretended that he would command the man to restore it, while he really encouraged him to keep it. Thus the poor child lost the Christian home prepared for it. The missionaries perceived with deep sorrow that the king continued as artful as ever, notwithstanding the continual instruction he received.

In September, 1805, the brethren suffered a very severe loss. They had enclosed a piece of ground about a mile from their dwellings, and planted in it six hundred cocoa-nut trees, orange

trees, and lemon-trees. They had watched over these trees for two years, when in one night, the precious plantation was almost all burnt. They suspected that some envious persons had set fire to the long grass that grew on the outside of the fence.

None of the natives took any pains to discover how the trees had been destroyed, or appeared to feel sorrow at the loss. The brethren met together to consider whether they should inform the king of the affair, but they agreed not to complain, for fear blood might be shed on their account.

The brethren would have found it hard indeed to continue to labour for the souls of these ungrateful people, had they not remembered Him, who, when we were enemies, delivered up his Son for our sins. This thought enabled them to bear their injuries meekly, and to continue unwearied in their work of love.

The king remained in Eimeo one year and a half. In January, 1806, he returned to Tahiti.

The brethren went to Pare (where the king landed) to meet him. The queen, who was with him, appeared to be extremely ill. The king seemed pleased to see the brethren, and told them that he should come in a few days to Matavai, and should wish them to build a small plastered house for him, close to their own, in

which he might write without being disturbed. He also expressed a wish that some presents might be made him.

A week afterwards he arrived at Matavai, accompanied by the queen and Idia, bringing with him in his canoes, the god Oro and three human sacrifices. The idol was placed in the marae for one night, and the putrid bodies were hung on the surrounding trees.

The next day the idol was again placed in the ark in his sacred canoe, and four other gods were placed in four other canoes, ready to sail to Taiarabu, where more human sacrifices were to be slain in honour of the king's arrival in Tahiti.

Although the king continued obstinate in wickedness, he appeared anxious to be more than ever with the brethren. One day he requested them to ask his mother whether he might enter the new missionary house, as he was desirous to go into the upper rooms, never having seen any rooms raised above the ground floor. It appears that Idia had power to set aside the Tahitian law, which made all houses that kings entered belong to them. Idia gave the desired permission, and the king gratified his curiosity by walking through the upper rooms, but he did not go into the lower rooms, or into the other houses of the missionaries.

In March, 1806, the brethren endured a loss, not of property, but of one of their own selves. Mr. Shelly set sail with his wife and child in a ship that touched at the island.

I cannot tell you for what reason he forsook his brethren and the work of the Lord in these islands. Henceforth he traded in the seas, by carrying goods in ships from one land to another.

Mr. Shelley's room, which was up stairs, was given to Mr. Tessier. The missionaries were soon afterwards surprised at receiving the following note from the king. It was, of course, written in the Tahitian language. This is the translation of it.

“FRIENDS,

“Give me the room above—the room that belonged to Mr. Shelley—give to me for a writing-place. Let the room below be for Tessier, and that above for me. If all agreed to by you, make up this my speech ; if agreed by you, write, that I may know your speech.

“POMARE, KING.”

The missionaries consulted together about what answer they should send to this note. They did not like to let Pomare have the room, for several reasons. One was, that Mr. Tessier wanted it, and had come into it the day before.

Another was, that if the king lived there, the brethren would be much disturbed: people would often be coming to speak to the king upon business, would eat messes of food in the house and around it, and would make the place very unneat; would trample the garden underfoot, and beg for the fruit growing upon the trees, or even take it without leave. The brethren, therefore, determined to propose helping to build the king a small house near them, as the king had once expressed a wish for such a house. Still they were afraid that the king had set his heart upon living with them in their *large* house. They sent him a kind note to tell him—that they would have allowed him to have the room, had in not been for the noise and litter that his people would make.

In a few days they were pleased at receiving the following answer from the king :—

“ FRIENDS,

“ Thus my speech continueth, and this is my desire. Do you stand to my wish, and turn not away your hearing, but hear you my speech. Give you Mr. Nott and Mr. Bicknell for workmen to do my room towards the sea, in the new house; for there it will be made, if agreed well by you. Friends, give also a saw, a plane, chisels, and other small things for the work. Agree you well to it? Is it agreed? Perhaps

not. Write you your speech, that I may know. This is all. This speech is ended.

“May it be well with you, friends.

“POMARE, KING.”

The brethren readily agreed to help the king to build this little room, and sent the following answer :—

“May you live, O King!

“The speech you have written we agree to. We will give the saw, augurs, gimlets, and nails, to work your work.

“JOHN DAVIES.”

The room was soon finished. The king spent many hours in writing. He never sat down to write, but used to lie upon the floor, leaning on his chest. He also learned to read English a little. But still he continued to work iniquity.

This spring his queen Tetua had an infant. Pomare told the missionaries that it had died and pretended to be sorry for its death, though he himself had allowed it to be killed.

The queen, who had been ill for some time, now grew much worse. The king sent for a man to cure her, who, it was said, had the spirit of Mane-mane dwelling in him. You remember that the old priest was considered very powerful. However the queen was not cured.

At nine o'clock in the morning of July 21st, 1806, Tetua died, aged about twenty-four years. Alas ! though she had known the missionaries for nine years, she died a stranger to the true God.

The king appeared unhappy at her death, and so did several of his servants. Idia and a few other women cut themselves with sharks' teeth upon the occasion. The body was put in a canoe the same day, and taken to Pare to be embalmed, and placed under a shed in a little court. All the things the queen had used in her life-time were placed near her—such as her cups, combs, dishes, baskets, and tomahawk ; but they were broken, in order to prevent people taking them away. Her relations brought her food every day, and as they laid it on the altar, they offered a short prayer to tell her that there were fish and cocoa-nuts for her spirit.

While these events were occurring, the brethren ceased not to labour, as we have before described, in teaching the people, and making journeys, round the island. As they were cast down at seeing no person turned to God, in May they appointed a day for fasting and prayer. On this day they met together four times for prayer, and implored God to pardon their sins, and to enable them to bring some of the poor heathens to a knowledge of himself.

Mr. Davies had taken particular pains to

teach the children in Tahiti. He had walked much about the island on purpose to find them; and Mr. Scott and Mr. Wilson had sometimes done the same. They had all found great difficulty in getting the children to come round them to be taught. At first, the children were shy and frightened; and afterwards they were idle; and as they liked play better than learning, they often ran and hid themselves, when they saw their teachers coming. The grown-up people did the children a great deal of harm by their bad advice. They told them to say to the missionaries, "You come very often, but what property do you give us? If you do not bring us beads, pins, or fishhooks, we will not be taught. What is the good of teaching us? It only tires us! You say you pity us; why do you not give us cloth?"

These poor little children did not know the value of their souls. How could they know it when their parents taught them to care for only things?

The grown-up people often sat by the children, while they were being taught, and talked to them, or even whispered nonsense into their ears, to make them laugh, or contradicted all the missionaries said, and told the children it was nonsense.

You will, perhaps, wish to know what kind

of instruction the missionaries gave to the children. They could not teach them to read for the children would not look at their letters; so they only taught them to repeat a short catechism by heart. Some of the children at last learned this catechism perfectly, and even remembered, it after not having been taught for several months. This was some encouragement to the brethren, and induced them to make a longer catechism.*

They found, however, that they wasted much time in going to look for the children, especially since the king's return to Tahiti: for now there were feasts continually given in different places, and the children were always going to these feasts: and some of the boys became servants to the king, and followed him about from place to place.

In November, 1806, Mr. Davies opened a school in the new house, and invited the boys, who lived near, to attend it on three evenings in the week. The boys that helped the brethren

* It may be doubted, whether the mode of teaching the missionaries adopted, was either the most attractive, or the most effectual, that might have been pursued. Learning answers by heart is irksome to children, and does not open their understandings. The lesson is usually repeated with as little consideration of the meaning, as a parrot is capable of. Had the missionaries only related the history of our Lord to the children, and asked them questions upon the subject, is it not probable that a greater interest would have been excited?

to cook, were among the scholars. The children liked the school so much that a month afterwards, they asked Mr. Davies to teach them oftener. He agreed to instruct them every morning. These boys learned to read and write. They were taught first to make letters on the sand by the sea-shore. The missionaries prepared some spelling books for them, and some histories from the Bible, and sent the books to England to be printed, and in the mean while they used in the school little books they had written out. This school cheered the missionaries' spirits, because the boys seemed to take a pleasure in learning.

Another event happened at the close of the year, which gave the brethren some relief. They had not heard from their friends in England for five years—not since the Royal Admiral had brought the new missionaries. At length a vessel arrived with letters and parcels. Their joy, however, was mixed with vexation; for the clothes that had been sent to them were so much injured by the sea-water, that many of them could not be used at all.

The brethren, knowing Pomare's covetous disposition, sent him some of the things they had received, and wrote him the following note :—

"POMARE,

"This is the property that is left for you, ten hatchets, ten scissors, ten looking-glasses ; six razors. They are from *all* the missionaries. The cloth is rotten.

"JOHN YOUL"

Soon afterwards they received the following note from the king :—

"FRIENDS,

"I am greatly pleased with your present.

"POMARE."

As you know that there was no word for "thanks" in Tahitian, Pomare could not have expressed his gratitude, even if he had felt any.

By this ship there arrived a letter for Pomare from the Directors of the London Missionary Society. It was in English, and was read to Pomare by the brethren in Tahitian. Pomare was able to answer the letter himself. He wrote a long letter in Tahitian, the brethren translated it into English, and then Pomare copied the English, and sent both the Tahitian letter and the English letter to the Directors.*

* These letters are now to be seen in the London Missionary Society Museum, in Bloomfield Street, Finsbury Square.

As the letter was long, I will only mention part of it.

“FRIENDS,

“I wish you every blessing, friends, in your residence in your country, with success in teaching this bad land, this foolish land, this land which knoweth not the true God, this regardless land.

“Your request I fully consent to, and shall consequently banish Oro, and send him to Raiatea.

“Friends, I hope also you will consent to my request, which is this: I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here. Friends, send also property and cloth for us, and we also will adopt English customs.

“Friends, send also plenty of muskets, and powder, for wars are frequent in our country. Should I be killed, you will have nothing in Tahiti. Do not come here when I am dead; Tahiti is a regardless country.

“This also I wish, that you would send me all the curious things that you have in England. Also, send me everything necessary for writing,—paper, ink, and pens in abundance; let no writing utensil be wanting.

“As for your desire to instruct Tahiti, it is what I fully acquiesce in. It is a common thing for people not to understand at first; but

your object is good, and I fully consent to it, and shall cast off all evil customs.

“What I say is truth, and no lie ; it is the real truth.”

Was this letter sincere ? Can we think it was, when Pomare very soon afterwards desired that a man might be killed at Atehuru as a sacrifice, and taken in a canoe to another place ? In order to conceal the deed from the missionaries, he desired that the canoe, in passing Matavai, might keep far out to sea. Pomare made such fair promises to the Directors in England, only that he might coax them to send him property. He did not now wish to be instructed about God, though he once had appeared inclined to attend. As he was almost all day in one of the rooms of the brethren, he was often spoken to about his soul, and his sins, but he always turned the conversation to some other subject ; and still seemed to be a “child of the devil,” “an enemy of all righteousness.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, *February.*

DARKER DAYS THAN ANY THAT HAD GONE
BEFORE.

THE event the brethren dreaded at length occurred. In May, 1807, there was another war in Tahiti.

A very trifling circumstance was the principle occasion of it. A man in Atehuru made the bones of a chief, who had once been slain in battle, into fish-hooks. Now this chief was a relation of the king's, and it was considered an insult to the king to turn the bones to such a use. The king was much inclined for war, and he was encouraged to begin it by one of those wicked men, who pretended to be inspired by Oro. This prophet, who was called Metia, said that Oro was angry, and that he wished the king to fight against the men of Atehuru. The missionaries saw, with dismay, the king and his people busily employed in cleaning their muskets, and in preparing for battle. Soon afterwards, Pomare and his army set out for Atehuru. The missionaries waited with great

anxiety to know which party conquered; for if the Atehurans had prevailed, the consequences would have been very dreadful to the friends of the king.

In a few days they received a note from Pomare. It informed them that the Atehurans had been obliged to flee to their strongholds in the mountains, and that many had been slain. The brethren trembled to think how cruelly Pomare would treat the conquered people, when he could seize them, and especially their wives and children. Two of them determined to go to Pomare to entreat him to spare them. Accordingly Mr. Elder and Mr. Wilson set out. When they reached Atehuru what a scene they beheld! All the houses burnt, the trees destroyed, the people fled! Pomare himself was standing near the sea-shore, employed in the horrible work of seeing the dead bodies of the slain, placed in canoes to be taken to the marae in Taiarabu, to be offered in sacrifice to Oro. About seventy had already been sent, while thirty dead bodies remained. The two brethren were shocked with the sight of the carcasses, which had been cut and trampled upon by the conquerors. They went up to Pomare, and besought him not to kill any more of the women or children, and not to pursue the men, who had fled to the mountains. Pomare promised to grant their request, but he was unwilling to

talk to them, appearing to know that he was acting wickedly.

No doubt God was very angry with Pomare for continuing in sin after he had been so much instructed. The time was almost come when he was to eat the fruit of his doings.

Before we begin the history of the great events that soon occurred in Tahiti, we must speak of some things that befel the missionaries.

This year one of them was called to rest from his labours, and was gathered into the garner. This was Mr. Jefferson. About three years before, he had eaten the head of a fish of a poisonous kind, and had been very ill the next day. He had never been quite well since that time. He was very ill for some weeks before his death, and earnestly desired to depart, and be with Christ. He did not feel so joyful as some saints have done, but he had peace, and felt persuaded that Christ would receive him. Some of his last words were, "Comfortable, comfortable! Sweet, sweet! Glory, glory be to him!" Thus he died, on the night of September 25th, 1807.

He was buried near Mr. Lewis, and a stone was placed at the head of his grave. How different had been the lives and the deaths of these two missionaries! One had been unfaithful, and had been judged by the Lord in an awful manner; the other had been faithful for

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ten long years, and had died in peace amidst his brethren. It is true he had never had the delight of seeing one of the poor heathens turn to the Lord. Yet had he spent his strength in vain? No, his reward was with his God. (Isa. xlix, 4.) His works now followed him into the presence of God, to bear witness of the love and faith that the Spirit had breathed into his heart. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv, 13.)

The brethren much lamented the loss of Mr. Jefferson. They soon sustained several other losses, though not by death: for in the course of this year and the next, Mr. Youl, Mr. Bicknell, and Mr. Elder, all went to Port Jackson, intending to return with pious women as their wives. Mr. Youl, however, never did return. Mr. Waters also went away, though for what reason I do not know. When these four brethren were departed, there would have been only eight remaining, had not a new missionary arrived a little while before. His name was Warner, and as he understood medicine and surgery, he was appointed to be doctor, instead of Mr. Elder. Having mentioned these circumstances, I will now relate the most important event, which had happened since the beginning of the mission.

On October 3rd, 1808, the brethren received the following note from the king.

“FRIENDS,

“Be on your guard, for it is likely we shall be involved in war. The people of Matavai are continually talking of war, and forming themselves into a party against us. Therefore be not deceived by any means, but be watchful. I request that you will not make this known to any man, but keep it to yourselves. Write to me, that I may know your mind.

“Life and health to you.

“Pomare.”

The brethren were much alarmed at the thought of war, but especially a war with the people of Matavai, where they themselves resided. They wrote to entreat the king to make peace with his subjects, if possible. But they soon found that there was no hope of peace, and they thought it necessary to keep watch around their dwellings at night.

At this time a ship, called the *Perseverance*, appeared. Great was the brethren's joy at the sight. It appeared to have been sent by God, as a place of refuge. However, they did not intend to leave the island, if they could remain in it, with any prospect of safety.

The ship came from Port Jackson, and brought

Mr. Elder and his newly married wife to reside at Tahiti. In what a time of danger did Mrs. Elder arrive! She had only been on shore a few days when the following circumstance took place.

It was Sunday, and the king was drinking on board the ship, when he was informed that the people of Matavai had armed themselves with their spears, clubs, and muskets. He was very angry at this news, and came to the shore, intending to lead his men to attack the enemy immediately; but his uncle reminded him, that it was necessary first to offer prayers to the gods. While the king was worshipping, the people of Matavai fled to their camp, and more people joined their party. No battle was fought that day, but the missionaries spent a sabbath full of alarm.

The next day the rebels were to be seen in great numbers in their camps, ready to fight. Pomare sent to offer to make peace, but they refused to make it. Pomare was now much alarmed, and advised those missionaries, who were married, to go with their wives and children to the ship, that they might pass the next night in safety, and afterwards leave the island for some other land, if necessary. Pomare had even some thoughts of going away himself in this ship. A circumstance had occurred that had filled him with fears. The prophet Mitia, who

had been on his side, now fled to the enemy's camp, and Pomare thought, that it must have been the spirit of Oro in the prophet, that had induced him to turn against him.

The married missionaries took Pomare's advice, and removed to the ship with their families for the night, while those that were unmarried kept watch round their dwellings, expecting every moment an attack to be made upon them. No attack, however, was made. The day following, the brethren met together to consider whether it would not be best for them to leave the island immediately. As they required a little time to make up their minds, they wrote a note to the captain of the ship, requesting him not to set sail that day, (as he had intended,) but to wait two days more near Tahiti. They then consulted together, and agreed that it was dangerous to stay any longer in the island, as it was probable that the rebels would conquer Pomare, and afterwards slay all his friends and burn their houses. Besides, they were much discouraged at not having converted one heathen, after eleven years' toil. They determined therefore to depart, and began to remove their things to the ship.

On the morrow, Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward made a last effort to restore peace to the island. They went together to the camp of the rebels, to entreat the chiefs to see and speak to Pomare ;

but they could not induce them to consent, on account of the king's deceitful behaviour in the last war. The chiefs seemed very sorry when they heard that the brethren were going away, and they entreated them to stay.

When Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward returned to Pomare, they found that he chose to remain at Tahiti, thinking that if he were to leave it, he should lose his kingdom entirely. The brethren then told him that some of them, who were unmarried, would stay with him. He appeared much pleased at hearing this.

Accordingly Mr. Nott, Mr. Scott, Mr. Hayward, and Mr. Wilson, remained with the king, while all the rest immediately removed to the vessel.

Here is a list of the persons who left Tahiti:—

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre.	Sarah Henry	<i>Aged</i> 11
Mr. and Mrs. Henry.	Samuel Henry	- - 8
Mr. and Mrs. Elder.	Eleanor Henry	- - 5
Mr. Davies.	Nancy Connor	- - 14
Mr. Tessier.	Joseph Hagerstein	- 9
Mr. Warner.		

Several native servants, and most of the English sailors and foreigners on the island, accompanied the six missionaries on their voyage.

They set sail on November 10th, 1808, at

noon, and arrived the following morning at Huahine, an island about fifty miles distant, where they desired to be left. It was full of savages like Tahiti. None of these six brethren had visited it before, but Mr. Nett and Mr. Hayward had preached all round it the year before, and had then found the people attentive. The natives were glad to see white people coming to settle among them, and received them kindly; but when the brethren began to preach to them many mocked, while others heard with indifference, and only a few paid any attention.

Here the missionaries waited five months, before they heard any tidings of their brethren.

Are you not anxious to know what befel the brethren who remained at Tahiti? After the ship had left the island, no battle took place for several weeks. At last the prophet Mitia promised Pomare, that he should conquer, if he should fight. Pomare was induced by this prophecy to attack the rebels, though they were far more numerous than his army. He was overcome, and was obliged to flee. The four brethren, when they heard what had happened, set sail in a canoe for the Island of Eimeo, which was only fourteen miles distant. Soon after they were gone, the enemy came to Matavai, burnt their houses, and destroyed the property left behind, turned all the iron they

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found into weapons of war, and tore up the books for paper for loading their muskets; and made the place where once the garden flourished into a desolate wilderness. They did not, however, consume the orange groves.

Pomare only stayed three weeks in Tahiti after his defeat, and then joined the four brethren in Eimeo, where he remained for many months, as he was afraid to return to Tahiti.

In April, 1809, Mr. Scott and Mr. Wilson sailed to Huahine to see the brethren there, and to give them an account of the state of the king's affairs. They were received with great joy by their brethren, who felt much anxiety about them, and had feared lest they were murdered by the rebels.

About the same time, the king sent the missionaries a letter, of which this was a part.

"This is my request to you, and my wish, that you return to Tahiti; not now but by-and-by, when it is well with Tahiti. Then return here; a messenger will be sent to fetch you."

Notwithstanding the king's request, the brethren now determined to leave the Islands of the South Seas, by the first ship that should touch at Huahine; for they had no hope of ever being able to live in safety in Tahiti, and they feared they should do no more good in

Huahine, (if they continued there,) than they had done in Tahiti.

It was not surprising that they felt discouraged in their work, which seemed to be of no use ; yet, perhaps, it would have been better if they had resolved still to plough in hope.

In July Mr. Hayward arrived at Huahine. He informed the brethren that the rebels continued to have possession of Tahiti, and that the king remained in Eimeo, alone with Mr. Nott. This news strengthened the brethren in their resolution to leave the islands as soon as a ship should arrive.

We will now mention some events that happened at Tahiti during this year. As soon as the rebels made themselves masters of the island they formed the wicked scheme to seize any ships that should touch at Tahiti. Mr. Nott, who was then at Eimeo, heard of their intention, and wrote a note, which he committed to the charge of a messenger whom he thought he could trust, and desired him to deliver it into the hands of the captains who should arrive.

After many months, a small ship called the Venus, came to Tahiti, and before the messenger could find an opportunity of delivering the note, the vessel was seized by the rebels. Happily, however, none of the sailors, except the first mate, were murdered, but they were kept to offer in sacrifice to Oro. Who can

conceive the horror that filled the hearts of these unfortunate men ? God, however, by his great power, delivered them from the jaws of death. Another ship arrived, named the *Hibernia*. The natives intended to seize it also ; but on this occasion the messenger was successful in delivering the note. He went secretly to the ship in an old broken canoe, ran down into the cabin, and awoke the captain, who was asleep, and gave him the note. By this means the captain was enabled both to save his own crew, and also to deliver the crew of the *Venus*. Of course he felt exceedingly thankful to the missionary, who had warned him of his danger.

When he heard that there were several missionaries at Huahine, he sailed to that island, and was received with great delight : for the brethren had spent nearly a year there, without having seen a single ship. He willingly consented to take the missionaries to Port Jackson. Mr. Hayward, however, chose to remain in Huahine. The rest embarked in October, 1809, and after a very long and dangerous voyage, arrived at Port Jackson in February, 1810.

Mr. Hayward did not remain alone at Huahine, for almost immediately he was joined by Mr. Nott, who had now no inducement to stay at Eimeo, as the king had gone over to Tahiti to fight against his rebellious subjects. Pomare could not, however, succeed in subduing

them; yet he would not give up the attempt, hoping that neighbouring kings would come to help him. He was now justly punished for his cruel robberies and murders, and for his obstinate idolatry. It appeared as if God had withdrawn his favours, both from him and his people, and as if he had left them to bite and devour one another until they were consumed. But O the depth of the mercy of God! He yet remembered Tahiti, and purposed to arise and shine upon her.

Many people in England began to mock when they heard that the missionaries had converted none of the heathens, and had been obliged to flee. They opened their mouth wide, and cried, "Aha, aha:" that said in their hearts, "So would we have it." (Psalm xxxv, 21, 25.)

Many of the righteous were cast down, and wondered why the Lord had not blessed the labours of his servants. But the Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor are his thoughts as our thoughts. He chose to try the faith and patience of the missionaries, and to permit them to plant and water long before he gave the increase.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1810, 1811, 1812.

BRIGHTER DAYS THAN ANY THAT HAD GONE
BEFORE.

THE greatest part of the missionaries were now at Port Jackson. Soon after their arrival, Mr. Bicknell returned from England, accompanied by a wife and four young Englishwomen. He was much surprised to find his brethren at Port Jackson, as he knew nothing of the alarming events that had lately happened. He waited with his brethren at Port Jackson, to see whether the Lord would again open a door for the gospel in Tahiti.

At the end of some months the brethren received a letter from Pomare, in which he told them that many chiefs had brought men from other islands to help him to subdue his rebellious subjects, and that he was now acknowledged king, and at the same time he entreated them to return.

Soon afterwards letters arrived from Mr. Hayward and Mr. Nott, mentioning that they were with the king at Eimeo, and that peace still continued. Most of the missionaries now de-

terminated to return the first opportunity to the poor heathen.

In July, 1811, a little vessel set sail from Port Jackson to fetch pork from the South Sea Islands. There was only room in it for a few of the missionaries.

Mr. Bicknell, with his wife and one of the young women, lately arrived from England, named Sarah Chrystie, embarked in the little ship, as well as Mr. Scott and a wife he had lately married. After a fatiguing voyage, they arrived at Eimeo, on the last day of October. They found the king there, as well as his mother Idia, Mr. Hayward, and Mr. Nott.

Pomare received them with great delight. The brethren soon observed that he appeared to regard his idols less than he had done in time past: partly, perhaps, from having found the prophecies of the prophet Mitia respecting his success so false; partly, perhaps, from his afflictions, and the company at such a season of Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward.

The missionaries had to suffer great inconveniencies, as they had no comfortable houses, like those they had built in Tahiti. They lived at first with the king in a native house, while they erected better dwellings. The Englishwomen suffered much from the water overflowing the house, and Sarah Chrystie never

recovered from the ill effects of this circumstance. A few months after her arrival she married Mr. Hayward, and soon fell very ill from pains in her limbs, and was unable to leave the house.

Before these missionaries had arrived, Pomare had written another letter to Mr. Henry, entreating him to come. This is part of his letter :

“Where are Mr. and Mrs. Eyre? Are they settled? I am grieving for them. Where are the other missionaries? Where is their dwelling place? I shall not give over my sorrowing for them. We do not regard our dwelling-place here, since the missionaries are not here; they are wanted to make us happy. We are now lonesome—Notty and Mr. Hayward also. My good friends, agree to my request to you, and then I shall be happy: come you here, my dear friend, come you here to Tahiti. When you come, procure a little wine for us. If you come, I shall be happy. Write to me, that I may know your sentiments, my dear friend. Do not be neglectful, as I am grieving for you, my dear friend. Don't you look closely at this badly written letter.

“Health and happiness to you, and Mrs. Henry; may you live and prosper.—Tare, Tiritahi, and little Jo also.*

* These were the names the natives gave to Mr. Henry's children, Sarah, Samuel, and Eleanor.

"May we all be saved by Jehovah, the true God of this world—our confidence.

"POMARE."

Pomare's desire for the return of the missionaries was soon gratified: that autumn, Mr. Henry, his wife, and children, and Mr. Davies and Mr. Wilson, set sail. Mr. Davies and Mr. Wilson had lately married two of the young women who had come from England with Mr. Bicknell, and of course they took their wives with them. After having been absent from the king about three years, they joined him in Eimeo.

There were now seven missionaries in that island, namely,

Nott.
Hayward.
Bicknell.

Scott.
Wilson.

Davies.
Henry.

They were all married except Mr. Nott; and he, soon after his brethren's arrival, went to Port Jackson and brought back as his wife, one of the four young women who had accompanied Mrs. Bicknell from England.

Four of the missionaries who had left Tahiti at the time of the war, had not returned to their work. Mr. Warner had sailed to the East Indies; Mr. Eyre was engaged as a school-master in New South Wales, and was prevented

by circumstances from removing. Mr. Elder, for some reason that is not stated, never joined his brethren again ; and Mr. Tessier did not yet feel inclined to return to a field that had produced no fruit.

The place where the seven faithful missionaries settled was called Pa-pe-to-ai, and was situated near Talu Harbour, a safe and convenient place for ships to cast anchor in.



PAPETOAI, TALU HARBOUR.

Here they built dwellings, and planted gardens ; they built also a very small chapel, in which they had service every sabbath in the Tahitian language ; but very few people attended, as most of the chiefs had gone with their servants

to Tahiti. This chapel only cost them twenty-four looking-glasses, which had been bought in England for sixteen shillings, and which they gave to the natives as a reward for assisting to build the chapel.

They also opened a school, but could only procure twenty scholars, whom they taught to write on the sand, and to read in printed spelling books.

They wished to go to other islands to spread the gospel, but they thought it would be well first to build a ship, that might be always at their command, to take them from island to island. In order to build it, they were obliged to remain together. Some events also occurred which inclined them to continue in Eimeo. One of these was the most joyful that could have happened, though others were of a mournful nature.

Pomare grew more and more attentive to the king's instructions, and on one occasion he gave proof of his disregard of his idols, that caused much surprise.

It was the custom when the natives caught a turtle to bring it to Pomare, because it was a sacred animal, that might not be eaten like other food. It was thought necessary that the king should send it first to the idol's temple to be dressed with sacred fire, and give part of it to the idol before he ate any himself.

In the spring of 1812, a turtle was caught, and Pomare's servants were taking it to the temple when the king called them back, and desired them to dress it in the oven in his kitchen, and to serve it all up for his dinner.

The servants thought the king was mad, or in joke; but when they heard him repeat the order, they were obliged to obey.

At dinner-time the king's friends and servants stood around in silence, expecting to see the king presently fall in convulsions, or drop down dead. In vain the king asked them to eat with him, and assured them that the gods had no power to hurt them. The servants, as they removed the dishes, expressed their surprise, that he had not yet been punished, while they still fully expected, that before the morrow, some judgment would be sent. But, as no harm did befall him, the king was much confirmed by this event in his contempt of idols.

Pomare's conduct on this occasion would have been much more surprising, if another of the natives had not already tried a still bolder experiment. This native was Pahi, the brother of the king of Raiatea. Some time before, when he was at Tahiti with king Pomare, he dreamed that a large fierce cat pounced upon him, and tore his face in a shocking manner. He awoke in great alarm, but falling asleep again, dreamed the same thing; and after again

awaking, fell asleep, and dreamed it a third time. He then said to himself, "This is my bad god who has disturbed me, I will destroy it." Next day he seized the log of wood, which till then he had worshipped, threw it into the flames of an oven, and baked some bread-fruit with it. The natives were astonished at his boldness in burning the god; but still more at his daring to eat the bread-fruit that had been baked with its ashes. Pomare was then very angry with Pahi, and yet, as you have seen, soon afterwards behaved in a similar manner.

About this time Pomare declared that for the future he would only have one wife. He determined to marry the eldest daughter of the king of Raiatea. Accordingly he sent a message to that monarch to inform him of his intention, promising to send a fleet of canoes with some chiefs, to fetch the princess. The king of Raiatea had another daughter, named Tera, a little younger than her sister, and much handsomer. She asked her father to allow her to visit Pomare immediately, and when she had obtained permission, she set out, accompanied by a great train of chiefs, both men and women. When Pomare saw her, he liked her so well that he determined to make her his wife. It is probable that Tera had hoped, before she set out, that Pomare would act in this manner. Pomare was, however, afraid lest the king of

Raiatea should be offended at what he had done, and should go to war with him; therefore he said to Tera, "Yon shall not be my *queen*; your eldest sister shall be my *queen*, and you shall be my *wife*."

He sent the fleet to fetch the eldest sister, as he had promised, and when she arrived, she bore the title of Pomare Vahine (or the female Pomare,) and was treated with more honour than her sister. But though Pomare appointed his wife's sister to the dignity of queen, we will not *call* her queen in this history, because in other histories she is not spoken of under that name. We shall therefore call Tera *queen*, and Pomare Vahine we shall call the *queen's sister*. You will, however, expect to hear of Pomare Vahine very often, and to find that she is a person of great consequence. She was also the queen of the island of Huahine, for her father had given her that island, though as she did not live there, a person, called regent, ruled in her stead.

At length Tera, the queen, had a little daughter. The conduct of Pomare, with regard to this infant, was very hopeful. In former times, very strange commands were given upon the birth of a royal infant. No fires were allowed to be lighted for many days, except at a great distance from its dwelling. No boat was allowed to leave the shore, so that the people were generally much distressed for fish; and no persons were

permitted to approach the child, except sacred persons dressed in sacred clothes. Pomare observed none of these customs, but told the missionaries that he wished his baby to be brought up like an English child, and asked them to give him cups, saucers, and spoons, that he might have it fed in the English manner. This child was called Ai-ma-ta ; of whom you will hear much hereafter.

On the 18th of July, 1812, Pomare held a conversation with the missionaries which much delighted them. He came to them and said, "You do not know the thoughts of my heart, nor I yours, but God does." This was the way he began the conversation. I cannot repeat it all, but in the course of it he said, "I wish to be baptized, for it is my fixed purpose to cleave to Jehovah, and to you, who are his people. I wish you to pray for me."

One of the brethren replied, "We have never ceased to pray for you, and it would truly rejoice us to see you give your heart to God. Then we would baptize you."

Pomare again answered, "You do not know my heart, nor I yours ; but he who made men knows their hearts, and whether they speak truth or falsehood to each other."

The brethren then said, "It is the custom for missionaries not to baptize heathens immediately they desire it, but to wait, and instruct

them in the things of God for some time, and to observe their conduct, to see whether they have truly forsaken evil ways."

Pomare replied, "I am willing to do as you think proper, and to be baptized when you see fit."

In the course of this conversation, Pomare said, "I should like to build a chapel" (for the chapel already built was very small).

The missionaries proposed waiting till all the confusion in the islands was over; but Pomare answered, "Let us not mind it; let the chapel be built at all events." Pomare also said, "I have been trying to persuade Tamatoa and Tapoa (who were kings of other islands) to do as I intend to do, but they say, "You may do as you please; for our parts, we will cleave to Oro." "But that is the same," observed Pomare, "as cleaving to Satan. If no one else would hear you, or turn to your God, yet I would, for I desire to be happy after death, and to be saved in the day of judgment."

It is impossible to express what joy the missionaries felt, when they heard Pomare speak in this manner. They were not, however, quite sure whether Pomare was really converted, and they waited with anxiety to observe his behaviour.

They would have begun to build the chapel immediately, but in less than a month after

this conversation, two chiefs came over from Tahiti, and invited Pomare to return, promising to endeavour to reconcile all their disputes with him ; for the peace that had been already made between Pomare and his subjects had not been a sound and sincere one. The missionaries beheld him depart from Tahiti with great regret, as they feared, lest he should yield to the temptations he would meet with.

About this time they were encouraged to hope for more conversions, by the happy death of one of their young servants. Though, when first taken ill, he would not listen to them, he seemed at length to be brought to repentance, and cried for pardoning mercy through Christ, till he could speak no more.

In the same summer that this joyful change in Pomare appeared, some very mournful events also happened. God frequently mixes great sorrows and great joys together, that we may neither be too much carried away with delight, or too much cast down with grief.

Mrs. Henry had long been in a suffering state. She had undergone many hardships during the fifteen years she had lived in foreign lands. She was a truly pious woman, full of love to the souls of the heathen, and died deeply lamented, at the age of thirty-eight.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Davies was suddenly

called away, leaving an infant, who died three weeks after its mother.

Soon another grave was opened for Mrs. Hayward, who had continued to suffer acute pains in her limbs during the last eight months. Her death was very peaceful, and her last words were, "My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

No one, dwelling in his native country, can tell what a missionary feels in the loss of a beloved wife : for, as he is separated from all his relations, his heart clings the more fondly to the partner of his toils.

In the course of four months, what a breach had been made in the missionary family ! Yet the brethren felt that God had been very gracious to them, in giving them the joy of Pomare's conversion in a time of deep sorrow. It was not so painful to commit a saint to the tomb, as it was delightful to see dead men rising from the grave of sin.

The brethren received from Pomare after his departure very different letters from any he had ever written before. In one of these letters he said,

"You indeed will be saved, you are become the people of God : but I may be banished to hell : God may not regard me ; I am a wicked

man and my sins are great, and heaped together."

In another letter he said,

"I was taken ill about three o'clock on Monday morning last. My affliction is great, but if I can only obtain God's favour before I die, I shall count myself well off. But, oh! should I die with my sins unpardoned, it will be ill indeed with me."

In a third letter Pomare wrote thus:—

"I continue to pray to God without ceasing. Regardless of other things, I am concerned only that my soul may be saved by Jesus Christ. It is my earnest desire that I may become one of Jehovah's people, and that God may turn away his anger from me, which I deserve for my wickedness, my ignorance of him, and my heaped-up crimes."

Some months afterwards Pomare seemed to feel a brighter hope of pardon, for he said in another letter.

"I venture with my guilt to Jesus Christ, (though I am not equalled in wickedness, nor equalled in guilt, not equalled in obstinate wickedness and rejection of the truth,) that this very wicked man may be saved by Jehovah Jesus Christ."

The missionaries now thought that Pomare must be really converted, for he seemed so much grieved on account of his sins. He also appeared

anxious to do what was right, for in the last letter that has been quoted, he said, "There are a great many thieves in Tahiti: they have stolen six pieces of cloth, and books, and other things. Shall I sin in killing the thieves? Write me fully what you think, my dear friends."

Once Pomare murdered men who had done him no harm; now he was afraid of being cruel to those who had robbed him. He also observed the sabbath constantly, and endeavoured to persuade all his friends to turn to God. Though he was a king, many mocked him on account of his religion, and told him angrily that he was the cause of all the troubles in Tahiti, because he had offended Oro, who had made him king.

The missionaries were filled with astonishment to think that so very wicked a man as Pomare had been, should turn to God; yet Christ, they knew, came to save the chief of sinners. They gave all the glory of the change to the great and wonderful grace of God, which alone could change so great and wonderful a sinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

1813, 1814.

THE JOYFUL DISCOVERY.

THE missionaries now found the people in **Timeo** very ready to attend to their instructions, and they heard that the people in Tahiti also were inquiring after the true God. It was agreed that two of the brethren should go over to Tahiti to see whether the joyful report was true.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward were sent upon this message. They landed in Tahiti, and slept that night in one of the native houses. Early in the morning they rose, and each went to look for some retired place among the bushes where he might pray. While Mr. Scott was alone, he heard a voice; it seemed the voice of prayer! he drew nearer to the place whence it came, and heard a Tahitian blessing the true God. It was the first time he had ever heard such words from a Tahitian's lips. Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, and he longed to clasp the Christian man to his heart, but he waited in

silence till the man left the spot, and then he knelt down and thanked God fervently for having bestowed his Spirit upon the poor heathen. Mr. Scott returned to the house, and there met his friend Mr. Hayward, whom he informed of the joyful event. They inquired amongst the natives for the man who had left off worshipping idols, and were told of one, named O-i-to, who had done so. They sought for him, and heard his own account of himself. Oito had once been a servant to the missionaries when they had lived in Tahiti, but he had not *then* believed; lately he had been struck with some remarks the king had made; and longing for instruction, he had gone to a man called Tu-a-hi-ne, who had been servant to the missionaries for many years, and he had asked him to teach him.* Tuahine was in the same state of mind as Oito. These two often met to pray together and to converse, amongst the lonely places in the mountain. The change in their behaviour was soon observed by their countrymen. Some ridiculed them; a few, however, joined their little prayer meeting, and agreed to give up worshipping idols, and all evil customs, and to keep the sabbath day. Such was the account that Oito gave of himself to the missionaries.

* A very interesting account of Tuahine, and of his death in 1827, is to be found in Williams's *Missionary Enterprises*, p. 159.

Mr. Scott immediately wrote a letter to inform the brethren in Eimeo of these happy events. When the brethren read the letter, they shed tears of grateful joy. They felt now that they were rewarded for sixteen years of toil, and watching, and alarm; for God had granted the Gentiles repentance unto life.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward went round the island of Tahiti, preaching the gospel, and then invited Oito, and Tuahine, and their praying companions, to return with them to Eimeo, to receive instruction at school and at chapel. These Christian natives were glad to accept the invitation, especially as Tahiti was at this time in a state of great confusion and wickedness. You may imagine how affectionately these people were received by the brethren in Eimeo.

The missionaries knew that there were many people in Eimeo desirous of serving the true God, and they were anxious to discover who they were, that they might instruct, and watch over them. I will now relate the plan they adopted for this purpose.

The chapel that Pomare had desired to be built was opened for public worship on July 15th, 1813, just one year after Pomare's order had been given. The king himself was not there at the opening, as he was still at Tahiti. When the evening service was just over, Mr. Davies invited all persons, who sincerely desired

to cast away their idols, to come to the chapel the next evening, that he might write down their names in a book. About forty attended at the time appointed. The brethren prayed and sang and Mr. Nott gave a short address, and asked who to come forward who really desired to serve the true God alone. Thirty-one consented to have their names written down; amongst these were Oito and Tuahine. The brethren invited the little company to meet them often in the chapel to be instructed privately.

One of them, named Mu-i, was soon called to his rest. This poor youth had shown great love for the word of God and prayer, and had crept to the bushes to pray in secret, as long as he had strength. When confined to his hut, he would say, as the people passed by on their way to school or chapel, "My feet cannot go, but my heart goes with you."

About the same time a person of a very different character died. This was Idia. She had always been a bitter enemy to Christ, and had even prevented others from confessing the belief in him. Several persons who had been afraid of declaring they were Christians in her lifetime, did so as soon as she was dead. It is true, she had been kind to the missionaries, but not for their Master's sake.

I will now mention several circumstances that happened in the missionary family th

year. Mr. Tessier, one of the former missionaries, came to Tahiti, as soon as he heard of the king's conversion. He was a very little man, and not clever, but he made himself useful by teaching young children, and copying out books for them to use in school. These little services, if done from love, are as acceptable to Christ, as preaching to thousands of people.

Mr. Henry went to Port Jackson, and returned with a new wife; so that there were now eight missionaries and their five wives in Eimeo, besides several little children.

The missionaries suffered much from illness, especially from swellings in their limbs, and from bilious attacks. Sometimes almost all of them were ill at the same time, and unable to preach. The Christian natives lamented their teachers' illness, with tears in their eyes, saying, "Alas! what will become of us, if you die?" The brethren themselves feared that some of their lives would soon be cut short, and they wrote letters to England, entreating that more missionaries might be sent to their help; yet in all their weakness they had much to rejoice in.

They observed with delight that the people they instructed, prayed daily both in their families and secretly amongst the bushes, and constantly asked a blessing upon their food. For these habits, the Christians were much ridiculed

by the heathen, and called "Bu-re A-tu-a," or praying people. This was an honourable title, but it was meant as a reproach. In all countries, the people of God are mocked by the ungodly. In England they are often called "saints, methodists, evangelical," and many other names; but such reproaches are an honour indeed; for Christ himself was even called "Beelzebub, or the devil." (Matt. x. 5.)

There were many persons from other islands assembled in Eimeo at this time, and some of them were anxious to be instructed by the missionaries, and came and dwelt near them. They had come to Eimeo to assist Pomare in his wars; but God, in his wisdom, had brought them there that they might carry back the peaceful tidings of salvation to their own countries. During this year some of them returned to Raiatea and Huahine, whence they came.

Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward went to visit these islands in a ship that touched at Eimeo, and found the people ready to assemble to hear them of their own accord, and full of contempt for their idols, calling them bad and foolish gods. At the end of two months, the two brethren returned with the joyful account to Eimeo. Some of the missionaries would gladly have gone to live in the neighbouring islands, but they were obliged to keep together to finish their ship. They were also so frequently ill

that they were afraid of separating from each other.

The missionaries were anxious to baptize those people in Eimeo who appeared truly converted. But as Pomare was the *first* who had asked to be baptized, they thought it proper to write to him on the subject. They had been grieved by hearing bad accounts of his conduct, especially of his drinking too much, a sin to which he had always been much inclined. In their letter to him, they begged him to consider his own case, and whether he was in a fit state for baptism.

Pomare wrote to them in answer, that he should soon return to Eimeo, and that he did not wish any person to be baptized before he came, and recommended the brethren to wait to see whether the people were sincere in their religion.

The brethren, however, were not so fearful of any of the people having deceived themselves, as they were of Pomare himself.

It was selfish of Pomare to wish to make the people wait to be baptized, till he should return; but he seemed to have a proud desire to be the first to be baptized, and perhaps it was not right in the brethren to grant his desire.

After an absence of two years, the king returned to Eimeo; but when he came, though he expressed a strong desired to be baptized, the

brethren felt too much dissatisfied with him, to comply with his request; yet they did not baptize any of his people. He still continued firmly resolved to be a Christian in name, but alas! he did not appear to possess a renewed heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.


1815.

HOW THE IDOLS WERE PUBLICLY INSULTED.

THE brethren had long feared that death would soon take away one of their number. At the beginning of this year the thing they feared came upon them. Mr. Scott, who had often been ill for a few days, fell ill again, and died. No one was alarmed on his account, till the day before his death.

He spoke very little to his friends during his last hours, but seemed peaceful, and was heard to repeat the following verse—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand’ring from the fold of God.
And to save my soul from danger,
Interpos’d his precious blood.”



He also repeated the hymn beginning

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

In one respect he was more happy than Mr. Jefferson had been, for he had lived to see many of the heathens turn unto the true God. He had been a very diligent labourer, and was much lamented by his brethren. He left behind him a wife, and two little children.

The people in Eimeo grew more and more anxious for instruction. There were now above three hundred names written down, and three hundred scholars (chiefly grown-up people) who attended the schools every day.

At this time a very striking conversion took place, which shook exceedingly the power of Satan among the heathens.

One evening Mr. Nott, after preaching at the tents of one of the great chiefs, who had visited Eimeo, was returning home by the sea-shore, when a priest, called Pa-ti-i, followed him. He had listened to Mr. Nott's sermon, and now seemed anxious to converse with him. Mr. Nott was astonished to hear him say, "To-morrow evening, I shall burn the idols under my care."

Mr. Nott replied, "I fear you are jesting with me; you know we wish you to burn them, but do you really intend to do so? I can scarcely believe what you say."

"Don't be unbelieving," replied Patii, "wait

till to-morrow, and you shall see." The rest of the way Mr. Nott and Patii conversed only of Jesus Christ and his salvation.

When Mr. Nott told his brethren what he had said, they wondered whether he would keep his word, and feared, that if he did, the people would be much enraged by his burning of the honoured idols.

The next morning Patii and his friends were collecting wood near the sea-shore; in the afternoon they were splitting it, and making a great pile near the idols' temple.

A great number of the heathens, as well as the missionaries and their friends, assembled at the place in the evening. Just before the setting of the sun, Patii appeared and ordered his servants to set fire to the pile of wood. He then went to the idols' house, and brought them out, one at a time, as he had often done before. But he did not now praise them as in former times, but after spreading them in a row on the ground, he tore off the cloths which covered them, stripped them of their ornaments, and threw them one by one into the flames; and as he threw each, he pronounced its name, and repeated its foolish history, calling upon the people to observe what a helpless log it was. When he had the sun set upon a more joyous sight, upon those expiring flames, which had consumed the chief idols of Eimeo.

The heathens returned home, astonished at what they had seen. Some expected that the gods would soon show their anger, while others doubted more than ever whether the gods had any power at all, and began to burn their idols and to destroy their temples. Patii himself from this time diligently listened to the missionaries, and walked worthy of the blessed gospel of Christ.

The queen's sister, about the same time, publicly showed her contempt for idols. She had arrived the year before at Eimeo, accompanied by a great train of servants. Amongst them was a man called Fare-fau, who became a Christian, had his name written down, and attended the school.

This spring the chiefs of Eimeo sent, according to the custom, a large present of pigs, and fruit, as a feast for the princess. Before the feast was given, the princess (who was herself inclined to be a Christian) consulted the king and her other friends on the subject. He wished to prevent the ears of a pig, or the head of a fish, being taken to the marae, as an offering to the gods; for she desired the food to be sanctified by the true God. It was determined that some person should offer a prayer to this God over the food before it was eaten. It required great courage to offer such a prayer before the idolaters. Farefau, however, undertook to do it, and kept his word.

The priests, who were waiting near, ready to carry the food to the marae, were enraged ; but yet they durst not take it there, after it had been offered to the Christians' God.

Soon afterwards the queen's sister went over to Tahiti, accompanied by the queen herself. Pomare gave them a book to convey to his little girl, who was now three years old, and who was residing in Tahiti with her nurse.

When the idolaters in Tahiti heard that the king had sent a book to his little daughter, they saw that he intended to bring her up in the new religion, and they were more determined than ever not to let Pomare be king,

The chiefs, as usual, gave a feast to the queen and her sister on her arrival in Tahiti. Some of the priests, observing that these ladies despised their gods, began to speak to them in an insulting manner, and to threaten them with the anger of the beings they despised, and, at the same time, pointed to some bunches of red feathers, which were hanging near, and which were intended to represent their gods.

Farefau, hearing these speeches, exclaimed "Are these feathers the mighty things with whose anger you threaten us ? I will soon settle the affair." He instantly seized hold of them, and threw them into an oven, which was dug near, and thus destroyed them.

This act was perhaps unwise. The idolaters

were exceedingly provoked by it, and though they durst not revenge themselves on the spot, they waited for an opportunity to do so.

While the queen and her sister were in Tahiti, Pomare set out upon a journey round Eimeo, for the purpose of persuading the heathen, wherever he went, to turn from idols. It may surprise you, after what you have heard of Pomare, to find that he could take so much pains in God's service. The missionaries also were perplexed by him: sometimes they hoped he was a child of God, and sometimes they feared he was a child of the devil.

During the journey he wrote to the missionaries. In his letter he said, "I am highly pleased that the chief people attend so well to the word of God. This was my business in this journey, to make known to them the word of God: and, behold, they have listened unto it: they have regarded it. Had it been otherwise, I should have been much grieved. To-morrow is our meeting for prayer: the beginning of the new month. Should these even ask me to write down their names, how ought I to act? Shall I write them? Write your mind to me without delay, and give me instructions how to do. May you be blessed of God!

"POMARE, KING."

This letter would have given the missionaries

much comfort, had not some parts of Pomare's conduct alarmed them.

While the word of God was taking root in some hearts, sin raged more violently in those of others. The rebellious Tahitians had committed dreadful deeds for a long while past. They had seized an English vessel, had murdered some on board, and had attempted to seize other vessels;* they had persecuted the Christian natives, burnt one of their houses of worship, and hunted them as sacrifices for Oro. It was considered dangerous to be known a Christian. Some indeed were brave enough to worship God openly; but others like Nicodemus, were afraid to confess Christ, and only met together for prayer, at midnight, in the thick woods, and lonely valleys.

Amongst those who suffered for the sake of Christ, was a young man, whose affecting history I will now relate.

When he became a Christian, his relations laughed at him; then they made them flattering promises, on condition he would again worship their gods; and last of all, they threatened him, and cast him out of his father's house. After he was become an outcast, his enemies fixed upon

* At this period Mr. Shelley (who was captain of a small vessel) narrowly escaped being murdered by some natives of Raiatea on board. Soon afterwards, he desired to return to the Friendly Islands, (where he had first laboured,) as a missionary, but died, before he could execute his purpose.

him for a sacrifice to their idols. They went in search of him, and found him sitting beneath some trees at the top of a hill near his little dwelling. He had retired to that quiet spot to meditate upon God, before he offered up his evening prayer.

He saw a crowd of servants of the priests and chiefs approaching—as once in Gethsemane, our Saviour had beheld Judas and his enemies. Suddenly the young man guessed the purpose for which they were come. When they came near, they told him, the king was arrived and wished to see him; he calmly replied that he did not believe the king was come. They then told him, some of his friends wished to see him. But he answered, “Why do you seek to deceive me? I know that a man is soon to be offered to the idols, and I know that I am to be that man. But Jesus Christ is my keeper. You may be permitted to kill my body, but I am not afraid to die! My soul you cannot hurt: Jesus Christ will keep it safely.”

His enemies, finding that they could not persuade him to come down with them to the seashore, where a canoe was waiting, rushed upon him, and killed him; then, putting his body into a basket of cocoa-nut leaves, carried him in the canoe to the temple.

Some time afterwards, the rebels in Tahiti fixed upon a young man, named Aberahama, as

a sacrifice. He was chosen because he was a Christian. When he saw the priest's servants approaching, he fled; but was pursued by them, shot at, and wounded. As soon as he received the ball, he fell—and, unable any longer to run, he crawled among some bushes, and hid himself. His enemies endeavoured to discover the place of his concealment; they came very near him several times; but could not succeed in finding him, and at last went away disappointed. When they were gone, and night was come, Aberahama crept out of his hiding place to the house of his friends, who dressed his wound, and carried him to a place of safety. He recovered from his wound; but never lost the honourable scar, which showed that he had endangered his life for the sake of Christ, even of that Saviour, who is now seen in heaven, like a lamb, as it had been slain.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1815.

THE BATTLE WHICH CHANGED THE STATE OF TAHITI.

THE year 1815 was the most remarkable that had ever been known in Tahiti. I am now going to relate the great events that occurred in it.

You have already heard how much the heathens in Tahiti hated the Christian natives. At length some of them determined to destroy them entirely. Many of the heathen chiefs, who had before been at enmity with each other, joined together in this scheme.

They fixed upon the night of July 7th, when they heard the Christians would be assembled together (probably for prayer) near the seashore.

The Christians came together as was expected; but they were secretly informed of the plan their enemies had made, and immediately jumped into their canoes and sailed to Pimeo, where they arrived next morning. The heathen chiefs assembled at the place appointed,

soon after the Christians had escaped, and were enraged at not finding them. As these chiefs had been enemies formerly, they soon began to quarrel among themselves. The greater part turned against those who had first proposed the slaughter of the Christians, and destroyed many of them. Thus God showed his anger against wickedness, by causing the wicked to fall into the pit which he had digged.

The missionaries in Eimeo had of course received with affection the poor Christians who had fled to them for protection. When they heard what had happened, they felt much alarmed lest the heathens should at length rise up in both islands, and destroy all the worshippers of Jehovah. They set apart the 14th of July as a day of fasting and prayer, to beseech the Lord to turn the hearts of their enemies. They had often set apart days in former times, to pray for the conversion of the heathen, and then they had prayed alone, but now hundreds of native Christians joined in their prayers.

Their God soon showed them his ear was not heavy that he could not hear, nor his arm short, that he could not save.

Soon afterwards, two chiefs from Tahiti arrived in Eimeo. They came to invite the Christian chiefs, who had fled, to return to their lands.

It was necessary the king should return with

the Christians, that he might make good their right to their lands, according to the ancient customs. The king therefore set out with them and their servants, accompanied also by many Christians from other islands. They knew that they had numerous enemies in Tahiti; and therefore they were prepared for war.

When they arrived in their canoes at the shores of Tahiti, they saw on the beach a great number of people with spears and guns, who forbade them to land, and fired on them several times. The king did not fire on them in return, but sent a flag on shore with an offer of peace. At length the people allowed them to land, and appeared inclined to be peaceable; so that many of the chiefs returned quietly to their own lands. But though the heathen *appeared* friendly, they were forming plans for destroying the king and his friends. The king suspected their wicked intentions, and kept a constant watch over their proceedings.

One of the king's chief enemies was a man called U-pu-fa-ra. He had often heard of the true God, but would not believe in him. One night he had a dream, in which he saw an immense oven, with a very great fire, and in the midst of it a large fish, twisting itself in agony, and trying to get out—and though in the fire, not consumed, but still living. He awoke much alarmed, and could not sleep again that night;

nor could he forget what he had seen, but thought that perhaps the dream had been sent to show him what he should suffer for his sins in hell.

Seeing his friends resolved to fight against Pomare, he said to one of them, "Perhaps we are wrong; let us send a message to the king, and propose to make peace; and ask for books, that we may know what this new word is." The priests, however, persuaded him to fight, assuring him that Oro would deliver the praying people into his hands. O why did Upufara listen to their deceitful counsels, and resist the good desires that had sprung up in his heart! "Who ever hardened himself against God, and prospered?"

Two days afterwards he led the people to battle against Pomare. The day of the battle was a sabbath, Nov. 12th, 1815.

Pomare and his friends did not know that they should be attacked by their enemies on that day, but they knew it was very probable that they should be assailed on some sabbath, when they were engaged in God's worship—and therefore they had appointed men to watch outside the chapel, while they were assembled in it, and had desired these men to fire, if they saw the enemy approaching.

Early on the sabbath morning, Pomare and eight hundred persons (some of whom were armed with spears and guns) were collected

in the chapel in Bu-na-a-u-ia. They were just going to begin service, when they heard the sound of their watchmen's guns. They looked out and perceived an army at a distance, carrying before them the flags in honour of the idols.

"It is war, it is war!" the Christians exclaimed. Some of them were hastening to their tents for arms, when Pomare arose, and requested them to remain quietly in their places, assuring them that God would protect them during his own worship, which ought on no account to be forsaken. A hymn was then read by one of the company and sung by the congregation: a portion of scripture was next read, and a prayer was offered. The service being thus finished, those who were unarmed, went to their tents to procure weapons.

The battle was fought on the sand of the seashore, and among the trees that grew close to it. Many of Pomare's army had not yet become Christians; these were not placed in the front, as they could not be so well trusted as the Christians who even requested to occupy that situation. Among the warriors was the queen's sister, Pomare Vahine, a tall, strong woman, who wore a sort of net of cords for armour, and held a gun and spear. On one side of her fought Farefau, her bold Christian servant. Pomare himself sat in a canoe, and shot at the enemy.

The heathens rushed upon Pomare's army with furious courage, having been assured by their priests, that their gods would give them the victory. But the Christians looked up to their God for help, and often knelt, during the battle, upon the grass, (either alone, or two or three together,) and offered up a short prayer.

Several were killed on both sides. At length Upufara (the chief captain of the heathen) was shot and fell. As he sat gasping on the sand, his friends gathered round him, and endeavoured to stop the bleeding of the wound. "Leave me," said the dying warrior. "Mark yonder young man; he inflicted the wound,—on him revenge my death." Thus breathing vengeance Upufara expired. Two or three strong men ran towards the man, who had shot their captain; one of them overtook him, and sprang upon him before he was aware; but, as he was endeavouring to strangle him, was himself slain by the same gun that had destroyed Upufara, and which the man still held in his hand.

The news of Upufara's death greatly discouraged the heathen army, who were at last obliged to flee to the rocks and mountains for shelter. The king's soldiers were going to pursue them as in former times, but Pomare approached, and cried out, "A-ti-ra," or "It is enough. Pursue none that have fled from the battle, neither burn their houses, nor murder their children." You

know what cruelties were practised by the heathens on their conquered enemies. How great a change had God wrought in Pomare's once cruel heart! Even the bodies of the enemy, instead of being left upon the shore for dogs and swine to devour, were properly buried, and the body of Upufara was carried to the place where his fathers lay in their tombs.

Instead of ending the day in slaughter, Pomare assembled his little army to thank God for their great deliverance. How much had depended upon the battle fought this day! Had Pomare been conquered, all the Christians would have been cruelly killed or made slaves, and the idol gods would have been honoured as in former days. But now God was praised by his servants, and even by many who had never before worshipped him, and who joined in the praises of that evening.

Instead of killing his enemies, Pomare determined to destroy their idols. He sent a band of men to the temple of Oro to overthrow it. Before they set out he said to them, "Go out to the little islands, where the women and children of the enemy have been sent for safety; turn not aside to burn houses, nor to destroy groves, but go strait along the highway." The men obeyed. When they arrived at Oro's temple in Tiairabu, (the smaller part of the island,) they were afraid lest the people should

be enraged at the attempt to insult their god, and should attack them: however, they were not prevented by these fears from acting in a very courageous manner. They began by firing into the small house where the idols were kept, saying, "Now, ye gods, if ye be gods, and have any power, come forth, and avenge the insults which we offer you." The multitude stood round astonished both at the boldness of the men, and at the helplessness of the idols. The house was soon afterwards pulled down, and the gods shot through and through, and cast into the fire. Oro himself was not destroyed; only his covering and ornaments were thrown into the flames. He was merely a piece of wood rather longer than a man, and about the thickness of a man's leg. The senseless god was carried to Pomare, and laid at his feet.

And what use do you think the king made of Oro? He set it up as a post in his kitchen, fixing pegs upon it, on which baskets for food were hung, and after a time he used it as fuel. This was the end of Oro, about whom the Tahitians had fought so fiercely for many years. Thus may all God's enemies perish!

The people who had fled to the mountains, sent persons secretly in the night, to see whether their wives and children had been hurt. They were astonished to hear that they were safe, and that the king and his friends promised to pardon

all their enemies. At first they could not believe the news. After a few days they ventured to leave the mountains; and when they found that neither their houses nor families had been injured, they readily went to entreat the king's pardon, and to promise obedience for the future. They now saw how good the God was that Pomare worshipped, a God who taught him to be merciful to his enemies. "We had done everything to offend the king," said they, "and yet, when he was able to destroy us, he freely forgave us." They had often heard before that God so loved his enemies, as to give his Son to die for them, but now they believed it.

As soon as possible after the battle, Pomare sent to inform the missionaries in Eimeo of his success. A man (once a chief priest, and an areoi) was the bearer of the message. The missionaries and their scholars saw the canoe approaching, and hastened to the beach: but before they could ask a single question, the messenger exclaimed, "Conquered! conquered! by prayer alone!" and then, with the spear in his hand, sprang upon the shore.

The missionaries at first could scarcely believe the news for joy, but soon they assembled to render thanks to God, both for delivering them from the heathen, and for overthrowing the idol gods.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1816.

THE WILDERNESS TURNED INTO A GARDEN.

It might naturally be expected that some of the brethren would now remove to Tahiti, to dwell there : and it was their wish to remove, but they were still engaged in building a ship. When they had begun to build this ship, they could scarcely induce people to hear them ; therefore they had not then so much work to do for souls, as they now had. They had intended to use the ship in going from island to island, both to preach, and to get pearls or pigs, to exchange with English ships, that they might not require so much money from the Christians in England. They were now sorry that they had ever begun it.

But though the brethren were not able yet to settle in Tahiti, they were anxious to visit it, and to behold the wonderful change that God had wrought there. Accordingly Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward went very soon to Tahiti, and

travelled round the island, preaching to large congregations on their way. They found the people busy in destroying maraes, and in building little chapels. In these chapels the natives were accustomed to meet together three times on the sabbath and once in the week. As the natives in general were not able to preach, they usually only prayed at their meetings, and read parts of the little books which had lately been printed, and which contained passages from Scripture. At these meetings they sometimes read prayers, which they had first written down. Pomare had written a prayer which he often read himself in the chapels.

You will no doubt like to see a translation of this prayer.

“Jehovah, thou God of our salvation, hear our prayers, pardon thou our sins, and save our souls.

“Our sins are great, and more in number than the fishes of the sea, and our obstinacy has been very great, and not to be equalled. Turn thou us to thyself, and enable us to cast off every evil way. Lead us to Jesus Christ, and let our sins be cleansed in his blood. Grant us thy good Spirit to be our sanctifier.

“Save us from hypocrisy. Suffer us not to come to thy house with carelessness, and return to our own houses and commit sin. Unless thou

have mercy upon us, we perish. Unless thou save us, unless we are prepared, and made meet for thy habitation in heaven, we are banished to the fire, we die: but let us not be banished to that unknown world of fire. Save us through Jesus Christ thy Son, the Prince of Life; ye let us obtain salvation through him.

"Bless all the inhabitants of these islands, and the families thereof; let every one stretch out his hands unto God, and say,—'Lord, save me—Lord, save me.'"

"Let all these islands,—Tahiti, with all the people of Eimeo, and of Huahine, and of Raiatea, and of the little islands around, partake of thy salvation. Bless Britain, and every country in the world. Let thy word grow quickly in the world, so as to grow faster than evil.

"Be merciful to us, and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

This prayer showed that Pomare had been taught aright what to pray for.

Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward found the people very anxious to learn to read. As there were no schools in Tahiti, the people were willing to be taught by anyone whom the missionaries had instructed, when they lived in the island. Many grown-up persons might be seen sitting under trees learning to read. Some of the missionaries' old scholars went to the other

islands, and taught the inhabitants. The chiefs of these islands sent messages to the brethren, entreating them to come over and preach to them.

When the missionaries saw and heard these things, they exclaimed, "This is the finger of God. What hath God wrought!"

The king had some time before destroyed his *public* idols: but he now wished to part with his *family* idols, that he had always kept in his houses. He sent about twelve of these *rightful* little images to the missionaries inimeo, with a letter, of which I will copy a part.

"FRIENDS,

"May you be saved by Jehovah, and Jesus Christ our Saviour. This is my speech to you, my friends.

"I wish you to send these idols to England or the Missionary Society, that they may know the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped. These were my own idols belonging to my fathers, and my father left them to me when he died. And now, having been made acquainted with the true God,—with Jehovah, HE IS MY God. When this body of mine shall be dissolved in death, may the Three-One save me. This is my shelter, my close hiding-place, even from the anger of Jehovah. When he looks

upon me, I will hide me at the feet of Jesus Christ my Saviour, that I may escape.

"I rejoice and praise Jehovah that he hath made known this word unto me. I should have gone to destruction, if Jehovah had not interposed. Many have died, and are gone to destruction, king, and common people; they died without knowing anything of the true God: and now, when it came to the small remainder of the people, Jehovah hath been pleased to make known his word, and we are made acquainted with his good word, made acquainted with the deception of the false gods with all that is evil and false. It was you that taught us, but the knowledge came from Jehovah. It is because of this I rejoice, and I pray to Jehovah that he may increase my abhorrence of every evil way.

"I am going a journey round Tahiti to acquaint the people with the word of God. The principal idol that has the red feathers is Teme-haro; that is his name. Look you, you may know it by the red feathers. That was my father's own god, and those feathers were given by Lieutenant Watts. It was my father that set them himself about the idol. If you think proper, you may burn these idols all in the fire; or if you like send them to your own country; that the people there may know Tahiti's foolish gods."

The missionaries when they had read this

etter, nailed up the images in a wooden case, and soon afterwards sent them to England to the Directors of the London Missionary Society.*



TEMEHARO, THE CHIEF
 A TII, OR DEVIL. GOD OF POMARE'S
 FAMILY. A TII, OR DEVIL FEARED TO
 BY THOSE WHO DESIRED
 TO INJURE OTHERS.

* They may now be seen in the museum in Bloomfield street, Finsbury Square.

You have heard how anxious the missionaries were that some other minister should come to help them. They were much pleased by the arrival of Mr. Cook this May. He brought with him a wife, a little boy, and six little girls. Mr. Cook was an old friend of some of the brethren, for he was one of the thirty, who left England in the ship *Duff* nearly twenty years before. He was then a youth of about twenty, and was so courageous that he consented (as you have heard) to be left alone among the savages in the distant islands of the Marquesas. He remained there a year and a half, but was at last obliged to leave them on account of the dreadful wars of the natives. Since that time he had been usefully employed at Port Jackson. As the people in the Marquesas spoke a language much like that of Tahiti and Eimeo, Mr. Cook was able to assist the brethren almost as soon as he arrived.

This summer the brethren made several journeys round the islands of Tahiti and Eimeo.

I will give you some account of a journey made by Mr. Davies and Mr. Hayward round Tahiti this October, that you may perceive how great a change had taken place in the island.

The two brethren were accompanied by several canoes from Eimeo, full of men and boys; for this time the brethren did not travel round the island on foot, but went by water. They landed

at every place where there were any houses ; but now they had no need to go from house to house to entreat the people to come and hear them ; for the people came of themselves ; and many were not satisfied with the public worship, but followed the brethren to the house at which they lodged, that they might be present at the family worship ; for it was now the custom for most of the families to have prayers both morning and evening, and the brethren usually conducted the service, when they were present. In the evening one of the brethren read a passage from a little book of extracts from the New Testament, and explained it, and then prayed. In the morning, it was often too dark to read when the brethren rose, and in this case they generally asked one of the natives to pray aloud.

But the natives were not content with family prayers alone. The brethren were delighted wherever they went, to see them seeking retired places among the bushes for prayer, both morning and evening.

The natives were so anxious to learn about holy things, that they often kept the brethren awake as they lay in bed, asking them questions, almost till morning. It would have been more kind, if they had permitted the weary missionaries to rest ; but it was well that they took *delight in good conversation*, instead of in laugh-

ing and talking, as they used to do both night and day.

On one occasion, a man called Tino, who had formerly pretended to be a prophet, talked to the brethren in the night in a very sensible and pious manner. He observed that no person ought to be kept back from coming to Christ, because of his wickedness: "For," said Tino, "I have been the most wicked of men, and yet I am now turned to the true God, and my heart is quite fixed upon him."

Early in the morning people often came to the brethren with their books, entreating to be allowed to read a little piece to them.

In every place the brethren found a chapel: sometimes it was very small, and many of the people who flocked to hear the brethren, were obliged to stand outside. The chapels, like the houses, were built of posts, placed a little apart, and were thatched with leaves, while the ground was strewn with clean grass. In the middle of one side, a seat for the minister was placed, with a small table before it, while rows of forms were provided for the hearers. There were sixty-six of these chapels in the island; some were hardly finished when the brethren arrived. The people assembled for public worship three times on the sabbath, on the Wednesday evening, and in many places they met once a month to pray

for the conversion of the heathen, according to the custom of the missionaries, and of their friends in England.

The people in general seemed much rejoiced at the change that had taken place. One chief, called Tati, observed, "If God had not sent his word, we should soon all have been destroyed; for once we were a much larger nation than we are now; but through killing infants, sacrificing men, and fighting, we were becoming fewer and fewer."

But though in general the brethren were cheered by the eager attention of the people, they were sometimes grieved by meeting with careless persons, yet seldom with the bold and scornful, as in former times; for the good example of the chiefs was a check to the ungodly.

At one place, the missionaries found the people very giddy and inattentive at worship. They reproved them and said, "When we saw your little chapel, we were pleased; but now we see your behaviour, we are disappointed."

At another place they sent a message to some people, who lived on the other side of some high rocks in Taiarabu, to come to them; but the men sent word that they could not come, and hoped the brethren would come to them instead. According to the brethren with great difficulty *clambered up the steep rocks*; but when they

came into the valley, they were disappointed that all the men were gone to get. They went back again, and preached to other persons in a chapel near the sea. Afterwards the men, who had behaved so, came in, and said they were sorry they had been absent from their houses in the day. The missionaries replied, that they were sorry they had so little love for the word of God, as to neglect opportunities of hearing it, especially as it was so seldom preached among them.

When the brethren had gone almost round the island, they came to Matavai, and found a king there, living in a small house built on a very spot where their old houses once stood. They looked at the trees which they themselves had planted, and found some of them laden with oranges and lemons, though most of the bread-fruit trees were destroyed. The king behaved very kindly to them, and the people of the place begged them earnestly to come back and dwell amongst them again. The brethren were not able to grant their request, but they intended to grant it as soon as possible.

How righteous were God's judgments on the people of Matavai! They had slighted the word of God, when it was daily preached among them, and had driven away their teachers by their rebellious wars. God had, in judgment, sent a famine of hearing the words of the Law.

(Amos viii, 11,) and removed their teachers into a corner. (Isa. xxx, 20.) It is very dangerous to neglect religious advantages. Many children who have been brought up beneath the sound of a faithful minister's voice, have longed in vain to hear such a voice in riper years. Many persons who have lived in godly families, have discovered what a blessing they once enjoyed, and have never enjoyed the same again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1817.

THE BABA.

THE missionaries had long earnestly desired that some more teachers should come to help them. Mr. Cook had already come, and this year several more were expected.

The first that arrived was Mr. William Ellis, a young man of twenty-two, accompanied by his wife, his little baby, and her nurse. The ship *he came in*, first touched at Tahiti, where the king was residing. Many of the natives soon

surrounded the ship in their canoes. Among those who came on board was one named Ma-i-ne, who was invited by the captain to breakfast in the cabin. Mr. Ellis was delighted to see a Christian native, and carefully observed his behaviour. Before tasting any food, Maine bent down his head, and placing his hand over his eyes, asked the blessing of God. An ungodly Englishman at the table was inclined to smile at his conduct, but Maine, observing the expression of his countenance, looked at him with the greatest pity.

As soon as the ship had cast anchor, Pomare came on board; and soon afterwards the queen and little Aimata (who was five years old) arrived also.

Mr. Ellis had been very anxious to see Pomare, of whom he had heard so much. He was struck by his great height, and thought he appeared a sensible man. Pomare had brought with him a small English Bible, and he requested Mr. Ellis to read to him in it. Mr. Ellis read one or two chapters, and found that Pomare could understand English tolerably well, though he could not speak it. Pomare was much pleased to hear that Mr. Ellis had brought a printing-press with him, and asked him to put it up in Tahiti, and remain there himself. Mr. Ellis, however, told him that he must join his brethren in Eimeo.

The ship contained a present for Pomare, that delighted him exceedingly: it was a horse. Pomare went down to see it, in the narrow place where it had been kept, unable to lie down. It was a difficult thing to remove the animal to shore. Pomare had desired two canoes to come close to the ship to receive it. The horse was then tied with bandages to a part of the ship, which jutted out over the sea. While the horse was hanging in the air, the bandages gave way, and the poor animal dropped into the sea. Pomare and the natives were much terrified, when they saw him disappear beneath the waves. Soon, however, he arose snorting from the water, and began to swim to the shore. The natives plunged into the sea, and seizing the horse, some by the mane, and others by the tail, endeavoured to hold him, till he appeared in danger of being drowned. In vain the king raised his voice to desire the people to leave the animal alone; his voice was lost in the cries of the swimmers. At length the horse reached the beach in safety. The natives who were assembled there immediately fled in alarm, and climbed the trees, or hid themselves behind the rocks and bushes. One of the English sailors who was on shore, went up to the horse, and took hold of his halter. The natives then returned from their hiding-places, and gazed at him with wonder. No horse had ever been seen at Tahiti, except one, that had

been left there by Captain Cook forty years before; but few of the people could remember a circumstance that occurred so long ago. The horse was placed in a shed that night. The next morning the captain brought a bridle and saddle, as a present for Pomare. Pomare requested him to put them on the horse, and to ride upon his back. The natives were delighted when they saw the horse trotting, and cantering on the beach, and they called it, "Land-running pig," and "Man-carrying pig." Not one, I believe, would have dared to mount it himself.

That day, which was February the 13th, the ship sailed for Eimeo, and cast anchor opposite Pa-pe-to-ai, where the brethren resided.

The brethren were delighted to see Mr. Ellis, and to hear that more missionaries intended soon to come. The natives also crowded round their new teacher, saying, "May every blessing from God attend you," or "May you have life, peace, and salvation from the Lord;" or some other pious sentence.

Mr. Ellis visited the school, which was full of grown-up people and children, under the care of Mr. Davies and Mr. Tessier. On the sabbath, he was told that, there were two prayer-meetings held, as soon as the sun rose; one by the brethren, and the other by the natives. He joined the brethren's prayer-meeting. At nine he attended the public service. The chapel was so

full before the service began, that Mr. Ellis could scarcely enter. Mr. Davies was seated behind a table in the middle of one side. He rose and gave out a hymn, which the people stood up to sing, and then he offered up a prayer. The people afterwards sat down to listen to the sermon. When it was concluded, Mr. Davies offered up another prayer, and pronounced the blessing. The people were exceedingly attentive during the whole service, and Mr. Ellis felt overcome with joy to see so many hundreds of poor heathens worshipping the living God.

At eleven the brethren had service together in English. At four the natives again assembled in the chapel for public worship, when Mr. Nott preached.

The next Sunday Mr. Ellis attended the prayer meeting of the natives at sunrise. A native gave out a hymn, which was then sung ; another native prayed ; then the people sang again, and afterwards another prayer was offered. The service lasted about an hour, and was over about seven o'clock. Perhaps it may surprise you to find that the Scriptures were not read aloud during these services, but it is necessary to remember that the Scriptures were not yet printed. The people however, knew the little books, *containing passages from the New Testament, almost by heart*, and they were acquainted

with many texts that the preachers quoted in their sermons ; for they often wrote them down, as soon as they left the chapel, and studied them till they knew them.

On this Sunday, Mr. Ellis visited some of the natives in their dwellings between morning and afternoon service. He found them reading out of their little books with their families, and talking with them upon the things they read of.

Mr. Ellis was much pleased to observe how carefully they kept the sabbath, not even preparing their food, on that day. On other days they were become much more industrious than they once had been, for they had now left off the foolish games they formerly delighted in. Grown-up people no longer wasted their time in playing at ball, or shooting at a mark, or still worse, in wrestling, boxing, and cock-fighting, but employed themselves in the useful labours of building and planting. Little gardens of taro (which resembles a potato) surrounded many of the dwellings. The greatest ornament of these gardens was a little house for secret prayer, which showed that the owners were looking for a better inheritance.

The brethren now consulted together respecting the place where they should set up the printing-press. They resolved to remove it to the other side of Eimeo, and agreed that Mr. Ellis, with Mr. Davies and Mr. Crook, should

go and live there. By this means, the people at the other side of Eimeo would have an opportunity of receiving instruction.

In the month of March, the press was taken in a canoe to this place, which was called A-fa-re-ai-ta. The three brethren and many natives, went with it. They fixed upon the spot where the printing-house was to be built, and then Mr. Ellis and Mr. Crook returned to fetch their families, while Mr. Davies remained at Afareaitu, to get things in order.

Soon after Mr. Ellis's return to Papetoai, the king and his family arrived there from Tahiti. Pomare dined, and spent the day with the brethren. He seemed please to hear that they were immediately going to erect a printing-house, and he wrote a letter to the chiefs at Afareaitu, to desire them to make the people help in the work. He admired the drawings in Mr. Ellis's portfolio, and asked Mr. Ellis whether he thought he could learn to draw. When he was told that perhaps he might be able, he drew a sketch on a slate, and borrowed some drawings as copies.

On March 25th, the two brethren set out for Afareaitu. Mr. Ellis, with his wife, child and nurse, went in a canoe, and Mr. Crook, with his wife and seven children, in another very large one. Though the voyage along the coast *was only twenty miles*, yet, from the wind being *contrary*, the party were obliged to sleep on shore,

on the way, in a large empty house, where they were so much annoyed (as they often were) by mosquitoes, that Mr. Ellis preferred spending the night in the cool air, sitting, or walking by the sea-shore.

The next day the party arrived at Afareaitu. It was a lovely spot. A beautiful stream flowed from the mountains into this fruitful valley, and near this stream the brethren had determined to build a printing-house, and dwellings for Mr. Ellis and Mr. Crook. In the meanwhile, the two brethren shared a large empty native house between them, and put up curtains of matting for walls. Mr. Ellis divided his part into a bedroom, sitting-room, and store-room. As the food was cooked out of doors, no kitchen was required. Mr. Davies had already settled himself in a very small house, that had been built long before by the natives, for the use of the preachers, when they visited the place (for there was a chapel at Afareaitu). This house reminded the missionaries of the room the Shunammite once built for Elisha.

While the printing-office was building, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Crook took great pains to improve themselves in the Tahitian language, which Mr. Davies, who had been many years in the islands, could teach them. It was also arranged that Mr. Davies should preach and pray in Tahitian, and that Mr. Ellis and Mr. Crook should conduct

the services among the brethren in English. Mr. Crook, who understood medicine, undertook to attend the sick.

Mr. Davies, who had for many years laboured much in the instruction of children, had a great desire to have a school established. The people willingly helped in building a house, and the school was soon opened, and filled with grown-up scholars, as well as children. Many people came to live near, that they might attend both the school and chapel.

Pomare sent the brethren a letter, desiring them to inform him, as soon as the printing-house was finished, that he might come to see the printing. However, he did not wait till that time, but paid them a visit, bringing with him a quantity of boards for the brethren. His mind seemed much occupied with thoughts of drawing and he looked with pleasure at some portraits of ministers in a magazine, and also at some pictures of beasts and birds. He did not, however, steal any, as he had once stolen the picture of Adam and Eve from Mr. Broomhall's Bible.

During his stay with the brethren, he received two notes; one from the captain of a ship that had just arrived at Papetoai, and the other from a missionary named Orsmond, who had come in this captain's ship. The king was *delighted with this news*, and went soon afterwards to welcome the new teacher. The three

brethren also were very anxious to see Mr. Orsmond, and went to Papetoai for a short time. They found that he had brought his wife with him. Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond chose to stay for the present at Papetoai, and the three brethren soon returned to their labours at Afareaitu.

The brethren, as well as the natives, employed themselves in building the new houses. They paved the floor of the printing-house with stones. Whence do you think they procured these stones? From a neighbouring *marae*, which had contained pieces of pavement, on which the worshippers had knelt before the altars. These polished stones were dug up, and placed where God's word was to be printed. Thus Satan was robbed, and God was honoured.

In the beginning of June the printing-house was finished. Its sides were composed of boards: and it had two glass windows, which had been brought from England, and which, perhaps, were the first ever seen in the islands.

A message was now sent to inform the king that all was ready for printing. He soon arrived, accompanied by a few favourite chiefs, and a multitude of people. The first book that was to be printed, was the Ba-ba, or spelling-book; for though some hundreds had once been printed, both in England and at Port

Jackson, there were not nearly enough in the islands.

Pomare looked with delight at the leaden letters, or types, placed in divisions. Mr. Ellis asked him whether he would like to set them himself. Pomare gladly consented to begin the work. As the alphabet was to be printed on the first page of the *Baba*, it was easy for Pomare to take a large letter out of each division and set it in its place. He next placed the small letters, and then a few short words, and thus finished setting the first page of the spelling-book. But as it was necessary that many pages should be prepared before the press could be used, Pomare was obliged to wait about a fortnight, before he could have the pleasure of striking off the first sheet.

At last he came, attended by two favourite chiefs, and followed by a crowd of curious eager people. The king and his chiefs made their way through the people that stood round the door, and entered the printing-house. The door was then closed, and the window next the sea darkened, for the king did not wish to be seen, and the people did not behave with the politeness which even English children are taught to show, not knowing it was rude to peep in at windows.

The king playfully told his companions not

to laugh at him if he should not print in the right manner. Mr. Ellis then put in his hand a soft ball dipped in ink, and told him to strike it upon the leaden letters. He then placed a sheet of clean paper upon the letters, and directed the king to turn the handle of the press. When Pomare had turned it, the paper was removed from beneath the press; the king and his friends immediately rushed forwards to see what effect had been produced. When they beheld the large and black letters on the paper, they cried out together with wonder and delight. The sheet was then shown to the crowd outside, who immediately raised a general shout of joy. The king printed two more sheets, and then continued till sunset, watching the brethren at the work. When he returned to his tent, he took with him the sheets he had printed.

Almost every day as he passed the printing-house, on his way to his favourite bathing-place, he called in to watch the printing for a short time. The people also were continually peeping in at the windows, and through the crevices of the walls, often exclaiming, "O Britain, land of skill!"

In less than a month the spelling-books were printed off, and distributed among the people. The natives showed great anxiety to obtain these little books. The missionaries received a num-

ber of plaintain leaves rolled up, from Tahiti; when they unrolled them they found each contained a request for spelling-books, written on the leaves. The people generally used plaintain leaves instead of paper to write notes upon, but as the leaves soon withered, they were only fit for notes.

The brethren knew that the people were not only desirous to possess books, but that they longed to read their contents, for many of them had copied their neighbours' books, on pieces of cloth, or bark, having used a reed for a pen, and purple juice for ink. They were also very anxious to know the meaning of what they read, in their little books of extracts from the Bible: and whenever the brethren entered their houses, the natives had generally some questions to ask them, which the brethren were delighted to answer.

How pleasant it would be if tracts and good books, and especially the Bible, were valued as much in England! But the full soul loatheth the honeycomb. We have so many books, and have had them so long, that we are tempted to forget what precious gifts they are.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Cook made covers for the spelling-books, and sold the covers to the natives in exchange for food. Two roots of taro, or a bunch of bread-fruit, were the price of a cover. The spelling-books had not been

sold, for fear of discouraging the people from learning to read.

Amongst the persons who received spelling-books was a company of poor strangers, who had come some time before to Tahiti, and who had followed Pomare to Eimeo. They came from the Pearl Islands, which were quite flat, and which produced nothing but cocoa-nuts, and they themselves were more rude in their manners than the Tahitians. They had been very wicked, and had almost destroyed their nation by their wars. But now they had cast away their idols, and worshipped the true God, and had built three chapels in one of their islands. No Englishman had instructed them, but one of their own countrymen, who had learned to read in Tahiti, had gone back to his native country, and taught his people. These poor strangers were longing for books and more teachers. Pomare had been very kind to them, and had offered to let them live in Tahiti, but they were anxious to return to their native islands, as soon as they had procured the books they wanted. As they were not satisfied with spelling-books alone, many of them continued to live among Pomare's tents, and often visited the printing-house, and attended the school and chapel.

It gladdened the missionaries' hearts to see the knowledge of God spreading from isle to isle, and those who were accustomed to do evil

learning to do good ; which is as wonderful as for the leopard to change its spots, and the black man to become white ; but things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.

CHAPTER XXX.

1817.

QUESTIONS THE NATIVES ASKED ABOUT RELIGION.

WHEN Mr. Ellis had finished the spelling-books, he printed some catechisms, and then some little books containing a collection of texts. He had taught two natives how to help him at the press, and he spent eight or ten hours every day in the work—so anxious was he to supply the people with books.

Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cook, with the assistance of the natives, finished their houses, and removed from the large native house into them.

Soon afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond arrived from the other side of the island, and inhabited the native house. Mr. Davies continued to live alone in his little dwelling.

Mrs. Ellis opened a school, in which she taught Mr. Crook's six girls to work at their needle, and any native girls who desired to learn.

The brethren, on their first arrival, had planted flowers and vegetables in their gardens. The king was much struck with the sunflowers in Mr. Ellis's garden, having never seen any before, and he asked for some; Mr. Ellis, however, refused him, because he himself wanted the flowers for seed. The king then said the queen and her sister each wished for one. Mr. Ellis could not deny their request, and sent them one apiece. They were much delighted, and placed them as ornaments in their hair. The little anecdote shows you that Pomare and his family had not left off their old habits of begging.

In the course of the summer a man died, of whom you have already heard some interesting particulars. You remember Farefau, who once threw the red feathers into the oven. He had continued to serve Christ ever since that time. He had often climbed the steepest rocks and mountains of Tahiti, to teach the people who lived at a distance from places of instruction. A few weeks before his death, he was brought to Eimeo in a deep decline; yet it was not supposed that he was so near his end. The day before he died, he told several people that his departure was at hand, but that he had no fears, for his mind was fixed on Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, who filled his soul with joy and peace.

The brethren had a very interesting meeting every Monday evening for conversing with the natives upon religious subjects. As I suppose you would like to hear what remarks the natives made on these occasions, and what questions they asked, I will relate a few of them.

They often spoke of the sermon they had heard on the day before. They once seemed alarmed after having heard Mr. Davies preach upon the character of Balaam. An old man afterwards asked, "What is the difference between a knowledge of God in the head, and a belief from the heart?"

Sometimes they asked questions about the doctrines of Scripture. Once a man asked, "May a man hope ever to be free from evil thoughts, while he lives?" The brethren told him that as long as we lived, we had an evil nature to fight against, and an enemy to tempt us, but that if we loved Christ we should strive against sin, and grow more and more holy. Another time, a person inquired whether the wicked would ever be released from hell, and admitted into heaven. The brethren answered, that as the wicked would never *repent* in hell, they could never be released.

Another man asked, "Why the wicked angels fell?" The brethren told them that it was pride that *made them fall*. But when the natives inquired, "How pride came into heaven?" the

brethren could give them no answer, because the Bible does not explain this mystery.

Most of the questions asked at these meetings were about what things were right or wrong to do. These questions showed that the natives were anxious to please God.

A person inquired whether it was right, that at prayer-meetings the chiefs should be asked to pray, while the poor men (perhaps more pious than they) were not encouraged to take a part. The brethren said that it was wrong to show this respect of persons in *religious* meetings, though, on other occasions, respect should be shown to the chiefs.

Another time it was asked, whether a woman might lead family prayers when her husband was absent, and no other man present, who could take his place. The brethren replied that it would be right for a woman in that case to lead the service.

Once a man asked, whether he ought to change his name, as he had been an areoi, and very wicked. The brethren said that if his *heart* was changed, his name was of no consequence.

Another time, a man asked whether the sick ought to be brought to the chapel to be prayed for. The brethren told him that it was useless to bring the sick to any particular place, as God heard prayer everywhere.

Sometimes questions about keeping the sabbath were asked. It was inquired whether when a person was taken very ill, his friends might be sent for on the sabbath, though they lived at a great distance ; and whether even a canoe might be sent to fetch them from other islands. The brethren said that it would be right to do so, for that whatever was necessary for the comfort of man, might be done on the sabbath day.

Two little anecdotes which were related at these meetings will show you how fearful the people were of breaking the sabbath. Once two canoes were lying on the beach ; the sea, coming up higher than usual, washed them from the shore ; the owner of the canoes saw them tossing upon the waves, but would not go into the sea and pull them to land, because it was the sabbath. In consequence, they were dashed to pieces among the rocks.

Another time a man saw a pig in his taro, garden ; he perceived that the fence was broken, and that therefore it would be of no use to drive the pig out, unless he mended the fence, which he was afraid to do, because it was the sabbath day. The men, who related these anecdotes, wished to know whether they had acted right. The brethren told them that they were *mistaken*, though they were right not to do *what they thought* was wrong. It is written

in the Scripture, "Whatsoever is not of faith is of sin." (Rom. xiv, 22.) We should, therefore, like these natives, take great pains, to find out what is wrong, and what is right, for even if an action is not wrong, we must not do it, while we *think* it is wrong.

There were some godly parents, who were grieved by the conduct of their wicked, disobedient children, and who asked the brethren's advice respecting their treatment of them. The brethren told them not to send these young people away from their homes, but to endeavour by kindness to melt their hearts, and continually to beseech the Lord to convert them.

Towards the end of this year a very joyful event occurred. Six missionaries and their wives arrived at Eimeo. Their names were—

Williams.
Darling.

Barff.
Platt.

Bourne.
Threlkeld.

They landed at Papetoai in Talu Harbour, where they found six brethren residing, namely,

Nott.
Wilson.

Bicknell.
Tessier.

Henry.
Hayward.

When the four brethren at Afareaitu heard that some missionaries were arrived at the other side of the island, they were very anxious to see them. Mr. Crook and Mr. Orsmond set out immediately for Papetoai.

The day following, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Davies receive a letter requesting them to come also ; therefore, leaving the printing for a while, they set out. They did not go by water, as they usually did ; and they found it hard work to pass the high mountains, and often were obliged to sit down to rest. They were much surprised when a blind native with his leader overtook them. This blind man was going to visit his brother, who had just arrived in the ship with the missionaries. He crossed the rocks, climbed the steep rocks, and went down the slippery places with the greatest ease, while the two brethren toiled behind him and his leader, ready to faint with fatigue. There was a lightful meeting between the two companies of brethren, who spent the evening together at Mr. Pratt's.

As there were now sixteen missionaries in the colony, it was desirable that all should not remain in that island. Yet it was thought necessary that the ship, still on the stocks, should be finished, and the books in the press published. The ship which the brethren had been building for four years, was now ready to be launched ; but the masts and sails were not yet added to it.

On December 7th, the launching of the ship took place in the presence of the king, the missionaries, and vast crowds of people. The

natives pulled it by ropes into the sea, amidst the shouts of the multitude.

Pomare had chosen it should be called the *Haweis*, in honour of that Dr. *Haweis*, who had taken so much trouble to send out the first missionaries to Tahiti. Perhaps you may remember how he took the Lord's Supper with them in the *Duff* before they left the shores of England. It is pleasing to find that Pomare felt grateful to this benefactor, though he had never seen him.

May not Pomare's gratitude to Dr. *Haweis*, remind us how we ought to love One whom we have never seen, and who has been kinder to us than any earthly benefactor could be?

Pomare sometimes wrote letters to Dr. *Haweis*, who was still living. I will show you part of one that he wrote a short time before the ship was launched.

“DEAR FRIEND,

“May you be blessed, and your family, with the salvation of Jehovah the true God.

“I was startled at receiving your letter, for I thought you had been taken away by our Lord. The small watch that you sent me is in my hands, and remains as a keepsake from you, dear friend.

“Your name has been given by me to the vessel which has been built here. I was urgent about it, for some said it should have another

name, but I said, 'No, the name must be the Haweis.' The reason I was so urgent about it, was, because you were so very attentive to us of Tahiti, yea, indeed, all of you ; for the Lord put the thought into your minds to send messengers here to Tahiti, that they might sound the trumpet and make known the way of life.

"I send you two little fans, which the royal family of these countries were accustomed to fan themselves with. When the day of the feast arrived, and the king was prayed for, those were the fans that used to fan away the flies.

"What am I to do with the little pearl box which was in the little parcel you sent me? Had it been directed to me it would have been right, but there is another name on it, that of the Queen of Lattakoo ; that is the reason I inform you of it. I have sent back the little pearl box to Mr. Marsden at Port Jackson, that he may return it to you.

"If you write to me again, I shall be glad. If it be agreeable, send me three books : one very large Bible, one to carry about, very small, and one book of geography. If it be not agreeable, very well. Do not think evil of me, dear friend, for the small request that I make at the end of my letter.

"May you be blessed by Jesus Christ, the true king of salvation, by whom we must all be saved.

"POMARE."

How great must have been the pious joy of this aged minister when he received this letter from a once heathen king! The warm hopes he had entertained twenty years before, were now fulfilled, and his pleadings with God and man for the poor idolaters, were now returned in blessings on his hoary head; How happy are the righteous in old age! They then begin to eat the fruits of the labours of their youth, when the ungodly, who "have sown the wind, reap the whirlwind." (Hos. viii, 7.)

I have already mentioned that the ship had neither masts nor sails. The brethren were not able to rig it themselves, but some English sailors were to come to the island on purpose to rig it for them. It was supposed that about three months would be spent in rigging it. When finished, the brethren hoped the ship would be useful in conveying them to distant islands to preach, as well as in taking pork and oil to Port Jackson to exchange for other articles.*

One of the brethren removed almost immediately to Matavie, in Tahiti, where the missionaries had at first resided. This was Mr. Wilson, who took with him his wife, and four little children. It was a joyful day to many of the people in Tahiti, when they again saw

* The ship was seventy tons burthen. It proved of no use in trading, on account of the expense of the voyages, and therefore, in the course of a year or two, it was sold.

the face of a teacher, come to live amongst them ; for nine years had passed away since the brethren had fled from their island. No part of Tahiti was so ungodly as Matavai, on account of the number of wicked sailors that visited it in the English ships, and sold spirits, and set a bad example. Yet, even here, there were a few that really loved God. I will give you an instance of one. After the Monday evening meeting, a man once followed Mr. Wilson to his house, and said to him, "Is it right for people to weep, when they go to pray in the bushes ? for I cannot help weeping when I pray. Do other people weep ?"

Mr. Wilson replied, "Why do you weep ?"

"It is," said the man, "the thought of God's great goodness to me, of the love of Christ in dying for sinners, and of the return that I have made, (only bad behaviour,) that makes me weep." Mr. Wilson rejoiced over this penitent sinner, well knowing how acceptable his tears were to Him who permitted his feet to be washed with the tears of humble, grateful love. (Luke vii.)

CHAPTER XXXI

1818.

WHAT THE NATIVES VALUED AS MUCH AS THEY
HAD ONCE VALUED RED FEATHERS.

THE natives were now looking forward to receiving a more precious book than any they had yet obtained. Though this book would not contain the whole of the Bible, but only the Gospel of Luke, yet the idea of possessing it filled the natives with such delight, that many could not sleep for joy.

For many years past Mr. Nott had been employed in translating the Gospel of Luke into Tahitian, and Pomare had been very useful in assisting him, and copying it out for him.

The six missionaries lately arrived had brought with them an immense quantity of paper, so that Mr. Ellis determined to print three thousand copies of Luke; yet these he feared would not be enough to supply all who could read.

Hitherto the brethren had given away the

books they had printed ; they now agreed to print the book of Luke, because with the price they might buy more paper, and print more books. The price they fixed on was three gallons of cocoa-nut oil. Some months before the books were ready, they advised the natives to begin to prepare the oil.*

While the book was in the press, the natives visited the printing-house, read different parts of it with great interest, and asked so many questions about what they read, that Mr. Ellis was often obliged to stop printing to explain it to them. Not only did visitors generally fill the printing-house but they even thronged the windows, and those who could not get near in any other way, sat upon the top of a high fence round the house, or climbed upon the shoulders of their companions.

When the books were nearly finished, the prices increased. Numbers came from distant places so that the sea-shore was covered with people, and the land dotted with tents.

The missionaries, however did not like to distribute the books, till they were bound. At first they used mill-board and sheep-skins for covers, and when these were exhausted, they

This was the manner of preparing the oil. The kernel of the cocoa-nut was scraped, placed in a trough, and exposed to the sun, when the heat caused oil to flow from it.

were obliged to make covers of the native cloth, covered with old newspapers, dyed with purple juice. They bound the book intended for the king in a more handsome manner, even in red morocco.

At last the people grew so impatient, that the brethren gave up binding the books. They were pleased to find that the natives did not suffer the precious books to remain without covers. The lives of dogs, cats, and goats, were now very unsafe, for the natives caught them for the sake of their skins: they then scraped, pressed, and dried the skins in the sun, to prepare them for covers. The brethren were amused to see the trees all round the printing-house, thickly hung with skins stretched on wooden frames. Meanwhile the people were careful not to injure their books, and as they could not refrain from reading them, they placed them between thin pieces of board, till the skins were ready. They were not even satisfied when they had bound them, but carried them about either in bags or baskets. They scarcely knew what to do with them when they left their houses for a short time, as they were afraid that they should hurt their treasures if they took them with them, and that, if they left them at home, some accident would occur in their absence.

I will mention one instance of the anxiety, that

the natives showed to obtain the books, that afterwards they preserved so carefully.

One evening five men from Tahiti landed at Afareaitu, and hastened to Mr. Ellis's dwelling. Mr. Ellis met them at the door, and asked them what they wanted.

They replied altogether, "the word of Luke," and then showed their bamboos of cocoa-nut oil *

Mr. Ellis told them that he had no books ready that night, but that if they would come the next day, he would give them as many as they wanted, and he advised them to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Then as it was almost dark, he wished them good night, and went into his house. When the sun rose, Mr. Ellis looked out of the window, and was surprised to see these men lying on the ground outside the house, their only bed being some plaited cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the cloth they usually wore over their shoulders. Mr. Ellis went out, and said, "Have you been here all night?"

They said that they had.

He next inquired, "Why did you not go to some house to lodge?"

* A bamboo is a hollow stick. It is not hollow throughout, but is divided by notches at short distances. The natives cut the bamboos at the notches, and used each piece as a bottle. Each piece contains nearly three quarts.

We were afraid," replied the men, "last, if we had gone away, some one might have come before morning, and have bought all the books that you had to spare, so that we should have been obliged to return without any. As soon as you left us last night, we determined not to leave the place till we had procured the books."

This answer surprised and delighted Mr. Ellis. He called the men into the printing-office, put the loose sheets of the books together, as quickly as he could, and gave each of the men an unbound copy of Luke's Gospel. They then requested to have two more copies for a mother and a sister. These books were also granted, and the cocoa-nut oil was received as the price. Then each of the men wrapped up his book in a piece of white cloth of bark, put it in his bosom, and set sail for Tahiti, without having either eaten or drunk, or visited any person during his stay at Eimeo.

Probably many of the people, who appeared to love the word of God, cared more for having a book of their own, than for knowing God's will; but others certainly did love it, because it was able to save their souls through faith in Christ. The word of Luke was now read in numerous families, both at morning and evening prayers. Often in the day, persons might be seen sitting in a circle under the shade of a tree listening

to some natives who were reading the gospel aloud.

The missionaries now intended very soon to separate from each other, and to dwell in different islands ; but, before they took this step, they executed a new plan in Eimeo. They thought that as the natives knew how precious the gospel was, they would be willing to give some of their property to help to send it to heathen lands. Therefore the brethren determined to form a Missionary Society in Eimeo. They first proposed the plan to the king, who approved of it, and who soon afterwards said to one of his pious chiefs, named A-u-na, "Do you think you could collect five bamboo-canes of cocoa-nut oil in a year?"

He answered, "Yes."

"Do you think you could spare so much, for sending the word of God to the heathen?"

Again Auna replied, "Yes."

"Do you think," continued Pomare, "that those who value the gospel in this land, would think it a great labour to collect so much oil every year?"

"No," replied Auna, "I do not think they would."

"Then," said the king, "think about it, and let us join together in a plan for this purpose."

The king and chiefs consulted privately with

the missionaries, and arranged all the rules of the new society.

On May 13th a great meeting was held at Papetoai in Eimeo. All the missionaries assembled at the place, and numbers of natives came over from Tahiti. The day was begun by a prayer-meeting among the natives at sunrise, and by another amongst the brethren. It was arranged that the service was to begin in the chapel at three o'clock, but, long before that hour the place was so crowded that the people agreed to remove to a grove of cocoa-nut trees at a short distance.

When the brethren entered this grove, they found the natives already assembled there, and they were much struck with the beauty of the scene. The grove was situated close to the sea, and at the foot of steep rocks and high mountains. Shells and white coral were strewed upon the beach; various kinds of lovely plants hung from the jutting rocks, while others twined round the stems of the trees, and adorned even the branches with festoons of pink blossoms. The trees were so tall and covered with such large and numerous leaves, that their branches formed a ceiling at a great height above the people, and shaded them entirely from the sun. Multitudes in their native dresses, were seated on the thick grass beneath.

A wooden stand was prepared for Mr. Nott, close to the trunk of one of the tall trees. The king was seated in an arm-chair before him, and was dressed in a yellow tiputa, with a scarlet lower painted on the part that covered his breast. The queen and her ladies, and many chiefs, were seated near the king.

How delightful it was to think that these people were assembled *not* for war, not for bloody sacrifices, *not* for rioting, nor immoderate feasting, as in times past, but to assist in sending the word of God to poor ignorant heathen!

The service began with singing and prayer; then Mr. Nott preached from the words, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" and the answer of the Ethiopian, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" (Acts viii, 31, 32.)

When the sermon was finished, Pomare addressed his people. He reminded them of their former state, when their choicest fish and fruits were offered to their idols, and when even men were sacrificed. He then described the happiness they now enjoyed through the gospel, and proposed giving their property to help to send it to other lands. He declared he wished only those to give, who gave willingly; and that as he supposed, those who did not love the gospel themselves, would not give *willingly*, he desired they should not be forced to give, or even

called mean and avaricious, because they did not give. Pomare concluded his speech by requesting that those who wished a Missionary Society to be formed would hold up their hands. Hundreds of dark-coloured arms were in one moment lifted up towards heaven. Cheering sight to the brethren, who remembered how lately those hands had been used in executing wicked deeds!

As the sun hid its head beneath the distant waves of the sea, the king arose from his chair, and the people returned rejoicing to their houses, but none rejoiced as those did, who had sown the good seed that was now springing up in many hearts.

Mr. Ellis had not finished distributing the Gospel of Luke at the time this meeting was held: therefore he returned with some of his brethren to Afareaitu, for a short time.

But soon the time came, when the brethren might go and reside in different islands. The ship *Haweis* was now rigged, and was ready to convey them to their new stations.

Mr. Ellis determined to leave Eimeo, and to go to the island of Huahine. Nine years before the missionaries had lived in that island for a year, and since that time the inhabitants had cast away their idols, and had built many chapels.

Mr. Ellis left Eimeo with great regret. He

had been much pleased with the natives while he lived there. They had behaved with so much honesty, that though he had no bolt nor lock upon his door, not one article had been stolen. You have not forgotten their former thievish disposition, but now they stole no more.

It would be tedious to relate where each missionary first settled, after leaving Eimeo, for several of them soon changed their stations. It will be sufficient to say that by the next year there were six missionaries in Tahiti, four in Eimeo, three in Huahine, and three in Raiatea.

The people in Raiatea had never had a missionary residing amongst them, but four years before they had been visited by Mr. Wilson and Pomare in a very singular manner. Both these visitors had come against their will : they had entered a ship that touched at Eimeo, and immediately been driven by the winds to Raiatea, where Mr. Wilson preached the gospel, and Pomare entreated the people to abandon idols.

The king of Raiatea and many of his chiefs had also visited Eimeo to assist Pomare in his wars, and had heard the gospel preached there. They returned to Raiatea soon after Mr. Wilson had preached in it, and they used all their efforts to prevail upon the people to abandon idols. *At length they succeeded, though they were obliged first to fight against an army of*

heathens who attacked them.* The name of the king was Ta-ma-to-a: he had been a very wicked man, and according to the custom of his country, had been worshipped as a god. Amongst other sins, he had been addicted to drinking, and had been so furious when disturbed after drinking, that he had once rushed out of his house, and with his fist knocked out the eye of a man, and broke two joints of his own fore-finger. Yet, after his conversion, he never tasted spirits, attended school regularly at six o'clock every morning, and was so zealous in the cause of God, that he always chose to prepare the cocoa-nut oil for the Missionary Society with his own hands. Tamatoa was the father of Pomare's wife, and was now an old man. His appearance was very remarkable, as he was seven feet high, all but one inch! It was this Tamatoa who entreated some of the missionaries to come and settle in Raiatea.

Mr. Williams and two others consented to go. They knew very little of the language, having only arrived at the islands the year before; but Tamatoa would hear of no excuse, and promised that he and his people would teach them their language.

From this time the missionaries were scattered

* See Williams' *Missionary Enterprises*, p. 187, for an account of this battle.

amongst the islands. I have subjoined a list to show where they were stationed the year after they had left Eimeo.

TAHITI.

Bicknell.	Tessier.
Crook.	Wilson.
Kott.	Bourne.

EIMEO.

Haywood.	Darling.
Henry.	Platt.

HUAHINE.

Davies.	Barff.	Ellis.
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RAIATEA.

Orsmend.	Threlkeld.	Williams.
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CHAPTER XXXII.

1819.

THE CHAPEL WITH THREE PULPITS.

At some time past Pomare had been building a very large and handsome chapel in Tahiti, at a place called Pa-pa-o, which was only four miles from Matavai.

The missionaries had advised the king not to

build so immense a chapel, as it would be of less use than a smaller one: but Pomare had replied that king Solomon once built a very magnificent temple, and that he wished to imitate him. This determination was not wise. God had desired Solomon to erect the temple as a figure of the Church of God, which is composed of believing souls. All figures are now passed away, and the reality is come. Those who endeavour to persuade people to believe in Christ, help to build the living and true temple, and they please God. God does not regard the size, or appearance of buildings, but dwells in every place where men worship him in spirit and in truth.

Pomare, however, chose to have his own way. His immense chapel was finished in the spring of 1819. It contained one hundred and thirty-three windows and twenty-nine doors. It was seven hundred and twelve feet long, and fifty-four feet wide.

There is not a church of so great a length.* As it was impossible that a preacher could speak loud enough to be heard to the end of the chapel during a whole sermon, three pulpits were placed in it. The ceiling was covered with fine matting, and the floor with dried grass, and the building was filled with forms and pews. The most

* St. Paul's Church in London is 500 feet in length, and 180 in breadth.

Remarkable thing in the chapel was a stream of water that ran in a slanting direction through it. The stream had not been observed, till after the chapel had been begun. The builders might have tried to turn the course of this stream, (which flowed from the mountains into the sea,) but then, perhaps, the water would have overflowed; therefore they suffered it to pass through the chapel. I think those who sat near it must have been reminded by the sight of this living stream, of the living water that Jesus gives to those who ask him, and of the crystal river that makes glad the city of God.

The chapel was called the Royal Mission chapel. Great crowds of people flocked from all the islands to be present at the first service performed in it in May. The tents of the visitors covered the shore for four miles.

The day when the chapel was opened, the king and royal family were present. A minister stood in each of the pulpits. Mr. Darling, who was in the middle pulpit, gave out a hymn in a voice loud enough for all to hear, and the six thousand people who filled the chapel joined in singing it. Then each minister read Luke xiv, and the people around him, and afterwards prayed. Though three voices were raised at once, yet, from the great size of the place, they did not interfere with each other. The three sermons began at the same time. I will mention the

text that each minister chose, as suitable for the occasion.

Mr. Darling chose Isaiah lvi, 7. "I will make them joyful in my house of prayer."

Mr. Platt chose Luke xiv, 22. "And yet there is room."

Mr. Crook chose Exodus xx, 24. "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee."

The sermons ended very nearly at the same time. The congregation then joined in singing a hymn, and the ministers concluded the service with prayer. Thus ended this joyful meeting.

The next day the congregation assembled again to hear three sermons for the Missionary Society. In the afternoon they heard three more. A great many subscriptions had already been made to the Society. The king had put down his name, as a subscriber of eight hogs a year.

The day following, which was Thursday, the laws were publicly given to the people. The king had made the laws some time before, with the assistance of his chiefs, and the advice of the missionaries, and had written them out with his own hand. There were eighteen laws. Amongst them, were laws against murder, rebellion, theft, and sabbath-breaking.

Murderers and rebels alone were to be punished with death. Thieves were only to be obliged to

restore four times the amount of property they had taken.

On the day when the laws were proclaimed, the people assembled in the chapel, and Pomare asked Mr. Crook to begin with prayer and reading. Then, Pomare stood in the middle pulpit, and after looking joyfully round upon his subjects, spoke to one of the chiefs, named Tati, saying, "Tati, what is your desire? What can I do for you?"

Tati, who sat nearly opposite the pulpit, arose and said, "Those are what we want—the papers you hold in your hand—the laws. Give them to us, that we may hold them in our hands, that we may regard them, and do what is right."

The king then said in an affectionate manner to another very pious chief, "Utami, what is your desire?" He replied, "One thing only is desired by us all,—that which Tati has said—the laws which you hold in your hand." The king then spoke to the other chiefs in the same manner. He next read aloud the eighteen laws, and explained several parts of them. After reading each law, the king said to the chiefs, "Do you agree to this law?" and the chiefs replied after each, "We heartily agree to it." The king next asked the people after each law, if they agreed to it, to lift up their right hands. This was done in an instant, and caused a

rushing noise to be heard, so vast was the number of arms in a moment lifted up. When the king came to the law against rebellion, he seemed almost inclined to pass it over, as many who had rebelled against him were present. Yet when he had read the law, Tati, who had been a ring-leader amongst the rebels, not satisfied with holding up his hand as usual, arose, holding up *both* hands, and called upon the people to do the same. This was an instance of the change that the gospel had made in many a proud, rebellious heart.

On the next sabbath, the most interesting of all the meetings on this occasion was held. You remember that Pomare had desired to be baptized before any of his people ; but he had appeared so little prepared for baptism, that the missionaries had put off the time from year to year ; they had, however, baptized a few persons privately. Lately Pomare had shown a strong desire, not only for baptism, but also to devote himself to God, and had received much instruction from the brethren. It was therefore decided that he should now be baptized. Three sermons were preached that morning from the same text—Matt. xxviii, 18—20. “Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” After the sermon, the eight mission-

as who were present, assembled round Pomare, who was seated near the middle pulpit. After singing and prayer were ended, the king stood up, and Mr. Bicknell, standing on the pulpit stairs, poured water upon Pomare's head, and baptized him in the name of the Father, and Holy Ghost. Pomare was observed lift up his eyes towards heaven, and to utter aloud. The brethren, who had long watched for his soul, felt much moved on this solemn occasion. Mr. Bicknell, in a very feeling manner, entreated him to walk worthy of the profession he had made in baptism, remembering, that as he held the high office of king, the eyes of men, as well as those of God and angels, were fixed upon him.

Mr. Henry then exhorted the people to follow the example of the king, and give themselves to the Lord. After singing, and prayer, the king shook hands affectionately with all the brethren, and returned to his tent.

We have thus related the events of the happy week when the Royal Mission Chapel was opened. O how different were these assemblies from those feasts at which Pomare and his father had often distributed the bleeding ribs of men, among the chiefs, as offerings to the gods!

The rest of the year was full of happy events. Many persons, in all the four islands, were bap-

tized at their own earnest desire. The missionaries first instructed them in the meaning of baptism, teaching them that baptism could not change their hearts, and that it was only the outward sign of being born again.

The brethren in Eimeo travelled round the island to prepare the people for baptism. They found the natives so anxious to be taught that often the whole night was spent in answering their questions. The brethren sent also two of the natives to teach the people. One of these teachers was Patii, who had formerly been a priest, and who had publicly burned his idols. While Patii and the other native spoke to the people about divine things, many wept exceedingly.

The baptisms used to take place after the morning service on Sunday. Those who were to be baptized sat round the pulpit. The brethren walked amongst them, and poured water upon them, saying to each, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost." The parents, who had been baptized brought their infants to be baptized—those infants, that perhaps would have been buried, if their parents had continued in ignorance of a Saviour.

The brethren now invited those who truly believed to take the Lord's Supper. Some of the natives wept, and trembled so much, when

they first were admitted to the table of the Lord, that they could hardly lift the cup to their lips.

As all the people preferred hearing the missionaries preach, to hearing the natives, they came from a great distance to the chapels where missionaries preached. Therefore there was service no longer in the little chapels, which were suffered either to fall into decay, or used as school-houses. Many natives came and lived near the different stations of the brethren, and those who had lands at a distance, and could not live near them, assembled on Saturday afternoon in their canoes, and set up their tents on the beach.

It was delightful to see the people preparing their food on the Saturday, which was called "food-day," in consequence. They lighted fires, at which they boiled their puddings of bananas, and bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut milk. Men might be seen coming from the stream with vessels of water in their hands, for washing their hands on the Sunday, and women with bundles of bread-tree leaves for plates. In each house little baskets of food were hung up, on the pegs of the great posts, and the best clothes were put out ready to wear. The natives spent Saturday evening in singing, reading, and praying in their houses.

On the sabbath day no tree was climbed, and

no fire was lighted : but the day was devoted to the care of the soul. At sunrise, the people prayed alone, as usual, either among the bushes or in the little prayer-houses, or in some retired corner of their own. At seven they assembled in the chapel for prayer and reading, though the ministers did not come so early. From eight to nine the schools for boys and girls met in the school-houses. The natives themselves instructed the children in the knowledge of God, and heard them repeat their hymns and catechism.

At a quarter before nine a sound was heard sometimes it was the sound of a shell, that a man carried round the village, and blew like a trumpet ; in other places it was the sound of a stone striking against a bar of iron hung on a tree ; and in others, it was the sound of a little bell ; but whatever was the kind of sound the meaning was the same, "Come ye to the house of the Lord." Then the teachers led their classes to the chapel. The girls walked first, two and two, and hand in hand, most of them wearing frocks like English children, and bonnets made of plaited grass or bark. Each carried in her hand a little basket, containing her hymn-book, catechism, and the Scriptures. The boys came afterwards, dressed in native garments, a little mat of bark round their waists and a little red or yellow shawl thrown over their shoulders, a hat of plaited grass, and no

shoes on their feet. Some of their parents were often watching to see the children pass by. Many a mother then blessed God, as she looked on her darling child, for sending the missionaries, who showed her the sin of burying it in the earth.

The children sat in their appointed places at chapel. The people were all ready before service began, for though they had scarcely any clocks or watches, they were obedient to the sound of the trumpet-shell.

At half-past ten, or eleven, service was over. The children walked back in order to their school-houses, and were then dismissed by their teachers. After dinner the children assembled in school again, but as it was very hot at that hour, each teacher often took a class to sit under the shade of some thick tree, and there asked them to repeat what they had heard of the morning sermon, and talked to them of a Saviour's love for little children.

Afternoon service began about four. By sunset the people were all returned to their dwellings, to spend the evening in reading, singing, and prayer. Sometimes a few families met together, and sometimes the father of each family taught his own children and servants.

In this manner the converted natives of the South Seas passed their sabbaths: they called them "a delight, honourable, and did honour

God; not doing their own ways, nor in their own pleasure, nor speaking their words, but delighting themselves in the Lord (Isaiah lviii, 13.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1819.

THE NEW CUSTOMS OF TAHITI.

ALTHOUGH I have given so pleasing an account of the people of Tahiti, you must not suppose that all the people were converted in heart is to be feared that only a few were really again, although the behaviour of most changed. Sometimes, even those who, the missionaries hoped were converted, grieved the their conduct.

On the very day that a chief named Upa had been baptized, he said to Mr. Bourne, in proud manner, "What are you teaching? Why do you not instruct us in English and other things besides religion?"

This ungrateful speech hurt Mr. Bou feelings very much, but he did not make an angry reply.

few days the chief came to him, and said, "He despiseth you, despiseth me," and had been led on account of his bad behaviour, that neither been able to eat nor sleep, till he confessed his sin.

He told you also that the people gave their tithes willingly to the Missionary Society: but it was not always the case.

One day a man came to Pomare with five barrels of oil, and said, angrily, "Take them for the society."

"I will not mix your bamboos with the missionary oil; take your own," said Pomare.

The man returned with his bamboos, much grieved at the disgrace of being refused, but I do not know whether he was sensible of his sin. Preaching of the word was, however, often blessed to the consciences of the people. Mr. Nott preached a sermon on the words, "Thou shalt not steal, steal no more." In the sermon he said, it was a duty to return things which had formerly been stolen.

The next morning when he opened his door, a number of natives, sitting on the ground around his dwelling. He was surprised to find them there so early, and asked them the reason of their coming. They replied, "We had not been able to sleep all night; we were at

chapel yesterday, and heard you say from word of God, that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we used to worship Hiro, and think that he would protect thieves. We have brought you stolen things that we have brought with us are stolen goods."

Then one of the men held up a saw, saying, "I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

Mr. Nott (who had taught them that it was wrong to receive stolen goods) replied, "What have you brought them to *me* for? Take them home, and wait till the ships from which you stole them, come again, and then return them with a present besides." Still the people refused to keep the things, till they could find the owners.

Some of them, who had stolen some things from a missionary who was in another island, took a voyage of seventy miles to restore the articles.

When the natives found any property or ground, such as knives, or tools, they would keep it themselves. Still, however, there were some thieves, who were punished by the justice when they were discovered.

This autumn two men were even sentenced to death for rising up against the king. They were hanged upon a cocoa-nut tree, and then taken down and buried.

The missionaries' wives took much pains to improve the women. They held weekly meetings with them to give them instruction in religion. It was touching to hear the mothers, at these meetings, lament the children they had murdered. Some said that the thoughts of their slaughtered babes tormented them constantly. One of them inquired, "*Ought* I to go to Jesus Christ for pardon? were any murderers of their own children forgiven?"

They were told that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin. We read also in the Bible that Manasseh, king of Judah, made his son to pass through the fire, and was forgiven. This instance, perhaps, may have comforted some mothers.

In some of the islands great changes now took place in the houses and clothes of the natives. Pomare did not like new customs, so that his people did not improve so quickly in these respects, as the natives of Raiatea and Huahine.

In those islands the people were busily employed in building white cottages. They obtained the white plaster in a singular manner. At a little distance from the shore, beneath the sea, there were immense walls of white coral, called *reefs*. The people brought large blocks of this coral to land upon rafts, and then burnt the coral in pits, filled with wood. The

coral crumbled into powder, and dropped to the bottom of the pit : and with this white powder the natives made plaster for their new houses. They built them of wood, and thatched them with palm-leaves. As they had no glass, they were obliged to be satisfied with wooden lattices, and shutters. Most of the houses had rooms only on one floor ; but some, belonging to the chiefs, had upper rooms. They were generally surrounded by gardens or plantations ; and a few had verandahs, as shelter from the heat, or covered balconies, where the inhabitants might enjoy the sea-breezes, and an extensive view. They were as comfortable inside, as they were pretty outside, being furnished with wooden tables and sofas, and the windows hung with white curtains, made of cloth of bark, adorned with a painted border of leaves.

Each native built his cottage on the spot that pleased him best. One, preferring the edge of the sea, erected his on coral blocks, placed beneath the water ; another chose the shade of a grove, and a third the pure air, and fine prospect of the mountain-side ; but all fixed their abodes near some chapel, where a missionary preached, excepting a few who lived on their lands in the valleys. In every village a narrow road skirted the shore, and in many, a coral pier (or path into the sea) was built to assist in landing and embarking.

These beautiful villages now adorned the shores of those islands, where savages once ~~mamed~~ from place to place, lodging at night in open sheds, like beasts of the field.

The natives began also to exchange their loose garments for English dresses. The missionaries' wives took pains to teach the women to make these clothes, and to induce all to wear them.

Mrs. Crook and Mrs. Nott made some loose calico dressing-gowns for Pomare, and afterwards a few of the women made them for their husbands, and then for themselves. Mrs. Ellis made a bonnet of leaves for her little girl, and a hat of plaited leaves for her husband. The women soon learned to plait, and made hats and bonnets, not only of leaves, but also of strips of white bark, and of yellow rushes, and used strips of native cloth, or of bark, for ribbons.

Shoes and stockings, coats and shirts, were procured by many natives from the ships, and worn upon particular occasions. Few persons could afford to wear English clothes every day, or could even obtain a complete suit. It was common to see a man with a hat and shoes, without stockings or a shirt. Sometimes the clothes were put on in a very curious manner. A white shirt has been placed over a long black coat, because the owner was unwilling to hide the shirt by placing it under the coat. The na-

tives, however, soon learned to laugh at such mistakes as this.

The reason that the missionaries encourage the people to dress in the English fashion was because it helped to correct one of their chief faults, which was idleness. Food was procured so easily that the natives were not accustomed to labour, and were still disposed to waste much of their time in sleeping and talking.

I have before observed that Pomare did not like new customs. He did not choose entirely to adopt the English mode of dress, and he placed a native *tiputa* over the shirt he usually wore. But though he did not like English *fashions*, he still loved English *arts*, and employed most of his time in writing.

He had a little shed built near his great house at Matavai, and he spent whole days shut up there with Mr. Nott, helping him to correct the Gospel of St. John, and the Acts, (which Mr. Nott had just translated,) and copying them out, while he lay upon his chest on the floor. He took great pains also to compose a dictionary, and collected many thousands of words for the purpose.

Though he was so useful to the missionaries he continued to grieve them by many grave faults in his conduct. He often bought spirits of the sailors that visited the islands, and drank to excess. Yet, strange to say, he would allow no

ls in his kingdom, lest his subjects should
ulge in drinking spirits.

Stills had been introduced into the islands by
se Sandwich Islanders who escaped from the
utilus. They were large stone basins, with
es fixed to them. The natives learned to dis-
spirits by boiling the ti root in these basins,
l then they sat round them, and drank till
ir merriment ended in bloodshed and murder.
mare had caused all these stills to be de-
oyed some years before, because he said he
uld not encourage his people to put an enemy
o their mouths, to steal away their senses;
t he himself was so much deceived by Satan,
to be induced to commit this sin.

Pomare was also guilty of some acts of op-
ression, though not of such great ones as in
rmer times. He would not allow the people
sell their property to the ships, but chose to
y their things himself, at what price he
eased, that he might sell them to the ships.
his act of oppression displeased the people, and
ieved the missionaries.

Neither did he show that confidence in the
ethren that he ought to have felt in such
ithful friends. His behaviour to Mr. Gyles
as a proof of this.

Mr. Gyles had been sent to the South Seas
e year before, to teach the natives to make
gar from the sugar-canes, that grew in abun-

dance in the islands. He built a mill in Eimeo, in which he pressed the canes, and he afterwards boiled the juice, from which sugar was produced. An ill-disposed captain told Pomare, that if his people learned to make sugar, an army would come and make slaves of them. Pomare believed the slander, and desired Mr. Gyles to depart. This command Mr. Gyles immediately obeyed, and thus the natives were prevented from pursuing a useful and profitable occupation.

If Pomare had felt a proper confidence in the brethren, he would not have credited this evil report, as they assured him it was false.

Pomare's state of mind continued to perplex his best friends. Though he had been baptized, he expressed no desire to partake of the Lord's Supper, but always said that he was not fit to partake of it. He continued, however, to have family worship morning and evening, and often sat with twenty attendants round him, reading the Scriptures with them verse by verse, and afterwards either engaged in prayer himself, or asked one of these attendants to undertake the office.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1820.

THE ROYAL BABE.

have lately been obliged to speak of the of king Pomare, it will be the more pleasant to relate some good things that he did to a little island, called High Island, vavai, (which was four hundred miles from) where he found the people fighting t each other. He entreated the chiefs to ceiled, and succeeded in persuading them ve off war, and to cast away their idols, ppointed two excellent natives of Tahiti, he had brought with him, to teach the tants. As the people in this island conl Pomare to be their king, he left this and before he departed, " Watch, and see ; in who stirs up war again, let him be put h."

ew months afterwards a ship came to that and the captain was astonished to find habitants crowded into a large chapel, bove a hundred persons who could not standing outside. He heard that all the

inhabitants had abandoned their idols, and had turned some of them into stools for their chapel.

There were many more little islands, which had now abolished the worship of idols, and left off war, through the instructions of native teachers.

The six missionaries who now lived at Tahiti, did not all reside in one place, as the first missionaries had done, but were stationed in different villages.

Mr. Crook was settled at Pa-pe-e-te, a place about eight miles distant from Matavai. Here also the queen and her sister, and the little princess Aimata, resided, and were in consequence very often with Mr. Crook and his family, to whom they became much attached. Aimata went regularly to school, and improved rapidly. The queen and her sister attended both the school and Mrs. Crook's meetings for the instruction of women. This conduct was pleasing in persons of their high station, and showed humility of mind, that gave hope of increasing piety.

In June a very important event occurred in the royal family. The queen became the mother of a little boy. The king, who usually resided near the Royal Mission Chapel at Papao, came immediately to see his wife and son. He appeared pleased, and expressed his wish that no one but Mrs. Crook should touch the infant.

she took it, and dressed it like an English baby. As Mrs. Crook, however could not always attend to it, the queen's sister became the baby's nurse ; though it was generally at the house of Mrs. Crook, who was called its mother, because the king had given her the principal charge of it. Little Mary Crook was also called its mother because she had been chosen by the queen (according to the old custom) as her particular friend, and she employed herself diligently in making clothes for the young prince.

To give you some idea of the king's habits, we will mention a few trifling circumstances, that occurred during the short time he stayed near the queen at Papeete.

On the morning after his arrival, he attended Mr. Crook's family prayers, and afterwards walked through the school for grown-up people, to observe its order ; then sat down in it, and conversed with some of the chiefs respecting a passage in the book of Samuel. He refused to go home and breakfast with Mr. Crook ; but he sent a note to him soon afterwards, proposing to come at dinner-time, to eat flour with him, that is, pie or pudding ; for as no corn grows in the islands, flour is a rarity. At dinner, he took much notice of a map that was hung up in the room. Mr. Crook spoke to the king of the little prince, and recommended him to have the

child taught English. Pomare seemed inclined to consent, and willing that Mr. and Mrs. Crook should have the charge of him. He appeared in high spirits during this visit. Soon afterwards he returned to Papao.

When the infant prince was three months old he was taken in a boat to Papao, and baptized by Mr. Crook in the Royal Mission Chapel, in the presence of a thousand people. At the same time Mr. Crook baptized the queen also, while Mr. Nott baptized the queen's sister and the princess Aimata. But though the queen and her sister were baptized, they were not admitted to partake of the Lord's supper ; for notwithstanding their desire of instruction, and attention to the forms of religion, they did not yet seem decidedly pious.

Some years had now passed, since any of the missionaries had been taken away. During this summer, Mr. Tessier became ill at Pa-pa-ra in Tahiti where he was stationed with Mr. Bicknell. He had such slender abilities, that he had never been able to learn the language of Tahiti well enough to preach in it. He had, however instructed the children, and led a blameless life. He did not know, till the morning of the day on which he died, that he was dangerously ill, and then he seemed pleased to hear it. It was a sabbath-day. "I shall exchange an earthly sabbath," he observed,

"for a heavenly one ; I rejoice to think that heaven is not only a happy place, but also a holy one."

He then sent for the children he had taught, and spoke seriously to each of them about their souls. After this, he wished all his friends farewell, as cheerfully as if he was going to set out on a pleasant journey.

His fellow-labourer, Mr. Bicknell, preached a sermon upon his death. A few days afterwards, he was taken ill himself with the same disorder of which Mr. Tessier had died. At first he was much distressed in mind, with the thought that he had spent too much time lately in making his house comfortable, instead of instructing the natives. Afterwards he was more easy, and was heard to say, "Thanks be unto God, for Jesus Christ!" "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" and other like sentences.

He bade an affectionate farewell to each of his four children, the eldest of whom was eight, and the youngest four years old. Then he requested to be left alone for a short time, that he might think of eternity. He desired Mr. Crook, who was going to preach to his people, to tell them that he had taught them the word of God, and that if they perished he was clear of their blood ; but then (remembering that he might have done more for them) he corrected himself and added, "Not quite clear neither."

He addressed a dying exhortation to the pious chief Tati, who stood at his bedside, bathed in tears. He also exhorted Mr. Crook to show more love to the natives, that they might love him more.

Mr. Bicknell, like Mr. Tessier, expired on sabbath, and only one fortnight after his fellow labourer, at the age of fifty-four years.

How empty and faulty do the best spent lives appear, when viewed upon a death-bed! This pious missionary had laboured twenty-three years in Tahiti (for he was one of those who had come in the ship Duff); he had borne scorn, and poverty, and dangers, and desolation, for Christ's sake; yet when he came to die, he felt that he had cared too little for souls, and too much for earth. What, then, may some feel on their death-beds, who had lived chiefly for their own pleasure, and done little or nothing for Christ!

The people of Papara had received a solemn lesson by the loss of both their teachers in the space of one fortnight; they had reason to fear, lest God was punishing them for their negligence, and lest he should quite remove the candlestick out of its place. Mr. Davies, however, came from Huahine, to fill the post of the departed brethren, and laboured with unwearied diligence in preaching, teaching, and translating the Scriptures.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1821.

THE STRANGERS FROM THE SOLITARY ISLE.

YOU have already heard that the gospel spread from island to island in the South Seas ; but the manner in which it came to one of them is so remarkable that it must be related.

There was a little island called Ru-ru-tu, that lay so many hundred miles from those where the brethren laboured, that it had never even been heard of in them. Though it was only seven miles long it was so fruitful that six thousand people inhabited it. At length it was visited by a dreadful plague, which mowed down the people like grass, till only three or four hundred remained alive.

Amongst the chiefs of Rurutu, was a young man named A-u-u-ra. He felt a great desire to leave the island, which he feared would soon be his grave. The thought came also into his heart that in some other land he should hear something good, although he knew not what. Aaura persuaded some of his friends to accompany him in a large canoe. His wife also went with him. There were in all twenty-five persons

in the canoe, and a good store of food and water. They arrived at length at a heathen island called Tu-bu-ai, a hundred miles off, where they were treated well, and their health was restored. After some time had passed, they set sail to return to their native island, hoping either to find the plague abated, or to persuade the inhabitants to remove to a happier spot, as they feared that the curse of the gods rested on their country. During their voyage a tempest arose which drove them out of their course. They rowed day after day, but could see no land: at length their food and their water were spent; They could only refresh themselves with seawater, and they grew so weak that they often were obliged to suffer their canoe to float idly upon the water, while their terror was increased by the fear lest they should be swallowed up by the evil spirits of the waters. Yet he, who holds the winds in his fists, was guiding their little vessel to a right haven.

After three weeks spent at sea, they saw land. It was one of the Christian islands, and was called Ma-u-pi-ti. The astonishment of the strangers was great to find people dwelling in white cottages, clothed from head to foot, and to see men and women eating together. They now heard for the first time of the unseen God, and they appeared struck with what they heard, and anxious to learn to read. They did

not stay at this island, but proceeded to Raiatea, where they were kindly received by Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld.* These brethren immediately desired some of the natives to teach the strangers to read. Auura and his wife paid very great attention to all the instructions they received, but some of the others seemed slothful. Auura asked many sensible questions, and expressed a great desire to return to his own land to tell his poor dying countrymen the wonderful news of a Saviour: for he was one of those strangers of whom God says in the eighteenth psalm, "As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me." God seemed to have prepared his heart by the Holy Spirit to receive the gospel with gladness.

In a few months Auura could both read and write, and was ready to return to his own land; but he could not venture to make so long a voyage in the canoe in which he had arrived.

At this time a ship visited the island. It was the Hope, commanded by Captain Grimes. The captain kindly offered to take Auura and his companions back to the island of Rurutu.

When Auura heard this proposal he was delighted. Only one thing grieved him: he felt he was not fit to instruct the people of Rurutu, and yet how could he hope that a teacher would

* Mr. Orsmond, who at first was stationed at Raiatea, had removed to the neighbouring island of Bo-ra-bo-ra.

accompany him to his distant land ? But though the missionaries could not go with him themselves, they determined to see whether any other persons would accompany the strangers. That evening they sent for all the people, who professed to love Christ by taking the Lord's Supper, and enquired whether any would go and dwell in Rurutu. Two natives arose, and said, "Here we are; send us." Their names were, Ma-he-me-ne, and Pu-na. The missionaries agreed to send them, as well as their wives and little children (for one of them had two children).

That whole night these two good men spent in preparing to leave their native land, in order to sail next morning.

There was another plan that the missionaries had formed. They wished to learn the way to Rurutu; so they asked the captain to tie one of their boats to his ship, and they desired some of the natives to go with the ship, and to return in the boat. By this means they hoped the natives would learn the way to Rurutu, so that they should be able to send men to it whenever they pleased.

This was a busy night indeed. Everybody in the chapel went home to find some present to give the native missionaries at parting. One brought a razor, another a knife, another a roll of cloth, another a few nails. The mission-

aries gave spelling-books, and, what was most valuable of all, a few copies of St. Matthew's Gospel, which Mr. Davies had translated. As there was some difference between the language of Rurutu and of the Christian islands, it was difficult for Auura, to understand the books, but he could make out the meaning with pains. It was intended that other books should soon be written.

Early in the morning the missionaries and many of the people prayed in the chapel with those who were going to depart, and then accompanied them to the ship.

How anxious the people left behind were to know whether Auura would find any of his countrymen living, and whether he would be able to persuade them to turn from idols to the living and true God !

On July the 5th they parted from the strangers. On August the 9th they beheld the boat (that the captain had taken in tow) returning. And what do you think it brought with it ? Some prisoners. deaf, dumb, blind, and lame, who having eyes saw not, and having ears heard not—the frightful idols of Rurutu.

Besides these, the boat brought letters from Mahe-mene to Pomare, and also from Auura. The missionaries knew, from seeing the idols, that these letters contained good news. However, they were anxious to know the particulars.

The men also who returned in the boat related many things that had happened. I will give you a short account of them.

When Auura and his companions first reached Rurutu, the people were much surprised to see them, for they thought they had been eaten up by the evil spirit of the waters. Auura on his part was glad to find that his countrymen had not all perished by the plague. The king of the island was a youth about seventeen years old. He received Auura kindly, and permitted him to hold a great meeting of the inhabitants very soon after the arrival of the boat.

You know why Auura wished such a meeting to be held. He wanted to propose to the people giving up their idols. One circumstance had already occurred, which had made the people doubt the power of the idols.

The teachers, on first landing, had accidentally knelt down, to return thanks to God, upon a part of the shore sacred to Oro, and yet had not died as the people had expected. They and some others had afterwards eaten upon a sacred spot, and the women had eaten with their husbands, and had partaken of hog and turtle. The Rurutans looked earnestly at them (as the barbarians once did at Paul), expecting some to have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly; but when they saw no harm come to them, they thought that the gods would come in the night

and kill them, and one man actually went that night to enquire whether Auura's wife was still alive. But when in the morning they found the new-comers all well and safe, they began to suspect that they themselves had been deceived by the evil spirit.

In this frame of mind, they assembled according to Auura's request.

Auura spoke first. He said, "Friends! this is my desire, and therefore am I come back to this land, that you may know the name of the Son of God, and the work of the Holy Spirit in enlightening our hearts, and the mercy of God towards us. This is my desire,—Let the evil spirit be this instant cast into the fire; is it agreeable to you, kings and chiefs? Shall we burn the evil spirit even now? Shall we overthrow his kingdom? Let us no more worship him. Let him have no more reign in our hearts. Let the government of these little lands become Jehovah's." Then Auura proposed that they should all both men and women, assemble and eat together in one place, and see whether they should really die, as the evil spirit had said.

The king and chiefs consented to this proposal, and replied, "We are glad because of your saying 'Burn the evil spirits in the fire.'" They also expressed their great surprise when they were told that they had souls within them. Auura then asked them to promise to be kind to

the two teachers ; and the king and chiefs promised that they would.

There were, however, two men in the assembly who did not like the idea of burning the gods. One of them spoke in a deceitful manner, saying, " We will hold the good word," not meaning to do so.

The other boasted that he could fly up into the sky ; but Auura answered him, " Do fly up let us see you flying up immediately : " then he added, " The people of Rurutu have been completely destroyed through *thee*, and through *the* alone, and now thou shalt not deceive us again. We know the true God. Begone ! If the Son of God stood in our presence, thou wouldst be ashamed."

The two teachers then spoke very affectionately to the people. Puna concluded his speech with this awful warning—" Should you not listen to this word you will die and you will bear the wrath of God, and you will be led by the evil spirit you have now cast away, into the fire of hell ; but if you regard the word and name of the Son of God, you will, by that means, be saved."

The next day the people met together to eat according to agreement ; but though they ate in a sacred place, and though women ate with men and partook of hog and turtle (I need not say, no harm followed. The people would, no doubt

re been afraid of making the experiment, if d had not prepared them for it, by letting m see others escape unhurt.

That very evening the people burnt their idols d their temples. They spared, however, a 7 of the idols, that they might send them in amph to the Christian islands. Auura and teachers soon began to instruct them about true God, and his Son the Lord Jesus, and teach them to read. Auura was so diligent, t he even went from house to house, morning d evening, to pray in many of the families, be use they knew not how to pray themselves.

Such was the wonderful account that the ters from Rurutu contained. The missionaries Raiatea were anxious both to return public nks to God, and to let all the natives hear the ful news. They assembled one evening in chapel, when three of the natives (who were led deacons, because they helped the minister) d up the idols in the pulpit, before the con- gation. One of these was hollow, and filled h a quantity of little gods, and with the nts of spears. There was great rejoicing in iatea that evening, but surely not so great as ong the angels of heaven.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1821.

THE COURT AND PALACES OF POMARE II.

THE Directors of the Missionary Society in England, heard with delight the account of the wonderful changes in the natives of the South Seas. They determined to send some persons to visit these islands, as well as other missionary stations, and to bring back an account of the things they saw.

The persons who undertook this interesting voyage, were a minister named Daniel Tyerman, and a gentleman named George Bennet. They were accompanied by several persons who wished to settle in Tahiti; namely, Mr. Jones, a missionary, Mr. Blossom, a carpenter, and Mr. Armitage, who kindly wished to teach the natives to spin and weave cotton. The wives of these three persons, and the two little children of Mr. Armitage, were also of the party.

The ship that conveyed them arrived at Tahiti in September, 1821.

Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet landed at Matavai, near the place where the first mission-

aries had landed. But how different were the natives, who welcomed them to the shore, from the ignorant wicked savages that had received Captain Wilson and his companions! The voyagers looked with interest at the grove which those missionaries had planted, and which was still flourishing; though their houses (as you know) had long been destroyed.

Mr. Nott, who had a little dwelling at Matavai, received Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman under his roof. The visitors were surprised to find that the natives came into the house, whenever they pleased, and sat upon the floor, and talked to them, without seeming to fear lest they should be in the way.

On Sunday the two travellers went to the native prayer-meeting in the school-room, and found the people kneeling on the floor, while a native was praying. They were pleased to observe that no one lifted up his head to look at them as they entered, but that all continued to bend in prayer. Afterwards, the native read a chapter of St. John's Gospel (which had just been printed,) and while he was reading, many of the people looked in their copies of that Gospel. Afterwards, a hymn was sung, and the meeting concluded with prayer. As you know the manner in which the sabbath was spent in Tahiti, I will only add that Mr. Tyerman

and Mr. Bennet were delighted with all they saw.

The king was not in Tahiti at that time, but in Eimeo. In a short time Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet visited Eimeo, accompanied by Mr. Nott.

They found Mr. Henry and Mr. Platt residing at Papetoai in Eimeo. Their welcome to that place was very delightful. They had no sooner entered Mr. Platt's house, than five deacons came in. One of them who spoke for the rest, after expressing the joy they felt at the arrival of their friends from England, said, "We are brands plucked out of the burning; Satan was destroying us, and casting us one after another into the flames of hell, but Christ came and snatched us out of his hand, and threw water upon the fire that was consuming us; so we were saved."

The two visitors were anxious to see the king, who was at that time residing near Papetoai, and was too ill to leave the house. In a few days they were sent for, and they set out, accompanied by Mr. Nott, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Platt, and by several natives, who were useful in carrying them on their shoulders over the streams that frequently crossed the path.

The king's palace was merely a long shed,

At a row of soldiers stood along the road, that led up to the fence of bamboos around it. These soldiers were the king's guards, and had muskets in their hands: they were not dressed like English soldiers, but in native clothes of various kinds. As soon as the visitors, by the help of stones, had stepped over the bamboo fence, an officer in a scarlet coat bade them stop, and desired the soldiers to fire in honour of their rival.

Mr. Nott went first into the house, and soon returned to tell his companions that the king would see them. The visitors found Pomare seated on the ground, near the door. The floor was covered with long dry grass; a mat was spread on it near the door, a calico sheet was placed on the mat, and on this sheet the king was seated, and with it he covered his legs.

As he was very ill, he was obliged to lean his back against some pillows, that were placed before one of the posts that supported the roof. He wore a white calico shirt, and over it a most beautiful yellow tiputa, ornamented with figures of flowers. His hair was short, excepting one long piece behind, that was rolled up and fastened on the top of his head. His hands were tattooed, his complexion was very dark, and his countenance sensible. The queen his wife sat on a stool on his left hand: she was young and rather fair, and held on her knee a



KING POMARE II.

boy about a year and a half old, dressed in a short muslin frock. The queen's sister sat next. Both the queen and her sister were dressed in gowns and bonnets, and shoes and stockings, like Englishwomen; not that they

always wore such clothes, but they were dressed in their best to receive company. Near them sat a little girl ten years old. She was the princess Aimata, Pomare's daughter. The princess was dressed in a blue flowered frock, and a straw bonnet. Next to her sat three ladies.

On a stool in front of the king sat Tati, his prime minister, and in the further part of the large room stood a great number of chiefs and servants. Many people were standing outside peeping through the walls. There was but little furniture in the palace; the king's bed stood behind a curtain at one end, and a few stools and mats were scattered about the floor.

When the travellers entered, the king nodded to them, and made a sign for them to sit upon two stools on his right hand.

The travellers first inquired after the health of the king, and then gave him some letters from the Missionary Society, and thanked him for his great kindness to all the missionaries. Pomare then asked whether the gospel was preached in other heathen lands, and seemed pleased to hear that it was. After a little more conversation, he ordered wine to be brought, with glasses, which were placed on a low stool before the visitors. The guests drank his health; and Pomare partook of a little wine with them. Had Pomare always been equally

temperate, he would not have been in the state he then was; for he was suffering from a dropsy, which threatened his life.

Pomare next desired that the visitors might be shown the presents prepared for them. They also had brought presents from England for him, but by his desire they had been left at Tahiti. The king's presents were in the court-yard, and consisted of fourteen fine hogs, and five heaps of fruit, each heap containing as much as two men could carry. The visitors, after looking at the gifts, returned to thank Pomare, and then departed.

About a week afterwards the king determined, for the benefit of his health, to sail round the island of Eimeo. Before he set out, he came in his canoe to see the travellers. He landed, and went into a house that was close to the sea, for he could not walk more than a few steps. He then sent for Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet. They found him lying on a sofa, with his legs wrapped in a sheet. His breath was short, he coughed, and seemed very weak. In the course of the visit, he asked what o'clock it was; probably wishing to see the watches of his visitors, although he possessed some of his own. He next asked whether they had any spectacles. Mr. Bennett had some green spectacles, which the king tried on, and admired, and then returned to their

owner. In about an hour Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet took leave. The king sent a messenger after them, requesting Mr. Bennet to change his green spectacles for another pair which was too small for himself. Of course the request was granted.

Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet, soon after this interview returned to Tahiti.

The king, who gained no benefit from his voyage, came also to Tahiti, and lived in his house at Bunaauia, where the last great battle had been fought.

While the king was there, he sent for Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet to see him again. They found him very ill, and unable to speak much. He had indeed been seized with a fainting-fit the night before, and had appeared dead for a time. He now felt convinced that he should soon die. When Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet entered, he was lying upon a couch, and was covered with a white counterpane. Close beside him a small table was placed, spread with various fruits and wine, of which he invited his guests to partake. The queen with her little boy upon her knee, was in the room; and at the further end of it, a number of chiefs (both men and women) were sitting cross-legged upon the floor. The guests conversed with the king upon the subject of their visit to his kingdom;

but perceiving that he was very unwell, they soon departed, and never saw him again.

Three days afterwards the king removed to Papeete in Tahiti, where Mr. Crook, who understood medicine, lived. The king did not reside upon the shore, but in a very little round island opposite the harbour, where he and some of his chiefs had houses, beneath the shade of the tall cocoa-nut trees. By the desire of the brethren, a day was appointed for fasting and prayer for the king's recovery.

As soon as the sun arose on that day, Mr. Crook and several chiefs visited the king, and prayed with him round his bed. Afterwards, there were services held in the chapel. The king's dropsy, however, increased. On the 7th of December, Mr. Crook heard that Pomare had just had a fainting-fit. He hastened to him, and found him sensible, and able to understand a few sentences about God and his soul. As the king soon revived a little, Mr. Crook returned home. In the evening Pomare fainted again, and Mr. Crook was again sent for. Mr. Crook then said to him, "I would gladly do for you what I can, but I fear my best will be of little avail. You have indeed been a great sinner but Christ is a great Saviour, and none but Jesus can help you know." Pomare replied, "None but Jesus." These were his last words.

He then fell into a kind of stupor. The queen and her sister hung over him, weeping aloud. One of his cousins also wept bitterly, but his little daughter Aimata did not appear much moved. Mr. Crook sat at the foot of the bed with the young prince in his arms, mournfully watching the king's countenance. At eight o'clock that evening, Pomare ceased to breathe.

Mr. Crook then knelt down with the afflicted family, and offered up a short prayer. Immediately afterwards a general weeping began, and cries of "Alas! alas! our king!" The queen and her sister repeated, in a singing tone, "'Twas he who brought us hither, and now! alas! alas! for the children!" Each person who stood near, uttered some mournful words in a singing tone, describing his own loss in particular, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

A coffin was made for Pomare, and a small house was built for a tomb, near the Royal Mission Chapel. Four days after the king's death his body was placed in this small white dwelling, beneath the shade of spreading trees. All the missionaries were present, and a multitude of people. Mr. Nott addressed the people at the grave, and Mr. Henry prayed over it, that God would bless the event to those who still lived.

Thus died Pomare II, at the age of forty-seven years.

Every one who has read this history must already be acquainted with his character. He possessed good abilities, great perseverance, and a fondness for study: he was of a stubborn and reserved temper, and was disposed to pride, covetousness, deceit, and intemperance; but the most odious part of his natural character was *treachery*. He had, however, been a friend to the missionaries, and a blessing to his people; he appeared to believe the word of God himself—and *persuaded* many (whilst he *forced* none) to turn from idols. The last day will show whether he was a child of God; for the numerous faults that disfigured him to the last, rendered it doubtful to whom he belonged.

A pious chief, named Hautia, said, after Pomare's death, "I could not sleep all night for thinking of Pomare. I was like a canoe rocking on the stormy waves, which cannot rest. I thought of his body—and I said in my heart, '*That* is dead, and will be in the grave, but his *soul*, where is it?' "

How many kings and common people (as Pomare himself once observed) had sunk into the grave without having heard of Christ! But God showed great mercy to Pomare, and sent to him the news of a Saviour.

How sad it was that one, who had received singular favours, should have continued in bondage to so many sins! The force of old habits of iniquity must indeed have been stronger than we can imagine. Yet it was not too strong for God's Spirit to overcome, if Pomare had diligently sought for help.

There were, however, some parts of his character pleasant to reflect upon. His attention to God's word, his respect for God's ministers, his zeal for the spread of the gospel, lead us to believe that the root of the matter was in him, and that when multitudes shall flock from the ends of the earth, Pomare shall come from the south to sit down with Abraham, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1822.

WHAT THE CONVERTED HEATHEN FELT FOR THOSE STILL IN DARKNESS.

It was feared by many that much confusion would arise in the kingdom, in consequence of the death of Pomare. None, however, did arise. The people accepted Pomare's little son, who was a year and a half old, as their king. As so young a child could not govern, several chiefs had been appointed by Pomare, before he died, to govern in his stead. One of these had more authority than the rest. He was an old man, named Ma-nao-nao. He behaved in an oppressive manner, claiming many gifts from the people.

The young king was called Pomare III, and he was the third of that name who had reigned over Tahiti.

He was entirely committed to the care of his aunt, Pomare Vahine, who seemed fit for the charge. She had lately been admitted to take the Lord's Supper, and was both more cor

rect in her conduct, and more amiable in her manners, than the child's mother.

The king's usual abode was at Papao, near the Royal Mission Chapel, and the tomb of Pomare.

The child's mother, the queen, also lived near her husband's tomb—not in the same house as her child, but in a large native house, in which she was surrounded by a great number of chiefs and servants.

Her conduct did not give much satisfaction to the missionaries; for she chose to be tattooed though tattooing was a custom forbidden by the laws, because it led to a great many evil practices.

Mr. Nott came over every Sunday from Matavai, to preach in the Royal Mission Chapel, which was only four miles off: and he promised to come and live near it, as soon as a house was built for him, and to undertake the education of the little king.

Pomare Vahine often took the child to another house belonging to her, near Mr. Crook at Pa-peete. The little king was very fond of Mr. Crook's family, which consisted of nine children, with whom he had been a great deal ever since he was born. From being so much with them, he soon began to speak English. He also appeared to like English people better than

natives, and to prefer their food and all their ways. The missionaries were glad to observe this taste, because they hoped that, when he was older, he would delight in the things they would teach him, and hate all heathen customs. The late king Pomare had never cast off some of them; for instance, he never permitted a woman to eat in a house where he had been. The missionaries were sorry to perceive that the servants of the little king had some heathen ideas: for once when the child touched with his foot some fruit that was lying on the ground, the servants said, "It must not be eaten, throw it away;" because they thought that the king, by touching it, had made it sacred. It is very long before a nation can get rid of superstition, and follow no rule but the word of God.

It was a very sad circumstance that there was no place in all the converted islands, so wicked as that part of Tahiti where the royal family resided. One reason of it might be, that many ships visited that neighbourhood; another was supposed to be, that the late king Pomare had been always attended by a train of the worst men in the island, who corrupted all around them by their bad example: for he had never made the resolution that King David has recorded in Psalm ci: "Mine eye shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me."

The people who lived at Matavai, Papao, Papeete, were less willing to come to school than others were, or to send their children there. It is true, they had family prayers, but many neglected secret prayer; they attended chapel in the morning, but many kept away in the afternoon, and a greater number failed to attend the week-day lecture. The people of Papeete were so ungrateful to Crook that they once endeavoured to get him banished from Tahiti, because they said he had spoken disrespectfully of the late king. His charge, however, was untrue; and afterwards the people were sorry for their conduct, and set about building a house for their faithful minister.

After this unpleasant account, it will be cheerful to hear of some instances of piety in the lives of the neighbouring islands; and I repeat to say that I can relate some delightful proofs of their love to God and man.

I have before spoken of the two gentlemen, who had been sent from England to observe the state of the islands of the South Seas. They travelled from island to island, and stayed in the houses of the missionaries in the different divisions. While staying with Mr. Ellis in Papeete, they were present at a sermon on the text, "Israel slideth back, like a backsliding deer: now the Lord will feed them as a

lamb in a large place." Mr. Ellis explains this difficult text, showing that it contains a warning to Israel not to forsake the Lord, a heifer that would not draw the plough, that it spoke of God's goodness to Israel, feeding them like a lamb in a large field; then he entreated the people to attend to exhortation.



CHAPEL IN HUAHINE.

After the sermon was ended, the travellers entered an earnest talking at one end of the vessel. They soon found that it was no idle conversation, but that the people were saying to another, "O we hope that we shall not back from the Lord! O how kind he has been to us in giving us so many blessings, and treating us like lambs! Ought we not to serve him?" It was delightful to see people attend so seriously to sermons, and apply them to themselves, instead of making remarks upon the preacher, or discoursing upon worldly things, soon as the sermon was over. These people soon afterwards gave a proof of their willingness to serve the Lord, even to their own

Many natives from the converted islands had already visited heathen islands; but none had gone so far as the Marquesas, which were a hundred miles off, and were inhabited by a very wild race. Mr. Crook had lived amongst them in his youth, and had been obliged to leave them in a year and a half. To these islands the missionaries were anxious to send native teachers. An opportunity of conveying them occurred at this time, for a ship, named the Mermaid, touched at Huahine, and agreed to take any persons to the Marquesas. A meeting to consult upon the subject was held in the chapel at Huahine. An excellent

man, named Hautia,* was regent of the isle for the queen of the island, Pomare Vah lived at Tahiti. Hautia sat in the chair at meeting. The missionaries first arose, and made speeches on the subject of choosing two natives for the Marquesas.

Afterwards Auna rose—an excellent man, once a priest of Hiro, the god of thieves. His form was noble, and his countenance beamed with benevolence and joy.

He hesitated before he spoke. Auna did often hesitate. It was plain that he had something to say that lay very near his heart; but he scarcely could utter. This was the substance of his speech: "It is a good thing to send the word of God to those who are in the same state that we once were. I have a speech to make—if I and my wife might be favoured as to be sent to the heathen; but perhaps we are not worthy." Auna then sat down with great humility.

Hautia, the regent, then rose, and said, "Auna is the man to go." Others exclaimed, "Auna is the man." The whole assembly agreed that Auna and his wife were fit persons for the work, for they were not only good and able to teach the knowledge of God,

* Hautia was the man who had compared himself to a canoe upon the waves, when uneasy on account of Pomare's soul.

the wife could instruct the heathen women in plaiting bonnets and making clothes, and thus render them industrious. A man who had such a wife as Auna, was called a two-handed man.

Another man, named Mattatore, and his wife, were chosen by the whole assembly to accompany Auna. It only remained for Hautia to express his wish upon the subject. The congregation looked towards him, and were surprised to perceive him still silent and full of sadness. At length, he rose, and, with a weakness and humility which appeared very lovely in this noble and majestic chief, said, "I have a little speech, because a thought has grown up in my heart, and in the heart of my wife, Hautia Vahine.* But perhaps it is not a good thought ; yet I must speak it, and this is our thought. If the missionaries and the church † of Huahine think that I and my wife are fit to be companions for Auna and his wife, and to go and teach the good word of God to those idolatrous people (who *are* as we *were*) we should be rejoiced to go ; but perhaps we are not worthy, and others may be much better suited for the blessed work ; yet we should love to go."

* The female Hautia, his wife.

† By the church, Hautia meant those who took the Lord's Supper.

The whole assembly were astonished at hearing this proposal. Was it indeed true that this great chief, who was almost a king, desired to become a teacher of savages? Was he willing to leave the people who esteemed him, and live among those who would despise him! to forsake his comfortable dwelling for a strange land! It is said in the parable of Jotham (Judges ix.) that the olive tree would not leave his fatness, nor the fig tree his sweetness, even to reign over the trees; but this man was willing to forsake all, that he might be the servant of Christ.

Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet were much delighted by this proof of love to the Redeemer. One of them arose and addressed the noble pair through an interpreter. He told them that their wish was good, but that, like David's wish to build the temple, it must be denied; for that they were so useful in Huahine, that they could not be spared.

Hautia appeared disappointed at this reply, and with much feeling answered—"Since you say so, perhaps it is the Lord's will that we should not go to the Marquesas, but stay in Huahine; perhaps we may serve God better here: be it so, and yet I wish it had fallen to me and my wife to go."

Auna and Mattatore then came forward, and knelt at the table before the pulpit. Mr. Ellis

then prayed that God would fit them for the undertaking, and afterwards Mr. Barff delivered to them a solemn charge. The service was concluded with singing and prayer. Though the people loved Auna and his companion, yet they were willing to part with them for so holy a purpose, as preaching the knowledge of the Saviour amongst the heathen.

It was agreed that Mr. Ellis should accompany the native teachers; but as it was intended that he should not remain at the Marquesas, his wife and children were left at Huahine.

Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman went also on this voyage, for they wished to see various heathen countries, that they might bring an account to England, as it was for this purpose they had left home.

The captain of the Mermaid intended to visit the Sandwich Islands before the Marquesas. The Sandwich Islands are three thousand miles distant from Huahine; they are ten in number, large, full of inhabitants;* but not so beautiful as the islands of the South, for though their mountains are high, they are not richly clothed with trees and verdure.

When the missionaries arrived at these shores, they were surprised to find that Riho-riho,†

* At that time it was supposed that they contained much above one hundred thousand inhabitants.

† His other name was Ta-meha-meha. He afterwards

the king, had burned his idols three years before.

You will naturally suppose that he was become a Christian. This, however, was not the case. He had heard how Pomare had cast away his idols, and he had determined to follow his example. Yet he had continued ignorant of the true God. Six missionaries from America had arrived soon afterwards, and were now endeavouring to learn the language, that they might preach to the natives.

But what were six missionaries amongst tens of thousands of people! Riho-Riho entreated Mr. Ellis and Auna to remain in the island. At first they would not consent, because they wished to go to the Marquesas: but afterwards, when the captain found it inconvenient to take them to the Marquesas, they resolved to grant Riho-Riho's request: only Mr. Ellis said he must return first to Huahine, to fetch his wife and children.

The language of the Sandwich Islands was so much like that of the Southern Isles, that Mr. Ellis was able to converse with the people, and soon even to preach. Auna tried to persuade the people to burn their idols. In a few weeks after his arrival, a great bonfire was made of one hundred and two idols: yet some

visited England with his queen, and died of the measles in London, July, 1824.

still remained hidden among the rocks. The king and his five wives began to learn to read and write; many of the chiefs followed their example, so that the missionaries thought the "fields were white already to harvest." (John iv.)

When the captain of the Mermaid was ready to return to Tahiti, Mr. Ellis, as well as Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman, accompanied him. Auna and his wife remained, as they had promised, at the Sandwich Islands; but Mattatore and his wife did not remain. Mattatore himself had behaved very well, but his wife had done very many wrong things, and had shown that she was not fit to teach the heathen women.

She never, however, reached her native country. She was taken ill on the voyage, but appeared to be recovering, when she insisted on being carried on deck. There she was soon wet with the foam of the waves that dashed against the ship. Yet she refused to be removed, and was at last carried below by force. In the evening she grew worse, and then began to call upon God for mercy through Christ. No human creature can tell whether she found it; because none can tell whether, like the dying thief, she truly repented of her sins, and believed in Christ; but as she had abused many religious opportunities, and made a false profession of piety, it is to be feared that there was no hope

in her death. That night she died, and the next day her body was thrown into the sea. The death of such a woman was a solemn warning to all.

The voyage was much longer than had been expected, for the winds drove the ship many miles out of its course. This proved in the end a happy circumstance, for the voyagers were thus led to visit a very interesting island, which lies alone in the bosom of the ocean, about four hundred miles from Tahiti. When they first approached it they knew not its name. It reminded them by its beauty of Tahiti and its sister islands; for a high mountain rose in the midst, and silver streams flowed down the sides of the wooded hills. The voyagers were surprised to see a number of white cottages adorning its shores, and a white flag waving upon the top of a high staff. They wondered what could be the name of this pretty island, but they could not immediately reach it, because the boats, belonging to the ship required mending. After waiting with anxiety for some time, they beheld a native approaching, not in a canoe, but in a large wooden dish about the length of a man. When he reached them, he told them that the island was named Rurutu.

You will remember the history of this island. Only one year and a quarter had passed since the news of a Saviour had been brought to it,

and yet the inhabitants were no longer heathen.

The man in the wooden dish informed the people in the ship, that the reason why no canoes had come near them, was, that the inhabitants of Rurutu had, for some time past, been employed in building a chapel, and new houses, and had neglected to repair their canoes, and that only one tolerable canoe remained. The Rurutan was much delighted to find that there was a missionary on board the vessel. He speedily returned in his dish to the shore, to bring to his king the joyful news. The old canoe he had mentioned now started from the shore, and soon reached the ship. One of the ship's boats also was by this time mended. In these little vessels Mr. Ellis, Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Tyerman, as well as the captain, rowed towards Rurutu, and landed on a coral pier, a quarter of a mile long, that the natives had lately built.

All the inhabitants were assembled on the beach, and received Mr. Ellis and his friends with joy and affection, not as strangers, but as brethren. Amongst the rest the king of the island appeared. He was a youth of eighteen, of a fair complexion, mild countenance, and graceful manners. The young queen also seemed amiable and modest, and the infant prince her son was as fair as an English babe. The island of Rurutu was much less hot than

Tahiti, therefore the natives were of a lighter complexion.

Near the king stood a tall chief of a majestic appearance : it was Auura, who was the friend and counsellor of the young monarch. How happy is the sovereign who has such a friend !

Mehemene and Puna, the two teachers, were there. They knew Mr. Ellis, and welcomed him with delight, and then invited him and Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman to come to their house for refreshment.

That evening Mr. Ellis preached in the chapel to a congregation of two hundred people. There was one part of the building which was very remarkable ; this was the rails of the stairs. They were formed of hard polished wood, which once had been the spears of warriors ; but now the people needed spears no longer, for they had become the subjects of the Prince of Peace.

Two days afterwards a meeting was held at this chapel, when several speeches were made by Mr. Ellis and others. Among the rest Auura spoke, and after expressing his gratitude to those English Christians who had first sent out missionaries to the islands of the South Seas, he uttered these memorable words : "We have given up our *island* to Jesus Christ, to be governed by him as our king ; we have given up *ourselves* to Him, that we may serve Him ; we have given up our *property* to him, for the advancement of his

glory ; we have given him our *all*, and we desire to be entirely his."

The ships spent three days at Rurutu, and then set sail with a favourable wind, and reached Huahine on October 4th, after an absence of seven months.

Mr. Ellis then informed his wife of the promise he had made, and in a short time he removed to the Sandwich Islands, where missionaries were more needed than in Huahine.

The brethren did not forget the poor inhabitants of the Marquesas, and determined to seek for other native teachers, to send to them the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1822.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

WHILE some of the natives of the South Seas were crossing the ocean to spread the gospel, those at home were not unmindful of the blessed cause. In Tahiti and the neighbouring islands there were yearly meetings (or anniversaries) of the Missionary Society held every May.

The anniversary held at the Royal Mission Chapel this year was particularly interesting on account of the presence of little Pomare, who was not quite two years old. He was chosen president of the society instead of his father, and was therefore placed in the chair being held in the arms of a chief named Hitote. It was delightful to behold a royal infant in such a situation! What throne could become him so well, as the seat in which he was placed for the purpose of advancing the kingdom of Him, who had given him a kingdom and who is himself the King of kings! Who cannot but desire that every monarch, both young and old, in every country beneath th

sun, occupied such a post! The day, however, shall come when all kings shall fall down before the Son of God, and count it the highest honour to do him honour. (Ps. lxxii. 11.)

The account of the contributions made by the people during the year was read aloud by the Upaparu. Though nearly ten thousand bamboos* of oil had been subscribed, besides twenty-four pigs, two hundred and sixty-seven balls of arrowroot, and one hundred and ninety-one baskets of cotton, yet the chiefs regretted that the amount had not been greater, and one of them observed in his little speech, "Where do we lay out our strength? Is it for God or the devil? For this world or the next?"

This meeting was both begun and ended by singing and prayer.

Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet were not present on this occasion, for they were then at the Sandwich Islands. On their return they continued for some time longer to go from island to island, as they had before done, and to note down those things that struck them. They observed the strict manner in which crimes were punished by the chiefs. It was not to be expected that all the people would be pious, or even obedient to the laws; it was therefore necessary that punishments should be inflicted.

Parents in former times did not correct their

* A bamboo contains nearly three quarts.

children, but now they took much pains with their disobedient children. One father who had a very rebellious son, after reproving him, placed him in a basket in the roof. A missionary, who entered, was surprised to see legs hanging down from the ceiling, and was then told that a boy was in the basket, and would be taken down by-and-by.

There were many rebellious young people in the islands, who committed crimes, for which they were brought before the judges.

Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman were present on one of these occasions, and have given the following account of it.

The court of judgment they visited was under a large spreading tree near the chapel at Papetoai in Eimeo. Around the tree long benches were placed, on which thirty chiefs, who were judges, sat. The chief judge was distinguished from the rest by a bunch of black and red feathers in his straw hat. In other respects he was clothed like the rest, in handsome native clothing. The criminals were two young men accused of stealing bread-fruit. They were led in, and desired to sit on the ground beneath the tree. The judge rose, and calling upon the young men also to stand up, told them that they were certainly guilty, for they had been detected in the theft, and represented to them how great a fault they had committed.

One of the young men immediately confessed his guilt, and owned that he had persuaded his companion to join with him in the theft.

It was pleasing to hear this frank confession. Such confessions were usually made by the guilty, so that witnesses were seldom necessary. The chief judge consulted with the other chiefs, respecting the punishment to be inflicted on the youths, and then sentenced them each to build twenty-four feet of wall, round a royal garden of taro. The culprits were asked whether they agreed to the sentence, and they replied that they did.

The usual punishment for theft was to restore four times as much as the value of the thing stolen, but the judges were allowed to appoint any other punishment if they thought fit. This was a defect in the laws, as it sometimes led people to think they were unjustly treated. Criminals were also allowed to receive the assistance of their friends in performing the tasks appointed them. A son was often helped by his father in his work, and a young chief by his companions.

Very strange punishments were sometimes inflicted upon offenders. In the island of Raiatea, two deep pits were once dug on the side of a hill; each was about fifteen feet deep, and was smaller at the top than at the bottom, so that it appeared impossible to climb up the

sides. A woman who had run away from her husband, and got herself tattooed, was put in one of these pits, and the man who tattooed her in the other. They were told they must remain there till they asked forgiveness, and promised to return to their duty. While they continued in the pits, they were fed on a little bread-fruit and water.

At the end of two days some loose earth falling upon the woman, she thought a spirit was coming to torment her, and, by making very great efforts, she contrived to escape from her prison, and returning home, asked her husband to forgive her, which he willingly did. After some time the man also showed signs of sorrow, and was released.

It may be thought hard by some that people were not allowed to be tattooed, or to tattoo others. But the chiefs had forbidden these practices for very wise reasons. They found that when the natives chose to be tattooed, they soon returned to many other of their old heathen habits. Ill-disposed young people were very determined in their resolution to be tattooed, and would have one limb after another thus marked, in spite of a punishment after each offence.

These obstinate offenders were made useful to their country. In Tahiti they (as well as other criminals) began a broad road that was to be

made all round the island. In many places they brought great blocks of coral from the sea to build piers. The same persons might often be seen engaged in these fatiguing labours. It seemed surprising that they should continue in sins, that brought upon them such severe toil; but the servants of Satan suffer more in the service of their master, than God's most diligent servants do in his.

The only way to prevent tattooing was at length found to be, having the parts that were marked, disfigured, by the skin being taken off, and foul blotches left where beautiful patterns had been pricked in.

A very singular punishment was once inflicted on four men, who were detected in a house with a quantity of the root called *ava*, which they were going to prepare for drinking. Some men were sent to take away the house from over the heads of the offenders. They unfastened the roof, and carried it away on their shoulders to the house of the chief of the district. The night was stormy, and the culprits went from house to house imploring shelter but were everywhere denied,—the people telling them they were bad men, with whom they would have nothing to do. At last the outcasts came to the missionaries, and were allowed to take refuge in a shed from the torrents of rain that were descending.

On one occasion Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyer-

man observed a man standing outside a in Tahiti. They were informed that he had been in a passion, and had threatened to kill his son, who had provoked him, to kill him and deliver him to be eaten by his god. For uttering this curse, the man, by order of the chief, was shut out from the congregation for the sabbath.

A pleasing instance of justice being done to the poor, occurred in Huahine. Litiare's mother, the queen, once visited the island, and, wanting some wood, ordered her servants to cut down a bread-fruit tree that stood in a poor man's garden. Kings and nobles had been brought up to oppress the poor, and to think only of their own pleasure; therefore the queen was surprised when she was called to appear before the judge the next morning. Trials generally took place at sunrise when the air was cool. At that time the queen with a train of attendants appeared before the judge who was sitting beneath the shade of a spreading tree. The queen took her seat before him on a fine mat. The poor man began by making his complaint. The judge then, turning to the queen, said, "Do you not know that we have laws?"

She replied, "Yes, but I did not know they were applied to me."

The judge then asked if it was said :

laws that kings and queens need not obey them.

She answered "No," and then sent her servants to fetch a bag of money, which she threw down before the man.

"Stop," said the judge, "we have not done yet." The queen began to weep. "Do you think it was right," continued the judge, "to cut down a tree without the owner's leave?"

"It was not right," replied the queen.

Then the judge asked the poor man what recompense he required.

The man replied, "If the queen is convinced that it was not right to take a poor man's tree without his leave, I am sure she will not do so again. I am satisfied—I require no other recompense."

The people who stood round were pleased with this answer. I believe the queen afterwards sent the poor man a present equal in value to the tree. She ought, however, to have sent him much more than the value.

It is evident that the natives were rendered much happier by the laws, than they could have been without them; for the judges were only a terror to evil doers, and protected those who did well. There were, however, many occasions on which the happiness of the people was openly shown. An account of one of these joyful

feasts at which Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet were present, shall be related.

The feast took place in the island of Raiatea, where Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld laboured, and where the people had adopted more English customs, than in almost any other island.

There was a coral pier erected upon the beach near the missionary settlement. Upon this pier the feast was held. A thousand persons were present. They came from all parts of the island, some in canoes and some upon foot; bringing with them both furniture and provisions. At break of day the preparations began. Fresh grass was spread upon the rough coral pavement, as a carpet, and a native cloth was stretched above as a shelter from the sun. More than a hundred tables, which the natives brought with them, were placed on the pier, and wooden sofas, and chairs and stools, were ranged around.

Native cloth, or matting, was used for tablecloths, and various kinds of dinner things were set out. Some few persons had plates and knives and forks from England; but most had only native plates made of leaves, and such spoons as they themselves could make. Fruit and roots were the principal food; though a little baked hog and fish were also seen. At noon the company sat down to dinner, not omitting to ask a blessing on their plentiful

provisions. Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyerman, with the missionaries and their families, were seated at a table, under an awning, prepared for them, and looked with delight at the happy assembly.

At each table, fathers and mothers were surrounded by smiling boys and girls, who once would not have been allowed to eat together, and many of whom would long ago have been buried in the earth, had not the gospel of salvation been made known. After dinner several chiefs arose one after another, and reminded the natives of the blessings they enjoyed.

One of them observed, "A few years ago, at a feast, none but kings, or chiefs, or strong men, would have got anything to eat: the poor, and the lame, and the blind, would have been trampled under foot, and probably killed in the rioting and drunkenness of the feast."

Another chief observed, "This is the reign of Jesus—that was the reign of Satan. Once we used to flee to the mountains to hide ourselves, lest we should be slain as sacrifices to Oro, and we were afraid to return till we heard that a victim had been offered."

A shower of rain coming on in the afternoon, the company left the pier, and took shelter among the trees on the shore. When the rain was over they returned to drink tea.

It may well be asked how could they procure

tea ? A few had obtained a little tea and sugar from the ships, and thought it a very excellent drink, because it was so rare. But even warm water was a luxury to the natives ; for as they had formerly no vessels that could bear the fire, they were once unable to boil water.

Many kettles and frying-pans were produced at tea-time. One spoonful of tea was thought sufficient to put in a kettle of water, and sugar alone was used by others, for few persons had both tea and sugar. The chief supply indeed was taken from an immense pan, filled with water, and a little sugar.

The drinking-vessels were also curious. No set of tea-things was to be seen ; but a mixture of tea-pots, cups, jugs, porringers, glasses, and bottles, with the native drinking-vessel—the cocoa-nut shell.

When tea was over, the assembly began to prepare for their departure, by packing up their things ; and then, either bearing their tables and sofas on their shoulders, or placing them in their canoes, they returned home—many of them, no doubt, blessing Him who had given them all things richly to enjoy. From every dwelling the sound of prayer and praise was to be heard ascending, on the evening of this day of innocent pleasure.

After an ungodly entertainment, people are not in a fit state of mind to praise God. At

plays and fairs in England, the name of God is profaned, foolish songs are sung, and foolish talking encouraged. At such places the Christian neither dares, nor desires to appear : but he is permitted to eat before the Lord, and rejoice before his household. (Deut. xiv, 26.)

Nearly at the same time that this feast was given in Raiatea, an event of importance took place in the royal family of Tahiti, namely, the marriage of the princess Aimata. She was still very young—and would only have been counted a child in England, but in Tahiti she was considered almost grown up. Some time before, a husband had been chosen for her. He was not himself a king, but was descended from an ancient race of kings, who had once reigned in the island of Ta-ha-a. He was an orphan, and had been committed to the care of the pious king, who then reigned over Tahaa. It was hoped, that as he had received a Christian education, and appeared well disposed, that he would prove a worthy husband for Aimata.

The late Pomare, king of Tahiti, had permitted the youth to have the singular honour to be called by his name. We will therefore, to distinguish him from the little king Pomare, call him Pomare, chief of Tahaa.

It was arranged that this Pomare should meet his betrothed bride in the island of Huahine,

which lay between their native islands, and which belonged to Aimata's aunt.

Pomare arrived first, attended by many chiefs, and by his respectable guardian, Fe-nu-a-pe-ho, king of Tahaa. Aimata came in a ship belonging to her little brother. She landed in a boat accompanied by her mother and aunt, and was received on the shore by the regent of Huahine, the excellent Hautia, and other great chiefs. She was conducted by them to a small open house where Pomare was waiting to receive her, dressed in native clothing, and a beaver hat. He neither rose nor spoke when Aimata entered. She, for her part, sat down by her aunt and mother, and remained quite silent.

This was the first meeting between Pomare and Aimata. It lasted twenty minutes, during which time not a word was spoken by either of them. Though they were to be married with their mutual consent, yet there was great reason to fear that the marriage would not prove a happy one, for they were both very young, and strangers to each other; and were of very opposite characters, Pomare being as grave and reserved, as Aimata was gay and open.

The marriage ceremony took place a few days after their first meeting, and was performed

in the chapel at noon. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Barff (the missionaries at Huahine) took their station behind the communion table before the pulpit. The youthful pair stood opposite, and the friends of each were ranged on either side. Aimata was dressed in an English white gown, with a pink scarf, and a bonnet made of white bark trimmed with white ribbons. The ladies also who attended her were dressed in the English manner; but the chiefs wore their native clothing. A tear was observed in Aimata's eyes during the service, and this tear was a sign of feeling which, had she been a heathen, she would hardly have possessed. But Aimata had often been instructed in the schools, and was aware of the holy nature of a promise. After the vows were made and the blessings pronounced, the marriage was recorded in a book. Guns were then fired by the guards of Hautia, who were now drawn up outside the chapel. The day was concluded by a feast, in which God's name was not forgotten, and in which no rioting and excess were permitted.

How different was this Christian marriage from those of the natives in former times! It is true, the heathen used to pronounce vows of fidelity in their temples, but they never kept them; although the skulls of their forefathers were often brought out and ranged before the young couple, and though their mothers wounded

themselves with sharks' teeth, and stained a cloth with their blood mingled together.

The religion of Jesus had banished these horrible ceremonies from these lovely isles, and had brought down upon them unnumbered blessings, both in time and in eternity.

The youthful pair afterwards removed to Tahiti, where they lived in a house of their own at Papao, near the dwellings of the rest of the royal family, and near the Royal Mission Chapel and the tomb of the late Pomare.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1823, 1824.

THE CORONATION OF THE LITTLE KING.

THE little king Pomare was not brought up in all respects as the missionaries desired, for though his aunt had the charge of him, his mother sometimes gave directions concerning him. Before the child was three years old, he *was* carried on the shoulders of a stout man round *part* of the island, accompanied by his mother,

and was instructed by her to beg of his subjects, according to the ancient custom of the Tahitian kings. As he passed by the houses of the natives, he was shown to the people, who came out to see him. The mother took this opportunity of looking into their dwelling, and whatever she saw that she fancied, she desired her child to ask for. Pomare needed only to say "Hog—plantain—mat—dish"—and the thing wanted was joyfully given to him by his dutiful subjects.

The missionaries feared lest the child should acquire covetous habits, like those which had disgraced his father and grandfather.

Sometimes the young monarch was engaged in a manner that delighted the servants of God. You have lately heard how he sat in the chair of a Missionary Meeting. On another occasion he was present at a scene of a like pious nature.

A new chapel was wanted in Papeete, where Mr. Cook resided, and which was only four miles from the residence of the royal family. It was agreed that little Pomare should lay the first stone in a public assembly. Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet were present at this ceremony, which was performed in the month of June, 1823.

A service was held under the shade of the *trees that grew by the sea-shore*. Hymns were

sung—a prayer was offered—and a sermon was preached by Mr. Cook from the words, “Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Christ Jesus.”

During the service the congregation, which consisted of a thousand persons, sat upon the green grass. A great many arbours had been constructed of palm-branches, and provisions had been prepared. After the service the



PAPEETE, THE PRINCIPAL PORT IN TAHITI.

people took refreshment in these leafy tents. The royal family, Mr. Crook and his family, and the travellers, dined in a large arbour, from which they had a view of the happy company. The scene must have reminded them of Israel of old, when they kept the feast of tabernacles sitting in tents made of boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and boughs of thick trees, rejoicing before the Lord!

Many of the chiefs made speeches that day upon the goodness of God to their nation. They could remember the dreadful deeds that used to be committed at the laying the first stone of a marae, how the king fixed upon one of the multitude, as a sacrifice, and made a secret sign to his servants to destroy him, and how in a moment the poor creature was knocked on the head, and hurried into a hole, when a post, or block of coral, was placed upon his warm and bleeding breast, and the earth around was trodden down by the feet of the spectators. Each post, or block of a marae was usually thus stained in blood. Who could remember those days without blessing God for Christian ministers, and exclaiming, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

It was now desired publicly to anoint Pomare king; but it was thought well to improve the

laws and the government before the coronation took place.

Formerly the kings of Tahiti had done whatever they pleased, but Pomare the Second had made laws, and promised to govern according to them. The chiefs now resolved to improve the government still further by forming a parliament, in some degree similar to that of England. It was to consist of all the chiefs of Tahiti and Eimeo, and of two persons of a lower rank from each division of those islands. These two persons were to be chosen every three years by the people in each division.

The chiefs, and the persons chosen by the people, were to meet together in one house every year, and to make laws, and to determine on all that was right to be done; but they were to do nothing without the consent of the king (or of the regent whilst the king was a child).

The missionaries did not wish to interfere with this parliament; for their business was not with the affairs of the world, but only with the word of God, and the souls of men; still they were willing to give their counsel when it was desired.

This parliament first met in February, 1824, Mr. Nott was particularly requested to preside. He consented to sit in the chair, and to give advice when consulted, but he refused to do

more. Some other missionaries were present as well as Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet.

One of the chief faults in the old laws was the power left with the judge to punish many offences in the manner he thought best. This defect was corrected in the new laws, and a particular punishment was assigned to each different kind of offence.

Some chiefs were desirous to alter the punishment for murder and rebellion. They did not like that death should be inflicted upon men, because it took away the opportunity of repentance; therefore they proposed that murderers and rebels should be banished to a desolate island called Palmerston's Isle, or to some other similar place.

There were many islands that lay far apart by themselves in the wide ocean, and from which no criminal could escape in any boat that he would be able to build. In these he might live upon cocoa-nuts and water, and have opportunity in his solitude to think of his sins, and to ask for a new heart. The chiefs thought that bad men would be more alarmed at this punishment than at death itself, while in reality it would be more merciful.

Still it must not be supposed that many persons had been hitherto executed. Since the laws had first been made, nearly five years ago, only four men had been put to death. They had all

been guilty of rebellion against Pomare, but not of murder. Two had been hanged on one occasion, and two on another. At the last execution Mr. Crook had attended, and had spoken to the multitude while the bodies were hanging on the pole, between two trees. Yet these executions had not had a good effect upon the natives, but had appeared to harden them.

After a long argument between the chiefs on the subject of the punishment of death, it was decided that it should be abolished.

The parliament spent eight days in consulting together. Each day's business was begun and concluded with prayer, and the behaviour of all present was excellent. No one interrupted or contradicted another, nor uttered an angry word, nor by his manner appeared to think that he knew more than the rest; but each behaved courteously, and spoke modestly and sensibly.

Soon after the meeting of parliament, the coronation of the little king took place. He was now nearly four years old. The day appointed was April 21st, 1824. The place of coronation was a field, where a platform of stones was erected under a high tree, with a lower platform by the side of the first.

On the day of coronation the people met early at the queen's house, which was about half a mile from the coronation field. The little king was dressed in his coronation robes in Mr.

Nott's house, the robes having been made by Mrs. Nott. He was then conveyed to the queen's house, where many were waiting to receive him, and was placed upon a chair, under a canopy of native cloth.

The procession was then arranged. This was the order of it.

A woman and two girls scattering flowers.

Wives and children of missionaries.

Mr. Bennet.	Mahine, a chief judge,	Mr. Nott.
Mr. Henry.	carrying a <i>Bible</i> .	Mr. Tyerman.

Seven missionaries, and son and nephew, in two rows.

A chief judge.	Utami, a chief judge,	A chief judge.
	with copy of the <i>laws</i> .	

A chief judge.	Tati, with <i>crown</i> .	A chief judge.
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King's mother	KING carried	King's
and sister.	in a chair by four chiefs;	aunts.

canopy supported by four youths.

Pomare, chief Tahaa.

Relations of the royal family,
carrying three tables, and phial of oil.

Governors, four in a row.

Judges, four in a row.

Magistrates, four in a row.

A multitude, consisting of eight thousand persons, viewed this procession walk to the appointed field. Amongst the spectators were the kings, and chiefs of Raiatea, and Huahine, and the neighbouring islands. This was the first christian coronation that had ever taken place in

the South Seas, and it was observed as a pattern for others.

When the procession reached the platforms, the king was placed in his chair on the highest platform, but beneath the tall trees that shaded it, as well as beneath his own little canopy. The three little tables were placed before him. The crown was laid on the middle table, and the Bible and the laws and phial of oil on the tables on each side. Mr. Davies sat close by the little monarch, to answer for him when addressed.

The royal family surrounded him, and the missionaries, their wives and children, and the chief judges, sat at a little distance from them.

On the lower platform, the governors and lesser judges were stationed, and around it their wives and children and the magistrates were arranged.

When all was in readiness, the coronation service was begun by Mr. Darling giving out a hymn suitable for the occasion. After the singing, Mr. Crook offered up a prayer, and Mr. Nott gave an address to the people. In the address, Mr. Nott pointed out to the people the duty of obedience to the king they now publicly acknowledged, and he read over the laws to them, asking them to hold up their hands to show their approbation of them.

When Mr. Nott had concluded his discourse

and had placed the laws again upon the table, Mr. Bennet presented them to the king, while Mr. Wilson addressed the following words to him : "Do you promise to govern your people in justice and mercy, in obedience to the word of God, and these laws, and any other laws that the parliament may agree upon, with your consent?"

Mr. Davies then directed Pomare to reply, "I do, God being my helper."

Mr. Henry then took the oil from the table, and poured some upon the head of the king, at the same time observing that the oil represented the Holy Spirit's power, which only could enable him to act like a Christian prince. Mr. Davies then prayed that God's Spirit might rest upon the king, and pronounced a blessing upon him.

Mr. Nott then took the crown from the table, and put it on the king's head, saying, "May God grant you prosperity, health, length of days, and grace to rule in righteousness, and in the fear of the Lord?"

The people then gave three shouts, saying, "Long live the king? May the king be saved!"

Mr. Tyerman next presented the Bible to the king, while Mr. Darling addressed him in these words : "King Pomare, we present to you this book, the most valuable thing in the world.

Here is wisdom—this is the royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book, and keep and do the things contained in it; for these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

Mr. Jones (the missionary last arrived) now gave out another hymn, and Mr. Wilson concluded with prayer for the king, the nation, and the church of God.

A man now proclaimed pardon to all who were under punishment from the law, permitting the banished to return, and the prisoners to be set free.

The coronation being now ended, the procession descended from the platforms, and walking in the same order as before, proceeded to the Royal Mission Chapel. The little king sat in the chair of state in his pew, but the crown was taken from his head, and placed on the little table before him. The other tables, with the laws and Bible, were also placed in the king's pew. The royal family sat with the king in his pew.

When public worship was over, the procession went to the coronation dinner, which was plentiful, but where no excess was permitted.

Those who had been present at the heathen festivals in honour of kings, could alone tell how differently this coronation was conducted. When the late Pomare had become a man, he had been declared king according to the heathen fashion ; not by being crowned, but by being wrapped in a girdle covered with red feathers : and this ceremony had been attended by the slaughter of men, and had been followed by the worshipping of the king as a god, as he sat in the marae in Oro's wooden bed, between Oro himself and Hiro, the son of Oro, and the god of thieves.

How happy was this little prince, whose coronation, instead of being stained with blood, was attended by the opening of prison doors, and the sacrifice of the sweet incense of prayer and praise to the living God !

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CHAPTER XL

1824 TO 1836.

THE ACCESSION OF THE YOUNG QUEEN.

WE have observed God's wonderful dealings with the land of Tahiti for nearly thirty years. But the time is come when we must break off the history. Yet we will not do so without giving a short account of some of the principal events that happened after the coronation of young Pomare.

That very spring Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet left the South Seas : but before they went, they made several excellent arrangements. One of these was, that some of the missionaries should every year visit the distant islands that had been converted to God by native teachers. This plan has since been followed. The missionaries used to hire their passage in various ships, but now there is a missionary ship, called the John Williams, always sailing in the South Seas, and scattering the blessings of the Gospel. This ship cost six thousand pounds. How do you *think* the money was obtained ? From the chil-

dren of Great Britain! The British children are loved by many little South Sea Islanders.

Another very good arrangement that Mr. Bennet and Mr. Tyeman made before they left Tahiti, was the establishment of a school for the children of the missionaries.

The missionaries and their wives were too much occupied to teach their children themselves, neither did they like to send them away to a great distance; therefore they were much pleased when a school was opened in Eimeo.

The spot fixed upon was Afareaitu, where Mr. Ellis had once printed the Gospel of St. Luke. A more beautiful spot could not have been found, than this sweet wooded vale, on the shore of a lovely bay. Here a large house was built, with separate school-rooms for boys and girls, and about twenty children were received into it. Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond were appointed the teachers, and Mr. Blössom, the carpenter, undertook to manage the worldly concerns of the school, as well as to teach the natives around how to make furniture.

Among the scholars who entered this school when it was first opened was the little king himself. He made great progress in his learning, and showed such good dispositions that the missionaries fondly hoped that he would become a blessing to his kingdom; but God thought fit to disappoint their expectations. When six

years and a half old, he was attacked by a complaint that prevailed in the islands at that time, and became dangerously ill; he was immediately conveyed to Papao in Tahiti, where his mother and aunt resided, and where he lingered for three weeks. His dying struggles were so painful to behold, that his relations threw a cloth over him as he lay in the arms of Mr. Orsmond, his affectionate teacher. In a few minutes they removed the cloth, and found that the spirit of the child had fled.

Thus God cut off with a stroke the hope of the nation. All eyes were now directed towards Aimata, his elder sister, who became queen of Tahiti at the age of fifteen. She soon assumed the name of Pomare Vahine (or the female Pomare); and her aunt, who once had borne that name, was called by another. The young queen continued to live at Papao, near her father's tomb. Her palace was a neat plastered house, situated beneath the shade of a lovely grove, and consisting of a hall, four rooms on the ground floor, and some above. Mr. Nott continued also to be the teacher at court, but he no longer could preach in the Royal Mission Chapel, as it fell into decay. The part that remained was made into a school, and a very neat oval chapel was built near it.

The queen, however, did not always reside at home; but was fond, (as her father also had

been) of making voyages from island to island, and, like her father, was accompanied by a train of the most disorderly persons that could be found in the country. She could read and write well, and was a very clever girl; but in her youth she was not so serious, nor even steady, as to benefit her subjects by her example.

In outward things the people of Tahiti made great improvement. The road, that has been already mentioned, was finished in a few years chiefly by the labour of persons who were sentenced to do hard work by the judges. It is called the Broom Road, and fit for a carriage to go upon.

Once it was almost impossible to travel round Tahiti on foot; sometimes the traveller was obliged to creep by the brink of frightful precipices, along narrow ledges of the rocks that overhung the sea; sometimes he found his way blocked up by shrubs that grew close to the sea-shore, or interrupted by streams flowing from the mountains, while at every step his feet were wounded by stones, or entangled in the long grass. But the new gravel road, and the wooden bridges placed across every stream, enabled a person to go round the island with pleasure, and to view at ease the lovely ocean on one side, and the richly clothed mountains on the other. So beautiful, indeed, are the prospects on each side, especially the glimpses of the

fertile valleys, that a traveller might fancy himself passing through an enchanting park, rather than along a common road.

Neither were persons now obliged always to go on foot, for most of the chiefs had horses to ride, and even the poorer people were often able to buy one horse. Cows, also, became common in the islands. Sheep did not prosper; for they were both worried by the dogs and injured by the heat.

The land was much more cultivated than it was formerly. An attempt was made to grow corn, but it did not succeed, for though the ears sprang up, they were found empty at harvest time, owing to the heat of the climate. The coffee plant, however, flourished, and coffee became a favourite drink of the chiefs.

Sugar-canes always grew in the islands, but once the natives did not know how to extract sugar from them. Now that they had learned this art, they made large plantations of them. The chief, Tati, as well as some persons from Europe, made a quantity of sugar, and sold it to the ships.

The cotton-plant was also a native of the island, but of no use till the people had learned how to spin and weave. Mr. and Mrs. Armitage came from England on purpose to instruct them in these arts. They found them very idle at first and were obliged to coax them by rewards to

learn. After much trouble, they succeeded in teaching the people to weave a coarse kind of calico, much stronger than can be purchased from the ships. The natives dye it blue, and are fond of wearing it. Spinning-wheels also were now to be seen in many a Tahitian cottage. Mr. Armitage returned to England after having spent a few years in various islands of the South Seas.

The natives were taught also by the missionaries to make ropes, and to prepare arrowroot to sell to the ships.

It is evident that the people became much more industrious than before; but though industry is good, it is often disgraced by the great evil of covetousness. This sin led many of the natives to neglect school and chapels. Those who lived at a distance from the missionaries did not like to leave their lands on Saturday, to be present at the Sunday services. Such persons seldom came more than once a month, and even those who attended oftener, appeared less attentive than formerly, for they were inclined to think of their property during the service, instead of the unsearchable riches of heaven.

There was another sin which ruined many souls in Tahiti: it was drunkenness. Though the native stills had been long ago destroyed, yet the ships brought spirits in abundance to the shores. The sailors took spirits about the island to sell, and set up shops along the shore.

Papeete was now the principal harbour, and sometimes contained several ships at one time, and of course it became the most wicked place in Tahiti. Drunkards might often be seen lying senseless on the beach, or quarrelling and fighting with each other till blood was shed. Such persons, of course, came seldom or never to school or chapel. Some of them had once appeared pious, and had been admitted to take the Lord's Supper, but were now deprived, by their drunkenness, of the privilege. Those who were thus shut out from their brethern were called "the excommunicated." It was evident, that many persons had only put on the *appearance* of religion when the idols had been abolished. They soon grew tired of their prayers and good behaviour, and left them off either suddenly, or by degrees.

Still, however, there were some who faithfully followed Christ. Several were so pious that the ministers thought them fit to become ministers. It was proposed that these pious natives should be further instructed before they were appointed to take charge of congregations. The plan was approved, and Mr. Pritchard, a missionary lately arrived, took five young men under his care, and settled at Papeete. The next year several were sent to other islands. Amongst them was one, with whose character you are already acquainted—Patii, the priest

who burned the idols in Eimeo. He went as a minister to the distant island of Raivavai, or High Island, where he long laboured with much success.

Even those natives, who were not pious, behaved better than they had formerly done : and most were afraid and ashamed of committing crimes openly.

Such was the state of the island when a very important event happened at Tahiti.

A war broke out—and the worst kind of war,—a war between fellow countrymen, which is called a *civil* war.

Many of the people were much displeased with the queen for her second marriage. So very wickedly had her first husband behaved, that she had been divorced from him, and had married one of the chiefs of Tahiti. Some took part with the queen, and some against her, and a battle was fought in which nineteen men were killed.

The missionaries mourned over these sad scenes ; but when peace was restored, they laboured with more diligence than ever, to instruct the people in godliness.

It has been already mentioned, that drunkenness was the prevailing sin of the island. The missionaries were accustomed to meet together every three months to consult about plans for *the good of the people*. At one of these quarterly meetings, in August, 1833, it was resolved that

each missionary, at his own station, should endeavour to persuade the people to promise to abstain from drinking spirits. Mr. Nott took a sheet of paper, and wrote down his own name, and soon obtained a hundred others in his district.

The queen, with her principal chiefs, were at this time in Eimeo. Mr. Nott sent a messenger with a letter, entreating her to set an example of temperance to her subjects, and to permit her name to be written down on the paper that he had prepared. She sent a message in reply, desiring Mr. Nott not to be in too much haste, and saying she would consider the subject.

Very soon both the queen's mother and aunt,* and many of the chiefs, permitted their names to be written down, but the queen delayed to add her own.

The missionaries, feeling that the queen's example would induce many to leave off drinking spirits, desired greatly to obtain her name. One evening, when Mr. Nott and some of his people were assembled for worship, a messenger entered the chapel:—his countenance beamed with joy. He surprised the people present, by exclaiming, "Brethren and sisters, rejoice with me?" All eyes were fixed upon him. He then added, "I say, rejoice with me, be

* The queen's aunt died in faith and peace, in her own kingdom of Huahine, in December, 1834.

cause the queen has given me orders to tell Notti to add her name to those who belong to the Temperance Society." This news was received with delight by all. They now thought that no drunkard would dare to show his face in the islands.

Their expectations were not disappointed. A short time afterwards the parliament assembled, and it was then proposed that a law against drunkenness should be made. At last all agreed to the following law :

"If any person in Tahiti is found with even one glass of spirits in his possession, he shall be obliged, if a native, to pay ten hogs, and if a foreigner, ten dollars, and be banished from the islands."

Some members of the parliament proposed, that people should be allowed to keep a small quantity of spirits by them in case of sickness ; but the greater part objected to this permission, because they knew it would be made use of, as an excuse for disobeying the law.

The judges immediately began to make people observe the law. Tati, the chief, willingly spilt upon the ground a quantity of spirits that he possessed. The spirits in the shops at Papeete, and other places were seized ; casks and calabashes were dashed to pieces, and the spirits within poured out. Notwithstanding this law, sailors would sometimes run away from their

ships and sell spirits, but when they were discovered they were punished.

Now that spirits were forbidden, and drunkards were no longer to be seen staggering along the road, the people began again to flock to school and chapel in every place. The queen also expressed her desire that all persons should attend chapel, and that all children should go to school.

The missionaries were rejoiced to see so many people listening to their instructions, and they offered up earnest prayers to God to send his Spirit from on high to convert those who were unconverted.

Many of the missionaries now felt a burning desire for the salvation of souls. They never entered their pulpits without using all their efforts to persuade the people to flee from the wrath to come. Their labour was not in vain in the Lord.

In the end of the summer of 1835, many people in various parts of the island were converted, especially by the preaching of Mr. Nott, at Papao. Some of them were persons who had been long accustomed to attend the chapel, but who had never been baptized; others were persons who had been baptized in infancy, but who had never shown any signs of a change of heart. Some even of the wild men and women of the mountains, who had hitherto been disorderly in

their conduct, now began to show a concern for their souls ; and many who had once known God, and who had wandered from him, seemed anxious to return. At first these people came to Mr. Nott in small parties of three or four ; but soon the number increased, and sometimes even thirty came at once to ask the way to the heavenly Zion. They came at all times of the day, and even in the night. They assembled in the chapel, at any hour Mr. Nott appointed, to listen to his instructions, before he admitted them to baptism, or the Lord's Supper ; they were not satisfied with his public teaching, but often followed him to his house.

The heart of this faithful minister was filled with unspeakable joy, and many on earth, as well as in heaven, partook of it ; especially the pious old people in his congregation, who had often wept and prayed for the ungodly natives. They came with tottering steps along the beach, each leaning upon a staff, that they might be present while Mr. Nott instructed the newly converted in the chapel. Mr. Nott inquired why they wished to hear things repeated that they had heard so often : they replied, " God has answered our prayers for these people. We remember your sermon on the text, ' Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.' We prayed that he would compel them to come in, and we

like to see them coming in. O tell them to their chief attention to eternal things, and stand upon the Lord's side. Admit them to baptism and the Lord's Supper. They understand more quickly than we did, for I learned to read and write, and to understand catechisms long ago, though they have been deceived by the devil, and have neglected the books: yet they will now learn very quickly: we hope you will admit them soon." Thus the compassionate Christians rejoiced over the weeping prodigals, who were lost, and now found.

Amongst those who were now awakened, some of the noble of the earth, even the queen her husband, and her mother. They all desired to be admitted to the Lord's Supper. The queen and her husband were desired to write Mr. Nott an account of the reasons which made them wish to become communicants. The queen's mother was not desired to write, but came with other inquirers to the chapel. They were all three soon afterwards permitted to assemble round the table of the Lord.

The queen now showed a great desire that the people should be instructed and converted. She herself condescended to teach poor little girls to read, and thus set an example of humility to the queens of every land.

In July, 1836, the queen rejoiced to find that there were only two openly ungodly persons in the whole district of Pare, where she resided.

Mr. Davies was almost as much blessed in his ministry at Papara, as Mr. Nott was at Papao: and many other missionaries, in all the other islands, met with great success.

Another event caused much joy to the natives. The translation of the whole Bible into Tahitian was now completed. The greatest part of the work had been done by Mr. Nott. It was his anxious desire to place the whole Bible in the hands of the natives. He thought it would be best for him to go to England, where learned persons would assist him to correct the translation before it was printed, and where skilful men would print it well and quickly. His affectionate people were unwilling to part with him; but he asked them how he could better spend his few remaining years, and his failing strength, than in helping to give them the word of life.

In February, 1836, Mr. Nott, accompanied by his wife, set sail for England. He had, a few years before, visited his native country with the translation of the New Testament, but now he felt that he was visiting it for the last time.

He was the only one of the missionaries who first sailed in the *Duff*, still living and labouring in the South Seas, except Mr. Henry.*

* Mr. Crook, who also sailed in the *Duff*, left Tahiti in 1830,

When he arrived in England, he presented his translation to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. They caused three thousand copies to be printed immediately, and sent to Tahiti. Mr. Nott remained in England about two years. He appeared in Exeter Hall at the great meeting of the London Missionary Society in 1838, and showed the assembly a copy of the Tahitian Bible. He was received with the affection and veneration due to a man who had "hazarded his life for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." (Acts xv, 26.)

Mr. Henry, though suffering much from the effects of old age and hard toil, and the sultry air of the South Seas, could not be persuaded to forsake his beloved flock to dwell in a more refreshing climate. He feared lest the wolf should enter in, and destroy them, and therefore, with his wife and children, he spent his latter years in watching for their souls.

Having now followed the faithful missionaries through a long life of labour, let us stop an instant and contemplate the happiness they enjoy in the evening of their days. They look around, and behold the children of Satan become the children of God, through their preaching. They share the joy of Christ, who in heaven

to settle in New South Wales, in the hope of being able better to provide for his eight daughters, some of whom had long been very useful in the schools.

rejoices over the souls he purchased with his blood. These missionaries have not indeed suffered the wrath and curse of God, as Christ did, from love to sinners; but they have forsaken all, and borne shame, and endured toil, and exposed their lives;—and they have not lost their reward; neither *shall* they lose it.

THE AGED MISSIONARIES' HYMN.

LORD, hear thine aged servants raise
A parting song to thee;
These coral rocks would speak thy praise,
If we should silent be.

Our failing eyes can ne'er forget
The wonders thou hast shown;
And now, before our sun is set,
We make these wonders known.

How sweet the memory of that morn,
When we, by love constrain'd,
Forsook our home, to dwell forlorn
Where heathen darkness reign'd!

Across the sea, in vessel frail,
We did our way pursue;
Hope was the anchor, love the sail,
And faith the compass true.

When first we placed our stranger feet
Upon the coral strand,
And heard the natives warmly greet
Our little Christian band—

O *then* we thought, they soon will love
That Jesus whom we preach,
And sing his praises in each grove
That skirts the rocky beach.

But when they had our message heard,
Our glorious God they scorn'd,
And still their senseless logs preferr'd,
With scarlet plumes adorn'd.

And parents still beneath the sod
Their slaughter'd infants hid:
O how could *they* adore our God
Who lov'd what He forbid!

We climb'd the crag with bleeding feet,
Through many painful years
The blessed tidings to repeat
'Midst blasphemies and jeers.

But when our hopes had almost fled,
And news had come from far,
How impious men had wagged the head,
And cried "Aha! aha!"*

O *then* our God his powerful hand
Out of his bosom drew; †
His touch snapped Satan's iron band
And forth the captives flew. ‡

* Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me, and said,
Aha, Aha, our eye hath seen it: (Psa. xxxv, 21.)

† O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? shall the
enemy blaspheme for ever? Why withdrawest thou thy hand,
even thy right hand? *Pluck it out of thy bosom:* Psa. lxxiv,
10, 11.

‡ Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to
their windows? Isa. lx, 8.

See like a cloud of doves they soar ;
How beauteous to behold
Their wings with silver cover'd o'er,
Their feathers tipp'd with gold !*

How sweetly now their hours glide by !
How bright their sabbaths shine !
Their little barks they swiftly ply
To hear the word divine !

Unseen, within some leafy nook,
At early dawn they pray—
In groups they sit, and read God's book,
And sing at close of day.

Great God, the glorious things we see,
For joy we scarce believe ;
What is our house, and what are we,
Such blessings to receive ?

Long while we sow'd the precious grain,
Bedew'd with bitter tears ;
Now hardly can our arms contain
The sheaves of golden ears.

Is this the manner *kings* reward
The servants they approve ?
This is the manner of the Lord,
And such his faithful love. †

* Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold : Psa. lxxviii, 13.

† What am I, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto ? And is this the manner of *man*, O Lord God ? 2 Sam. vii.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SORROWS OF QUEEN POMARE.

THE people of Tahiti were now as happy as a nation could possibly be.

They dwelt in pretty cottages, surrounded by fields and gardens.

They heard no more the shout of war. They committed no longer robbery and murder. They enjoyed their peaceful Sabbaths, and delighted in their Bibles, their chapels, and their ministers.

But how often do we find in this world, that when all is brightest, darkness is near.

We live in a sinful world, where Satan goes about, seeking whom he may devour. He is the wolf that invades the sheepfold, and scatters the flock. God permits him to enter to try His people, and to purify them from sin.

When all was bright and beautiful, the enemies came in to darken and destroy.

One day a little ship arrived. It was on November 21st, 1836. Tahiti has reason to remember that day, but she knew not at the time what evil would come from that day.

Two Roman Catholic priests were on board *the* little ship, and were landed on the shore of

Tahiti. These men had learned the language before they came, at a little island near, so they were able to talk to the people, as they went about among the villages.

And what did they say? They told them that the English missionaries had been teaching falsehood, worse than their heathen fables, and so, to save their souls, *they* had come to teach them the truth.

The queen had made a law forbidding any one to land without her leave.

When the priests were told of this law, they refused to obey, and when Pomare sent a messenger to command them to go away, they replied, "On shore we are, and on shore will we remain."

At the end of six weeks, the ship which brought the priests was preparing to leave the island. Then the queen wrote to the priests, requesting them to go away by that ship. But as they still refused, she sent a judge, with some men, to force them to depart.

The priests locked themselves up in an empty cottage. But it was very easy to break into that frail cottage. Two men made an opening in the thatch, jumped into the cottage, and unlocked the door to their comrades.

What would the priests do now? One of *them* had the sense to see it was of no use to resist. He walked quietly to the seashore.

But the other refused to move; and he was carried in the arms of strong men, put into a canoe with his brother, and conveyed to the ship.

But did nothing come of this visit?

O yes! sorrows not yet ended came from this visit. A year and a half passed away, when a great French ship appeared.

The queen was then living in a pretty little island near the shore. She was there with her baby of a few days old.

As her baby was not quite well, she sent for two of the missionaries to advise her how to treat it. These missionaries were Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Barff. While they were with the queen, a tall, stout man came from the French ship and asked to see her Majesty.

This man was the lieutenant of the ship. He was dressed in his fine rich uniform, and looked very grand. When he came into the room where the queen was sitting, he made a speech in English, while he held a letter in his hand. He threw about one arm, while he told the queen the letter was from the French king, and that whatever the French king said must be done. The poor queen was very much frightened, though it was a comfort to have the missionaries with her.

She could not understand the bad English of the Frenchman, and she did not know what the letter was about.

But when the terrible man was gone, the missionaries told her what was in the letter.

In the letter the French king told the queen that she must write a letter to ask pardon for having treated the two priests so ill, and that as a punishment she must pay above five hundred pounds immediately, and that if she did not, the French would begin at ten o'clock next morning to fight against her people.

What could the poor queen do now? She had not money enough to pay the sum required. But her friend Mr. Pritchard and some other Englishmen agreed to lend the queen the money. So this was done, and for the time the island was saved from an attack.

But O! the grief the queen felt!

But the great captain* of the French ship was not satisfied until the queen had made a promise to receive all Frenchmen into her island whenever they came. The promise was written down for the queen to sign. Trembling she signed. Then the French captain made the queen a present! It was a barrel-organ, an organ which played tunes when any one turned the handle. Such an instrument had never been seen in Tahiti. All the people crowded round to look at it, as it was being carried to the queen's house. The queen did not like *accepting a present from the French*, but she

* Commodore Thouars.

was afraid of affronting them by refusing. Very glad was she when the great ship sailed away.

But was this an *end* of trouble?

No, it was only the beginning. Pomare soon found that nothing would satisfy the French but taking her island away from her.

In her agony she wrote a letter to the Queen of England.

The letter is very long. This is part of it.

Tahiti, Jan. 23rd, 1843.

"My dear friend and sister, Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, health and peace be to you, and saved may you be by Jehovah."

Queen Pomare then relates the unjust proceedings of the French, and she adds, "And now, my friend, think of me, have compassion on me, and assist me. The time is very nigh when I fear I shall lose my government, and my land. My friend, send quickly a large ship of war to assist me. A French ship of war is daily expected here—speedily send a ship of war to protect me, and I shall be saved. Continually send here ships of war; let not a month pass away without one, until all my present difficulties are over.

"Health and peace to you. May you be blessed, my sister friend, Queen of Great Britain.

"POMARE, Queen of Tahiti."

What Pomare feared, soon came to pass.

Admiral Thouars returned to the shores of Tahiti. The French were very angry at seeing Pomare had hoisted her *own* flag instead of *theirs*; for they knew that it was a sign that she wished to have no more to do with them. They commanded her to acknowledge the French king as her protector. But Pomare refused to obey. Then the French admiral desired — hundreds of soldiers and sailors, with great guns, to land on the island, and to hoist the French flag.

The poor queen knew that she could not resist — but who can describe her sorrow!

That very day she wrote a letter to the French king. It began thus:—

“O king, I have been this day deprived of my government.”

It ended thus:—

“My prayer is the following. May the Almighty soften your heart! May you acknowledge the justice of my claim, and restore to me the sovereignty and government of my ancestors! May God bless you, O king, and may your reign be long and flourishing! Such is my prayer. POMARE.”

But the queen's entreaties were useless; on

November 7th, 1843, the French left their ships and marched to the queen's house. There were five hundred French soldiers. They pulled down the queen's flag from her palace, and set up the French flag.

The queen was not in her palace at this time. She had taken refuge in the house of Mr. Pritchard, the missionary. Many of the people crowded round that house to look at their dethroned queen. The French obtained the keys of the palace, and took possession of it for the new governor, (a man named Admiral Bruat.) The Tahitians would have fought for their queen if she would have allowed them, but she could not bear to shed blood.

The queen was now without a home, for she was afraid to remain at the missionary's house, as she heard that the French intended to take her prisoner. Therefore she went with her five little children in a boat to a British ship, lying in the harbour.

The French governor was so much provoked by the queen's escape, that he tried to stir up the natives to attack the little British vessel, and to seize the queen. There were some natives wicked enough for such an attempt, but they saw that it would be dangerous to make it, for it was evident that the British sailors were ready to defend this injured sovereign.

Then the wicked governor formed another

scheme. "Could I get hold of the little prince," thought he, "I could set him on his mother's throne, and make him do all I wished." The royal children were often to be seen sporting in the water, and swimming round the ship, and the French soldiers often looked at them through their telescopes. The governor hoped that some day the little prince might be caught while he was in the water, and carried to shore. But the plot was suspected, and the children were allowed no more to sport among the waves. It was bad for the health of the poor little ones to be shut up within the narrow bounds of the ship, and it grieved their mother to see their brown faces lose day by day the rosy hue of health.

All this time the queen was comforted by the hope that her great sister Queen of England would send out some of her large ships to chase away the French fleet: but a long time passed away and no deliverance came.

Meanwhile the missionary Pritchard often paid her visits in a boat, and brought her word that most of her subjects were faithful to her cause. The French thought that the missionary encouraged the queen in her resistance of their power; therefore they waited for him one day; and as he was stepping into a boat they seized him. For his prison they chose a place called *the block-house*, and they lodged him in the *lowest room*, which was ankle-deep with mud.

and they refused to give him even a chair by which to avoid sitting on this damp and horrible floor. They gave him nothing but a bed and a blanket.

The natives were deeply grieved at the treatment of their minister, and they went so far as to threaten to burn the town, if he were not soon released. At last the French suffered their prisoner to leave the island in a British ship.

Some of the faithful natives erected a small fort on a high place near the sea-shore. They were attacked by nine hundred French. Though only three hundred in number, they would not have been conquered, had not a treacherous chief named Etole, shown the French a path by which to drag up their cannons. The natives, unable to resist the fierce volley of the cannonballs, were forced to retreat; they joined their comrades among the mountain heights, having lost ninety men, and having killed more than a hundred of the enemy. Yet the French had won the victory!

What a victory!

The queen had now been living six months on board the British vessel. Finding all her hopes of help from Britain were vain, she determined to seek refuge on some friendly shore.

Another British ship conveyed her to the island of Raiatea. The king of the island received her with great kindness, and gave up to

her entirely the beautiful valley of Opoa,—in heathen times supposed to be the abode of the gods. Here she dwelt for three years with her children and a train of servants.

It was indeed a great change for this royal family. They now lived in a place little better than a barn; while in Tahiti they had inhabited a neat house, containing a drawing room with chairs and a table, sent by our queen from England.

In Tahiti the children had been treated like princes, and had often gone out in the carriage with their mamma (for our queen had sent her one as a present); the little boys had been used to wear crimson velvet coats with white trowsers, and caps trimmed with gold lace.

But now the family lived in a humble manner without the luxuries to which they had been accustomed, though still attended by many servants.

The queen preserved in the midst of her trials a firm trust in God. A missionary who visited her in her retreat was speaking of the protection the French offered to bestow; and he was delighted to hear this reply from the afflicted sovereign, "I want no other protection than Jehovah and his truth!" A noble answer, breathing the spirit of the royal Psalmist when he said, "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, my strength in whom I will trust."

The royal family consisted of five children. The eldest, when he first arrived at Raiatea, was nine years old. He was the heir to the throne. His name was A-ri-a-u-e. The second was prince Te-ra-ta-ne, and he was seven years old; the third was the princess Te-a-ri-i-ma-e-va-rua; she was five; prince Ta-ma-to-a was three; and the infant Victoria was born at Raiatea.

The children did not forget their kind friend Mr. Pritchard, and they wrote him a letter, and sent it by a ship to another island of the South Seas, where he was living.

Here is the translation of their letter: at the end the names of *all* the children are placed, but of course the younger ones knew nothing of it.

Raiatea, Nov. 24, 1845.

DEAR WILLIAM PRITCHARD,

PEACE be with you. The letter which you wrote to us has arrived. We understand a little of the contents: we are not wise yet. We have no school where we may learn to be good. We are still wandering about for fear of the French. But we have a little word to say to *you*, and to *all* of you. Be diligent in assisting us, that our land and our kingdom may soon be restored to us, that we may not remain in captivity in this strange land, but that we may soon know the Gospel of our Lord, now in our youth.

Our mother and we are as orphans in a

strange land. Do you seek some means by which we may be restored to our home, and be happy. May the God of peace be near all of you, and all of us. Peace be with you.

ARI-I-A-U-E.

TE-RA-TA-NE.

TE-A-RI-I-MA-E-VA-RUA.

TA-MA-TO-A.

VICTORIA.

While the queen was dwelling in a strange land, what was the state of her kingdom?

It still looked beautiful and peaceful. The pretty white cottages of bamboo, scattered on the side of the hills, embowered in fruitful trees, remained; but many of the inhabitants were gone, having taken refuge on the mountain heights. On the Sabbath-day flocks of people were no longer to be seen ascending and descending, and passing through the open doors into the chapels. Only a few scattered sheep listened to the voice of the sorrowful shepherds.

But French ships floated proudly in the harbour, and French drums and fifes made the groves resound with their martial airs. Pomare's cottage-palace was turned into a French playhouse. Just opposite stood the palace of the French governor (a small house that had been sent from *Paris*, and which could be taken down and set up at pleasure). Barracks for the French soldiers

were erected, and gay stores displayed their French ribbons and French curiosities; while at the entrance of the flowery lanes French guards were posted. A building was set apart for the performance of the mass, the worship of the host (that is the wafer blessed by the priest) and the charming music of the service attracted the natives in crowds to the door. None, however, were persuaded to join in the idolatry.

In the town of Papetee the French had all power, and the natives were obliged to submit; but in the shady glens, as well as on the rocky heights, there were hearts true to their queen and their country. The flag of Tahiti was red and white, with a crown, and the words, "*Victoria ea Pomare*;" this ensign waved on the roof of the faithful.

If an Englishman wandered among the verdant glades and crystal streams, he received a warm welcome, while a Frenchman was regarded with horror.

Yet amongst the natives there were some who remembered no more the missionaries' instructions, and who met in the woods to dance, and to bathe—with wild revelry and lawless riot; while others assembled under a spreading tree to hear the Scriptures read aloud, and to mingle the sweet sounds of praise with the murmuring of the streams.

One evening when a troop of gay maidens

were returning from their revels, weaving flowers into garlands as they went, a crowd was seen collected around a native hut. There lay the chief Etole in the agonies of death. It was he who had betrayed his countrymen by showing the French the pathway for the cannon, when the native fort was stormed. Close beside him sat his venerable wife bowed down with sorrow, wrapped in her flowing robes, while his daughter wiped away the damp dew of death from his ghastly countenance. The arms of the dying man suddenly seemed to grasp something in the air, and his lips muttered a few words,—a slight struggle followed and he expired. What were those last words? Words of faith in Christ, and hope of his salvation? no—words of remorse and despair: “Pomare, I have indeed wronged you!” Such was the dying confession of this treacherous man, who had done more than any other to ruin his sovereign and his country. The natives who surrounded the hut were struck to the heart when they heard that with his last breath the traitor had confessed his guilt. The words were repeated by one to the other, and seemed to strengthen each—in the resolution to be loyal and faithful.

But the traitor was honoured with a splendid funeral. All the French troops attended, and the French governor was chief mourner, while six treacherous chiefs, dressed in French uniforms, bore the pall, and a French flag covered the

coffin, and a French orator made a fine speech over the grave.

The governor honoured the departed by a few sentences in his commendation, ending with these words, "His children belong to France: she adopts them." But there was *one* of them (if not *all*) who would not have consented to be the son of France for all the honours and the gold that France could bestow.

Etole's son had always refused to submit to the French; when he was told, "It is your duty to obey your father," he replied, "My first duty is to obey God." His wife was of the same spirit, and was ever ready to fight, if necessary, by her husband's side; his mother was of a like mind, and so were his servants.

The faithful Tahitians were bitterly disappointed when they received a message in their camp declaring that the English government would not help Tahiti. The English officers who brought the message were invited into the chapel, when prayers were offered up by the natives—prayers for the English who loved Tahiti, though they could not help her; and prayers for Pomare in the strange land. This was the answer which the chiefs sent back to the English admiral from whom the officers had come:—

"We will never submit to the French; we are Pomare's and will do her will; we have received everything from England,—to England

we will adhere. From England we derived the light which lightens our dark path, and shows us the land where all is light. England may forsake us, and Victoria's heart may grow cold to poor oppressed Pomare, but *we* will not forget; we will still say, 'England for ever.'"

Such were the feelings of the people towards England and their queen—when another traitor betrayed them into the hands of their enemies.

The camp was situated in a narrow chasm amongst the mountains, and here the faithful army were living upon wild bananas, determined never to yield; the only way by which an enemy could enter was by climbing up the steep sides of the mountain, and it was thought impossible that any troops could scale such a precipice. But a traitor (not a Tahitian, a native of a neighbouring island,) promised to point out a way and to be the leader of the band. A rich reward was promised to the wretched man,—two hundred dollars, a gun, and a suit of clothes.

At the hazard of his life he led the way. None could follow him,—he alone could scale the precipice;—but with him he took a rope, and when he had mounted the height, the French fixed a rope of ladders to the end of that rope. Fifty-two French soldiers had been chosen by the general for the dangerous task. They were twelve hours *scrambling to the top*. Neither could they have *gained the top* (even with the help of the ladder

of ropes,) had they not carried tools to make places for their feet in some of the steepest parts.

The French formed a clever plan to take off the attention of the natives while the men were climbing. The plan was this, the French army advanced against the camp of the Tahitians by the narrow entrance to the valley. The Tahitians advanced to meet them, well knowing it was easy to defend *that* entrance,—when suddenly they heard the shout of the enemies *above*, and looking up—saw them on the summit of the mountain, ready to fire upon their heads. The sight deprived them of all hope and of all courage; they laid down their arms and submitted to their conquerors.

It was a sad New Year's Day, that first of January, 1847. On that day many of the faithful men marched into the town to submit to their enemies. First of all came the chiefs, then the soldiers, and last of all, the women and the children; their faces pale, and their limbs weak with famine and sickness.

When they came up to the French guards, they stopped, knelt down, and prayed. They rose, and walked into the town. The native judges received them kindly, and took them to the house of the French governor Admiral Bruat. At his feet, the faithful laid down their arms, and promised to obey the tyrants.

The queen, in her banishment, heard the tidings of the triumph of the French.

Should she remain in Raiatea, or return to her kingdom?

"Ah!" thought she, "if I stay here, the French perhaps will come and attack this island, and these poor natives will suffer on my account, I will return and submit to my enemies."

It was in February, 1847, that the queen, with her five children, set out to return to Tahiti.

When she arrived at Tahiti, she presented herself before the French governor, Admiral Bruat. The king of Borabora was with her. The governor shook hands with the queen and her attendants.

He said, "I heard of your majesty's arrival two days ago, but I was too ill to come."

The queen replied, "I am most happy to see you." (It was true she had been anxious to see him.)

Both were then silent.

Presently Bruat said to the queen, "I have several important things I wish to tell your majesty privately. Where can we go?"

"To the chapel," was the reply.

The queen went, and Tapoa, king of Borabora, also, and others with them. Two Englishmen interpreted the French to the queen. And what agreement was made in the chapel? It was this. To restore the queen to her kingdom on condition that she should submit to the

French. Also the admiral promised her a sum of money every year. The queen consented, because she knew she must; but it was a sorrowful consent she gave.

Afterwards she went into a large school-house. It would hold seven hundred persons, and now it was filled. A great crowd assembled outside, so that the noise and confusion were great. But at last quiet was obtained; and Tapoa, king of Borabora, engaged in prayer.

Bruat was there. After the prayer, he stood up, and holding the queen by her right hand, said, "Queen Pomare and I understand each other perfectly; and I hereby return to her all her rights as queen of these two islands, Tahiti and Eimeo." Immediately the French band began to play, and then twenty-one guns were fired in honour of Pomare's restoration.

But was the kingdom restored to Pomare?

Far from it. She had only the *name* of queen without the authority,—the French ruled, and Pomare submitted.

Great politeness was shown to her. As her house had been turned into a playhouse, the governor promised to have a palace of stone erected. While it was building he procured for her a small wooden house containing four rooms, and invited her and her husband to dine at his table every day.

When the first of May arrived he gave a

grand entertainment in honour of his master the French king; a sham fight in the morning, between boats on the sea,—a feast on the lawn at noon,—and a ball in the evening.

At this ball the queen appeared in a robe of light blue satin, a present from the French king, and she was attended by her four maids of honour in white muslin; she was accompanied by her husband in the dress of a French officer, though with bare feet. It was to be lamented that the queen appeared at these entertainments or accepted presents bestowed by her great enemy.

The entertainments had been given on the French king's birthday;—of all birthdays—the birthday on which Pomare had the least reason to rejoice. It was the *last* birth-day on which the French king *himself* rejoiced: for before the *next* came he was dethroned and obliged to flee from *his* palace, (as Pomare had once fled from *hers*,) and to hide his head in England where he died.

In Tahiti wickedness continually increased through the example of the French soldiers. A few missionaries continued to preach in the chapels, but only a few people attended the service, and those that did come, though they joined in singing the hymns, seemed to care little about the prayers and the sermon, for they whispered and looked about the whole time.

The French were bent on putting an end to

the services altogether, and most artfully did they go to work.

It had always been the rule of the missionaries that in every chapel the persons who took the Lord's Supper should appoint the minister for that chapel.

The French government made a new law, giving power to the *chiefs* to appoint the ministers. There were hardly any pious chiefs, for the French had removed the good chiefs, and had placed ungodly men in their room. What sort of ministers then, would these ungodly chiefs appoint?

The missionaries wrote to the governor entreating him NOT to establish this new law. Instead of answering the letter, the governor asked Mr. Howe (one of the missionaries), to dine at his house on the 24th of August, 1852. After dinner the governor drew Mr. Howe aside into the verandah, and conversed with him respecting the new law. Mr. Howe tried to persuade the governor not to insist upon changing the old plan; but he could obtain no better answer than this, "I will think of it, and let you know."

He soon *did* let him know that the new law must be enforced. The British consul called upon the governor, and said, "Did not the French government promise the British government not to interfere with the missionaries?" The governor only replied, "It is necessary to

preserve *order* in all countries under the rule of France."

Finding they could prevail nothing—three missionaries left the island, and Mr. Howe alone remained. He continued to live in the mission-house at Papeete, and he occupied himself in printing useful books in the Tahitian language.

He might not preach, nor teach in any house. The French appointed men in every part of the island to watch against any missionary coming there.

And were all the labours of the long "Night of Toil" lost? No; they were not *lost*, for many souls had been *saved*.

Should no more souls be saved, yet how many had *already* passed through the valley of the shadow of death, rejoicing in Christ as their light and their salvation!

But though the *missionaries* were silenced, the *Bibles* were not taken away: in every family there was a Bible. And even if *they* should be taken away, the WORD could not be taken out of the people's *hearts* by the power of *man*; and that Word in the heart may save through the power of the SPIRIT.

For a little while—the wicked triumph; but the Lord loves his people; he sees their tears,—he knows their sorrows,—he hears their prayers,—he remembers their labours. The *first missionaries* sowed the seed weeping; the *last*

missionaries were gathering the sheaves into the garner,—when the storm arose.

But the LORD OF THE HARVEST was in the field !!—

Though the reapers be scattered, not one grain of wheat shall perish.

CHAPTER XLII.

GOOD TIDINGS.

DURING twenty years—Tahiti sat in silence.
At last deliverance came.

In the year 1866 the only English Missionary in Tahiti was the Rev. George Morris.

This Missionary was allowed to preach in the chapels, but he always asked leave of the French Governor each time before he preached.

Great was his joy and surprise to receive one day this message from the French Governor, "You need not ask leave to preach; you may preach wherever you are invited by the people of the place."

What good tidings!

Though there is now only one English Missionary in Tahiti,—there are eight *native* preachers. So, there are nine ministers for the ten thousand people of Tahiti. There are many towns in England with as many people who have not as many ministers.

There are one thousand Christians who openly follow Jesus by partaking of his supper of bread and wine, in remembrance of his death.

For a long while the French would allow no

Protestant schools, and by this means many children have been brought up Roman Catholics. But now there are many sabbath schools filled with scholars.

There are young men also who go forth as missionaries to other islands of the South Seas.

So we see that all Satan's malice has not been able to blot out Tahiti from the kingdom of God. Still she flourishes, as a tree that the Lord has planted,—and still queen Pomare stands firm in her love of the Truth and of the Ministers of the Truth.

THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS THAT OCCURRED DURING THE MISSION TO TAHITI.

The Duff set sail	1796. August 10.
Arrived at Tahiti	1797. March 6.
The Duff left Tahiti for a time	1797. March.
Returned there	1797. July.
Set sail for England	1797. August.
Eleven Missionaries left Tahiti	1798. March.
Mr. Lewis was disowned by his brethren	1798. August.
Temari died	1798. September.
Mane-mane died	1798. December.
Mr. Lewis died	1799. November.
Mr. Broomhall became an apostate	1800. June.
Eight missionaries arrived in the Royal Ad- miral	1801. July.
The missionaries fortified their house	1802. June.
Pomare I died	1803. September.
Six missionaries, with their wives and children, left Tahiti for Huahine	1808. November.
All the missionaries (except two) left Huahine for Port Jackson	1809. October.
One missionary returned to Eimeo	1810. October.
The rest of the missionaries arrived there in	1811.
Pomare II declared he was desirous to become a Christian	1812.
The missionaries first discovered some con- verted natives in Tahiti	1813.
Idia died	1813.
The Priest Patii publicly burned the chief idols of Eimeo	1815.
The great battle of Bunaauai between the Christian and heathen natives was fought	1815. Nov. 12.
Mr. Ellis, Mr. Williams, and six other new missionaries, arrived at Eimeo	1817.

One missionary returned to Tahiti after nine years' absence of the whole company	1817.
The Gospel of Luke (the only book of the Bible then translated) was printed in Eimeo	1818.
The first meeting of the Tahitian Missionary Society was held	1818. May.
The missionaries in Eimeo dispersed, and settled in different islands	1818.
Pomare II was baptized	1819. May.
Pomare III was born	1820. June.
Pomare II died	1821. December.
Aimata, the young king's sister, was married to the chief of Tahaa	1822. December.
The parliament of Tahiti first met	1824. February.
Pomare III was crowned	1824. April.
He died, and Aimata became queen	1827. January.
Queen Pomare Vahine married the second time	1832. December.
A rebellion and civil war arose	1833.
Temperance Societies were first established	1833. August.
A revival of religion took place in several stations in Tahiti, and a reformation in all	1835.
The whole Bible was printed in the Tahitian language	1837.
The French took possession of the island	1843. November.
Queen Pomare left Tahiti	1844.
The queen returned	1847. February.
The Missionaries were silenced	1852.
They are permitted to preach without asking leave	1866.

TAHITI.

* *Ma-ta-vai*.—Here the missionaries first landed, and here was the principal harbour.

Pa-pa-o.—Here the Royal Mission Chapel was built, Pomare II was buried, and the royal family resided chiefly after the establishment of Christianity.

Pa-pe-e-te.—This is now the principal harbour.

Bu-na-a-u-ai.—Here the war took place between the Christian and heathen natives in 1815.

Pa-pa-ra.—Here Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Tessier died.

Ma-ta-o-ai.

Te-i-a-re-i.

EIMEO.

Pa-pe-to-ai.—Here the missionaries resided several years after they fled from Tahiti.

A-fa-re-ai-tu.—Here Mr. Ellis printed the Gospel of Luke.

* The vowels are pronounced in the following manner.

a is pronounced like the French a.

e French e.

i French i.

u English diphthong oo.

ai English i.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF TAHITI AND THE NEIGHBOURING ISLANDS.

THERE are two clusters of islands.

Those to the east (or the Windward Islands) are called the Georgian Islands.

Those to the west (or the Leeward) are called the Society Islands.

Climate.—The heat is as great all the year round as in the hot days of July in England. The thermometer varies in the shade, at noon, from seventy-eight to eighty-four degrees. There are, however, always refreshing sea-breezes.

The rainy season generally occurs in January, February, and March ; but there are heavy showers at all seasons, and sometimes there are terrible hurricanes, which destroy both trees and houses.

TAHITI.

Tahiti is 108 miles round.

Tahiti is divided into two parts.

The smallest part is called Tai-a-ra-bu.

The narrow piece of land (or the isthmus) which joins these two parts, is only one mile and a half across, and is very low, and flat.

Both parts of the islands are full of high mountains. They are clothed with grass and trees to their very tops, and become more verdant the higher you climb. The highest mountain, Orofena, whose top is hid in the clouds, is about seven thousand feet high. There are no mountains so high in any of the other islands.

There is a very curious lake amongst the mountains, filled with water from the streams that pour into the valley. It is about a mile round, and very beautiful. None can reach it, but those who are not afraid to creep along the edge of precipices, and they are rewarded for their toil by the silence and beauty of this solitary spot.

The reefs of coral, that surround most of the islands, are walls beneath the ocean's brim, formed by little insects, who work underneath the water. The water beneath these reefs and the shore is smooth, and is called the lagoon. There are generally some openings in the reefs, through which boats, or even ships can pass.

There are many little coral islands near the large islands, called motus. They are generally less than a mile round. They are quite flat, but are very beautiful, and are adorned with cocoa-nut trees and other shrubs. The bread-fruit tree will not grow where the salt water comes; but the cocoa-nut flourishes in every soil. The motus in general

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are uninhabited, or occupied only by a fisherman's hut. Pomare, and some chiefs, however, had houses on one of them, opposite Bunaauai.

In 1868 the sugar-cane was cultivated by settlers to send to Australia.

TE-TU-RO-A.

These little coral islands are quite flat. They belong to the queen of Tahiti, and are inhabited by a poor people, who live upon cocoa-nuts and fish. In heathen times the great ladies of Tahiti used to visit them for change of air, and to improve their complexions by reposing beneath the shade of the thick groves.

E-I-ME-O, OR MO-O-RE-A.

This island, which is even lovelier than Tahiti, belongs to the queen of that island.

The harbour of Talu, near Papetoai, is one of the best in the world. The water is so deep close to shore, that ships can be tied to a tree on the land.

MAI-A-O-I-TI, OR SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS' ISLAND.

This island is the shape of a foot; therefore it is called *Maiao*, foot—*iti*, little.

It is composed of many little islands that have gradually been joined together. It is only ten miles

round, and is very fruitful. The inhabitants have long been instructed by the native teachers.

HU-A-HI-NE.

It is composed of two islands, which are both together, forty miles round. The smallest is called Huahine-iti, or Huahine the Little. Between the islands there is a strait, one mile in breadth—on each side of which, towering rocks arise and hang over the water.

This island belonged to Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, and was given by him to his daughter, the sister of Pomare's queen. She did not, however, reside there, but appointed the pious chief, Hautia, to be regent (the same chief who once offered to go as a missionary to the Marquesas).

This Hautia, when first converted to the true God, wished to burn the image of Oro, that was kept in a marae near the strait. The priest hid the image in a cave to preserve it, but was at length obliged to give it up, and had the vexation to see it burned. The sight, however, did not convince him of the folly of idolatry. Some time afterwards, as he was mending a fence on the sabbath day, a twig put out his eyes; he was led home, like Saul of Tarsus, by his frightened companions, in a penitent state of mind, and from that period he became a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus.

RAI-A-TE-A.

This beautiful island is fifty miles round. The most remarkable place in it is a valley by the sea-shore, called Opoa. The chief image, and temple of Oro, were at Opoa. To this place, the inhabitants of all the other islands flocked, to offer sacrifices to Oro. They brought with them the putrid bodies, which had first been hung on trees, in their own islands, and left them to be consumed in Opoa.

There is a high mountain near Opoa, containing a cave, the bottom of which has never been found. This cave was called Po, or Night; and was supposed to be the place to which the spirits of the dead went. Many years ago, a cruel king of Raiatea, curious to examine this cave, desired his subjects to let him down by a rope. They obeyed; but when they found their chief was in their power, they let go the rope, and left him to perish. The people used to say that he still lived there, and was as cruel as ever.

The kings of Raiatea once resided at Opoa, and were the high priests of Oro, and were also worshipped as gods themselves. All the neighbouring kings brought them presents, and owned them as their lords. After Tamatoa was converted, he was filled with grief and shame at the remembrance of having once permitted men to worship him.

The missionaries did not choose to fix their residence in the beautiful valley of Opoa; but advised

the king to settle with them in another part, called Utumaoro. There Mr. Williams resided many years, and attended Tamatoa in his last illness in 1831. Upon one occasion when the dying monarch saw Mr. Williams approaching him, he stretched out his withered arms towards him, and exclaimed, "My dear friend, how long we have laboured together in this good cause! nothing has ever separated us; now death is doing what nothing else has done. But 'who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'"

TA-HA-A.

This island, which is forty miles round, is a kind of twin sister to Raiatea, as it is enclosed in the same reef, or wall of coral; so that the water between the two islands is perfectly smooth. It is surrounded by great numbers of motus, or coral islands.

BO-RA-BO-RA.

This island is distinguished by a great mountain that rises in the midst, far above the other hills, and which is crowned by a square piece of rock, that appears as if placed there by human hands, though no human foot has ever reached the summit.

There once reigned in Borabora a chief named Tapoa, who was as ambitious as the Bonaparte of Europe, and who conquered all the islands of the cluster. Even Tamatoa paid him tribute. Tapoa

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came to Tahiti with other kings, to assist Pomare II in his wars, and while there, fell ill, and died. He had determined to prevent the natives becoming Christians, and his death proved a signal blessing to all the islands. He was the grandfather of Pomare of Taahaa, the first husband of the queen of Tahiti.

MA-U-PI-TI, OR MA-U-RA.

This little island was first converted by two native teachers in 1816, and was not visited by a missionary till four years afterwards, when Mr. Orsmond came there for a short time, and was joyfully received. The king of Borabora, Mai, had conquered it, but when he became a Christian he restored it to Tero, its rightful sovereign.

TU-BU-AI.

Mr. Nott brought two native teachers to this island in 1822. He found the inhabitants just going to make war with each other, but he persuaded them to delay the battle till after he had delivered his message. When they had heard of the grace of God, they determined to become the servants of Jesus Christ, and to live in peace with each other.

This little island, as well as Maupiti, resembles Tahiti in the grandeur of its mountains and the beauty of its groves. These groves, however, are little enlivened by the warbling of birds; for there is but one solitary songster in all the islands. It is

in appearance like a blackbird, and in voice like a thrush, only far less sweet.

Note. The state of these islands is recorded yearly in the Report of the London Missionary Society. The Juvenile Missionary Magazine, price one halfpenny a month, gives much interesting information.



APPENDIX.

As many persons have been induced, by the reports that various captains have circulated, to doubt whether the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands have really been rendered happier and better by the instructions of the missionaries, it has been thought advisable to subjoin a few of the testimonies that have been borne by various visitors to the great change that has taken place.

It is not surprising that the enemies of godliness should have slandered the work of the Lord in these islands; for such misrepresentations have been made in all ages. The enemies of Jesus said of him, "We have found this fellow perverting the nation." (Luke xxiii, 2.) The enemies of Paul and of his companions said of them, "These that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also." (Acts xvii, 6.) Of the early Christians in general it was declared, "As concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against." (Acts xxviii, 22.) St. Peter, in addressing the early Christians, and referring to their enemies, observed, "*They speak evil of you, as of evil doers.*"

In our days, also, the servants of God have been spoken evil of, as evil doers. Men who have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who have spent their years in banishment, their days in toil, and their nights in watchfulness, and who have received tokens of God's favour in rich blessings descending upon their labours ; even *these* men have been publicly slandered : but God will bring forth their righteousness as the light, and their judgment as the noon-day.

TESTIMONIES TO THE HAPPINESS AND GOOD
CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE
CHRISTIAN ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE SHIPWRECK OF THE FALCON, AN AMERICAN
WHALER, AT BURUTU, IN AUGUST, 1825.

The natives gave us all the assistance in their power, from the time the ship struck to the present moment. From the first day, while landing the things from the ship, they were put into the hands of the natives and carried up to the Native Mission-house, (a distance of half a mile,) and not a single article of clothing was taken from any man belonging to the ship, though they had it in their power to plunder us of everything that was landed ; which fully proves the honesty of the natives of this island. Since I have lived on shore myself, officers and people have received the kindest treatment

from the natives that can be imagined, for which I shall ever be thankful. Myself and officers have lived in the house with Puna, who, together with his wife, has paid every attention to make us comfortable, (they both being fine people,) for which I returned my unfeigned thanks, being the only compensation I can make them at present.

BENJ. C. CHASE.

Extract from "A Visit to the South Seas," by the Rev. G. S. Stewart, Chaplain in the United States' Navy.

A number of the officers and crew attended the services of Mr. Wilson's chapel, both in the morning and afternoon. We landed at nine o'clock, previously to which we had seen the people in large numbers going to, and returning from a prayer-meeting at sun-rise. Hearing the sound of recitations in the school-house, we directed our course to it.

A sabbath-school, consisting of about one hundred and fifty boys and girls, from the ages of three to seventeen, was there assembled, in which several respectable middle-aged men acted as teachers and superintendents. Many of the parents and friends were present as spectators. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters were present as teachers, and managers

of the female scholars. In the whole aspect of the school, there was a cleanliness and propriety of dress and personal appearance, and an intelligence and order, equal to those found in any of the kind in our own country.

While at prayer, "the sound of the church-going bell" began to reach us from a neighbouring grove, and shortly after, the scholars, in a procession of two and two, quietly made their way to a temple of God, founded within the last fifteen years, on the ruins of altars, which, for time unknown, had been steeped in blood.

Crowds of islanders of every grade were also seen gathering, by well-made gravel walks, leading in various directions, beneath the thick shade of the trees covering the point, to the same spot, all clad in neat and modest apparel, principally white, and exhibiting in their whole aspect a dignity and respectability of character becoming a Christian people. Almost every individual had in his hand a copy of portions of Scripture, (translated into the language of the group,) and a book of hymns.

The chapel is a large and neat building, one hundred and ten feet long, and forty broad: lofty and airy, and well finished in all its parts, and wholly of native workmanship. The number of worshippers amounted to about four hundred, (the usual congregation at this place,) including almost entirely the population of the vicinity. The whole appearance of the people, their attention and seeming devotion during the exercise of reading the Scriptures, singing, prayer, and preaching, were as markedly de-

corous as would be expected, or seen, in America or England, and such as to make a deep impression on my own mind. Many took notes in pencil of the sermon delivered.

After worship we perceived a large portion of the men to remain in the chapel, while an equal proportion of the females repaired to the school-house. On inquiring the object of this, we learned that it was customary for the members of the church, and persons seriously disposed, to spend a half hour, or more, after service, in conversation on the subject of the discourse of the missionary, and in prayer for a blessing upon its truths to themselves and to all who heard it. The whole external observance of the day by the natives, in a suspension of all ordinary occupations, and amusements, was such as to be worthy the imitation of older, and more enlightened Christian nations.

Testimony of Samuel Sandiland, of his Majesty's sloop Comet, in a letter from him to the missionaries, in April, 1831, after having succeeded, by his exertions united to theirs, in preventing war in Tahiti.

It is a circumstance affording me the highest satisfaction, to observe the great estimation you are all held in by the queen and her chiefs, which could not have been obtained but by a faithful

discharge of their duties, as ministers of Christ and teachers of our holy religion : and it will be peculiarly gratifying to me, to make these circumstances most fully known to those authorities whom it is my duty to inform of this transaction. Gentlemen, I am joined by my officers, and Captain Wadpole of H. M. 39th regiment, in offering to you every expression of our respect and esteem.

ALEXANDER SANDILAND, *Captain.*

*Testimony of Captain Fitzroy of his Majesty's ship
Beagle, in a letter to Sir John Herschell.*

The Beagle passed a part of last November (1835) at Tahiti. A more orderly, quiet, inoffensive community, I have not seen in any other part of the world. Every one of the Tahitians appeared anxious to oblige, and naturally good-tempered and cheerful. They showed great respect for, and thorough goodwill towards, the missionaries ; and most deserving of such a feeling did those persons appear to be, with whom I had the sincere pleasure of making acquaintance.

Mr. Wilson was at the landing-place, and welcomed us to his house. The free, cheerful manner of the natives, who gathered about the door, and

unceremoniously took possession of vacant seats, either on the chairs, or on the floor, showed that they were at home with their instructor, and that churlish seclusion, or affected distance, formed no part of his system.

Extract from Captain Fitzroy's Journal.

December 19.—At daylight, after their morning prayer, my companions prepared an excellent breakfast of bananas and fish. Neither of them would taste food without saying a short grace. Those travellers who hint that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him might have profited by similar evidence.

At Mr. Pritchard's church in Papeete, we found an orderly, attentive, and decently dressed congregation. The church was quite full, and many sitting outside.

It was evident that the children had not been treated with harshness, for they clustered about their minister so closely, that he could not move without pushing them aside.

*Extract from a
letter from the captain of a whaling vessel to a
relative in London.*

Tahiti, May 5th, 1839.

This is the most civilized place I have been at

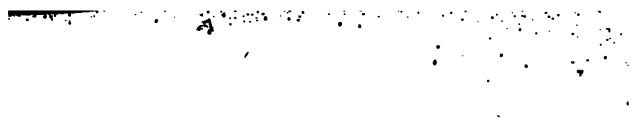
in the South Seas: it is governed by a queen, daughter of old Pomare, a dignified young lady, about twenty-five years of age; they have a good code of laws; no spirits whatever are allowed to be landed on the island; therefore the sailors have no chance of getting drunk, and are all in an orderly state and work goes on properly; no boat allowed to be on shore after nine o'clock; constables at different stations to put up all stragglers; and offenders are compelled to work on the public roads.

This island is a complete garden; fruit of every description, wild, in all directions, common property to all—good beef two pence per lb.—oranges, the finest I have ever seen, four shillings per thousand.

It is one of the most gratifying sights the eye can witness, on a Sunday in their church, (which holds about five thousand,) to see the queen near the pulpit, and all her subjects around her decently apparelled, and in seemingly pure devotion. I really never felt such a sensation of the real good of missionaries before.

(Signed) SAMUEL HARVEY.

Extracted from Missionary Magazine for December, 1839.





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